

The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER:
OR,
Polite English Secretary.

CONTAINING
LETTERS
ON

The most common *Occasions* in *Life*.

ALSO

A Variety of more elegant LETTERS for *Examples*,
and Improvement of *Style*, from the best modern
Authors, together with some Originals,

ON

BUSINESS,		COURTSHIP,
DUTY,		LOVE,
AMUSEMENT,		MARRIAGE,
AFFECTION,		FRIENDSHIP, &c.

To which is prefix'd,
DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS, in an easy
and proper Manner.

ALSO

A Plain and Compendious GRAMMAR
OF THE
ENGLISH TONGUE.

WITH

INSTRUCTIONS how to address Persons of all Ranks,
either in *Writing* or *Discourse*; and some necessary
Orthographical Directions.

And at the End of the Prose,
Some *elegant* POETICAL EPISTLES, and various
Forms of *polite* MESSAGES for CARDS.

The FIFTH EDITION, improved,

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P R E F A C E.



S a great Part of the Intercourse of Mankind has ever been transacted by Letter, it is a just Reflection upon any Man, especially in this more refin'd Age, not to be able to acquit himself handsomely in this Respect. The Occasions to do this are so very numerous. and the Shame of doing it ill so great, in low as well as high Life, that every Endeavour to render Men more perfect in this Art, is at least intitled to a candid Reception.

There have been many Attempts towards a Work of this Sort; and tho' it were unkind to detract from the Merit of such Labours, yet this we must observe, that those which have hitherto reach'd our Notice, fall very short of the End propos'd. It would be a disagreeable Task, to single out the Imperfections in other Performances of this Kind; therefore we shall only observe, that some of them, however, are here supplied.

In the first Place, the Persons for whose Use this Collection is intended, are presented with *A very plain and compendious Grammar of the English Language*; to which are added, Directions how to address Persons of all Ranks either in Writing or Discourse. This, we presume, is

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laying the Foundation of our Design well, and as it ought to be. The Rudiments of a Tongue once obtain'd, we proceed easily on to raise our Superstructure, without this we do nothing.

Next is an Introduction, containing Directions for inditing proper Letters on most Occasions, and the Sentiments of several eminent Authors on epistolary Writing.

But the chief Branch of this Design, and which indeed composes the main Body of the Work, is a proper Collection of Letters. (with some Originals) by different Authors, upon Subjects very various in their Nature, and therefore not easily thrown under regular Classes. *Business, Duty, Amusement, Affection, Courtship, Friendship*, and a Multiplicity of other Affairs that may require a *Letter*, are here made the Subject of ours; so that on most Occasions no Person can be at a Loss for a Pattern to direct him. And it is from this great Variety of Examples for *Style and Manner*, a *Grammar* for writing true *English*, and other necessary Directions, that we presume to call this Performance by the Name of *The Complete Letter-Writer*; such a Number of Letters being inserted as to answer the Purpose almost of every Individual, from the Boy at School to the Secretary of State. Nor let it offend the Delicacy of any Reader, that he will here meet with many Epistles of the lower Class: These could not be omitted without deviating from the grand Point in View, namely, *General Utility*.

CON-



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A PLAIN



A

PLAIN and COMPENDIOUS

GRAMMAR

OF THE

ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of Grammar.



GRAMMAR is the Art of Speaking and Writing any Language right and properly, and it has four Parts, and these are called *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax*, and *Profedy*.

Orthography teaches how to spell or write every Word with proper Letters; as *Nation*, not *Nashun*; *Oration*, not *Orashun*; *did*, not *dud*; *Foot*, not *Fut*; *Tomb*, not *Toom*, &c.

Etymology teaches the Explanation or Kinds of Words, their Derivation, Change, Analogy or Likeness to one another in any Language.

B

Syntax

Syntax teaches the right Placing or Joining of Words together in Sentences.

Profody teaches the Accent and Quantities of Syllables, Pronunciation, and the Art of making Verses.

Of Orthography, and the Power of Letters.

A Letter is the Mark or Character of a single Sound in Speech. There are twenty-six Letters in the *English* Language, viz. *a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z*, called Vowels and Consonants.

A Vowel is a Letter which makes a full and perfect Sound of itself, without adjoining any other Letter to it. There are five Marks for Vowels in the *English* Tongue; they are, *a, e, i, o, u*, and (*y*) at the End of Words for (*ie*). *Y* is also a Vowel in the Middle of Words, but all such Words as have (*y*) in the Middle, are of *Greek* Origin, and each of these Vowels have two general Sounds, that is, a long and a short Sound; the short Sound made long, by adding final or silent (*e*) at the End, as *Bab, Babe; ber, bere; Fir, Fire; rob, Robe; Tun, Tune*. So when these Vowels end a Syllable they are usually long, but generally short in all other Positions.

Of the single Consonants.

A Consonant is a Letter which cannot make a perfect Sound without adding some single or double Vowel either before or after it; *ib, or be; eat, or Tea*; and therefore derives its Name from confounding or sounding together, with the Vowels: Nevertheless it may be defined, a Letter shewing the several Motions and Configurations of the Parts of the Mouth by which the Sounds of the Vowels are variously determined.

The single Consonants are twenty-one in Number, *b c d f g h j k l m n p q r s t v w x y z*. And are divided into Mutes (by which is meant Letters that are not pronounced tho' wrote) and half Vowels; four of the half Vowels are called Liquids. A Mute is a Letter which cannot make a Sound without a Vowel, as *b c d f g k p q t*. A half Vowel is a Letter which makes an imperfect Sound without any Letter

Letter added ; as (*s*) is expressed by Hisſing, (*r*) by a Quivering of the Tongue ; theſe are *l m n r s v x z*. *H* is an Aspiration or Breathing ; and (*j*) and (*w*) are Neutrals, having both articulate Sounds, eſpecially (*w*) which ſounds every where (*oo*) and ſhould be ſo pronounced.

Of the double Conſonants.

WHEN two or three Conſonants meet together we call them double Conſonants ; and of theſe ſome are fit to begin Words or Syllables, others to end only ; call the firſt initial or beginning, the ſecond final or ending, double Conſonants.

They are forty-one in Number, and are neceſſary to be underſtood, for the better Knowledge of the Division of Syllables ; theſe are, *Bl, br, ch, cl, cr, dr, d-w, fl, fr, gl, gu, gr, kn, ph, pl, pr, rh, ſc, ſb, ſk, ſl, ſm, ſn, ſp, ſq, ſt, ſ-w, th, tr, t-w, w-b, w-r, phr, ſch, ſcr, ſbr, ſpl, ſpr, ſtr, thr, thw*.

Rules for true Spelling, and right Division of the Syllables of long Words.

ASyllable is a complete Sound uttered in one diſtinct Breath ; as, *ſo, of, in, which, good, Earth, &c*. Letters ſerve to make Syllables, and Syllables Words, &c. One ſingle, or one double Vowel only, or any one of the ſingle or double Vowels joined to any one of the ſingle or double Conſonants, will make a Syllable. No Number of Conſonants can make a Syllable without a Vowel ; as *Strength* can make no Syllable of themſelves, but if I put in (*e*) betwixt (*r*) and (*n*) thus, *Streng^eth*, it makes a Syllable and a proper Word ; and therefore as many Vowels, ſingle or double, as are found in a Word, of ſo many Syllables does that Word conſiſt, which are never above ſeven or eight, and few Words have ſo many ; as *good*, one ; *ſeem-ly*, two ; *In-form-er*, three ; *per-pe-tua-ate*, four ; *de-po-pu-lat-ed*, five ; *So-lemn-iz-a-tion*, ſix ; *Tran-sub-ſtan-ti-a-ti-on*, ſeven ; *In-com-pre-hen-fi-bi-li-ty*, eight.

A Monosyllable, is a Word of *one* Syllable.

A Disyllable, is a Word of *two* Syllables.

A Trisyllable, is a Word of *three* Syllables.

A Polysyllable, is a Word of *many* Syllables.

There are five general Rules for the true Division of Syllables.

Rule 1. Where a single Consonant comes between two Vowels, it goes with the last Vowel in dividing the Syllables; as, *a-bate, ca-bal, de-cay, Glo-ry, E-vent, Wo-man, a-bove, a-mong, di-vide, &c.*

Rule 2. When two Consonants meet in the Middle of a Word, between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, they are parted in dividing the Syllables; as *Wed-ding, Ac-cent, Vir-gin, Mut-ton, But-ter, Trum-pet, Bar-gain, &c.*

Rule 3. When two or three Consonants meet between two Vowels that are proper to begin a Word, then they go with the last Syllable in the Division; as *de-prive, re-splendent, Bro-ther, re-prieve, a-bridge, Ta-bret, re-strict, &c.*

Rule 4. When three or four Consonants meet between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, the first Consonant is always kept with the first Syllable in the Division; as *sub-tract, ag-gravate, af-flict, Con-gruity, construct, in-scribe.*

Rule 5. Where two Vowels of different Sounds meet in the Middle of Words, they are parted in dividing the Syllables; as *Li-ar, re-al, Ri-ot, Tri-al, Li-on, Be-ing, Vow-el, &c.*

Compound Words are always spelt as their Simple, thus, *Crafts-men, Gold-smith, Gazing-stock, Ship-wreck, trans-act, dis-unite, un-equal, &c.*

Derivative Words are always spelt as their Primitive, thus, *tempt, tempt-ed; second, second-ary; covet, covet-ous; form, form-ed, &c.*

But

But when the Primative ends with a Vowel, and the Syllable which is added begins also with a Vowel, then the first Vowel is always dropt, and the Sound of the preceding Consonant is softened by the subsequent Vowel; as *Ape*, *ap-ish*; *Fame*, *fam-ous*; *Love*, *lov-ed*; *give*, *Giv-er*; *move*, *mov-ing*; *hate*, *bat-ing*; *dance*, *danc-ing*; *trifle*, *trist-ing*; *bubble*, *bubbl-ing*, &c.

Observe that all derivative Words ending in (*ing*) are active Participles, formed of Verbs which are their Primitives, and where the leaving out (*e*) in this Participle would cause any Confusion in the Sense, it is better to retain it; as from the Verb *singe*, write *singe-ing*, and *singe-eth*, to distinguish it from *singing* and *singeth*. But it is to be observed, that this (*e*) is not dropt before (*able*), as *advise*, *advise-able*; *desire*, *desire-able*; *agree*, *agree-able*; *change*, *change-able*, &c.

If the additional Syllable, which makes it a Derivative, begins with a Consonant, then the Vowel in the Primitive is always retained, according to the Rule of derivative Words; as *love*, *love-ly*; *like*, *Like-ness*; *fine*, *fine-ly*; *Time*, *time-ly*, &c.

And when the primitive Word ends with (*y*) it is changed into (*i*) in the Derivative; as *Duty*, *duti-ful*; *crafty*, *Crafti-ness*; *angry*, *Angri-ness*; *Envy*, *envi-ous*, &c. But (*y*) is retained before the Vowel (*i*), as *testify*, *testify-ing*; *multiply*, *multiply-ing*; *Envy*, *envy-ing*; *deny*, *deny-ing*; *apply*, *apply-ing*, &c.

And when a Word of one or more Syllables ends with a single Consonant, and no Diphthong goes before it, and the Accent lies on the last Syllable, then that Consonant is always doubled in the Derivative; as *man*, *man-ned*; *pen*, *pen-ned*; *fan*, *fan-ned*; *stir*, *stir-red*; *tin*, *tin-ned*; *sin*, *sin-ned*; *stop*, *stop-ping*; *drop*, *drop-ping*, *tun*, *tun-ned*, &c.

Of primitive and derivative Words.

ALL Words are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is not formed of any other, as *Man*, *good*, *Hope*, *kind*, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the same; such as

able, al, ance, ary, ate, ed, en, er, es, est, eth, ing, ish, ism, ist, ize, less, ly, ness, ous, y.

A compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words, as *Wheel-wright*, *Ship-wreck*, *School-master*; or of a simple Word and Syllable called a Preposition, set before it; as *dis-please*, *un-fit*, *con-found*, &c.

Of the Prepositions that are used in the Composition of English Words, their Signification and Use.

THE *English* Prepositions used in the Composition of *English* Words, are *A*, *be*, *for*, *fore*, *mis*, *over*, *out*, *un*, *up*, *with*.

A. Signifies as much as *on*, or *in*; as *a-foot*, *a-shore*, for *on Foot*, *on Shore*.

Be. Signifies *about*, as in *be-sprinkle*, that is, *to sprinkle*, *about*, *to be-stir*, i. e. *to stir about*.

For. Denies, or deprives, as *for-bid*, i. e. *bid it not to be done*; *for-sake*, i. e. *not to seek it any more*.

Fore. Signifies as much as *before*, as *to fore-see*, i. e. *to see before it comes to pass*; *to fore-bode*, i. e. *to tell before it happens*.

Mis. Is always used in a bad Sense, and denotes Defect or Error; as *Mis-died*, i. e. *an ill Deed*; *to mis-take*, i. e. *to take it wrong*; *to mis-use*, i. e. *to use ill*.

Over. Signifies Superiority, as *to over-come*, *to over-rule*, &c.

Out. Signifies also Superiority or Excellency in any Thing; as *to out-do*, *to out-run*, *to out-go*, &c.

Un. Denotes Negation, and signifies *not*, as *un-pleasant*, that is, *not pleasant*; *un-worthy*, that is, *not worthy*, &c.

Up. Always denotes Motion upwards, as *Up-land*, that is, *the Land that is high in Respect of some other Land*; *Up-side*, that is, *the Side that is highest*.

With. Signifies *against*, as *with-stand*, that is, *to stand against*; it sometimes signifies as much as *from* or *back*, as *to with-hold*, that is, *to hold from one*; *to with-draw*, that is, *to draw from or back*, &c.

The following are Latin Prepositions used in the Composition of the English Words, viz. *Ab* or *abs*, *ad*, *ante*, *circum*, *con*, from *cum*, *contra*, *de*, *dis*, *di*, *e* or *ex*, *er* enter, *extra*,

extra, in, inter, intro, ob, per, post, pre, pro, preter, re, retro, se, sub, subter, super, trans.

Ab, or abs, Signifies *from*, and denotes Separation or Parting; as *to ab-stain, to a-bolish, to abdicate, &c.*

Ad. Signifies *to or at*, as *Ad-vocate, Ad-verb, Ad-vent, ad-jacent, &c.*

Ante Signifies *before*, as *Ante-cedent*, that is, *the foregoing Word*; *to ante-date*, that is, *to date it before, &c.*

Circum. Signifies *about*, as *Circum-locution*, that is, *a round about Way of speaking*; *Circum-vallation*, that is, *a Ditching about, &c.*

Con. from *cum*, Signifies *with or together*, as *Con-vocation*, i. e. *a Calling or Meeting together*; *Colloquy*, i. e. *a Talking with or together.*

Contra. Denotes Opposition and Contrariety, and signifies *against* as *to contra-dict*, i. e. *to gainsay, or speak against, or contrary to a Person, &c.*

De. Signifies a Kind of Motion from, as *de-file.* that is, *a filing off or from*; *to de-camp*, that is, *to move the Camp off, or from, &c.*

Dis. Signifies Difference, Separation or Diversity, and every where gives a Signification contrary to the Word it is compounded with; as *dis-agree*, that is, *not to agree*; *dis-believe*, that is, *not to believe*, *Dis-advantage*, that is, *no Advantage, &c.*

Di. Has hardly any other Use than the extending or stretching out the Sense of the Word it is compounded with, as *to di-rect, to di-minish, &c.*

E, or ex, Signifies *out*, as *Event*, that is, *the Falling out*; *to e-ject*, that is, *to cast out*; *to ex-clude*, that is, *to shut out*; *to ex-tinguish*, that is, *to put out, &c.*

Enter. Comes from the French, *entre*, and that from the Latin *inter*, that is, *between.*

Extra. Signifies *beyond, over and above*, as *extra-vagant*, that is, *beyond Bounds*; *extra-ordinary*, that is, *beyond what is ordinary, &c.*

Inter. Signifies *between*, as *to inter-vene*, that is, *to come between*; *Inter-val*, that is, *the Space between.*

Intro. Signifies *within*, as *to intro-duce*, that is, *to lead or bring into, &c.*

Ob. Signifies *against*, as *Ob-stacle*, that is, *what stands in the Way or against, &c.*

Per.

Per. Signifies *through*, and denotes Excellency or Excess, as *per-fect*, that is, *thoroughly done*; *per-forate*, that is, *to pierce through*, &c.

Post. Signifies *after*, as *Post-cript*, that is, *written after*; a *post-humous Work*, that is, a *Work published after the Author's Death*.

Pre. Signifies *before*, as *pre-meditate*, that is, *to think of or meditate before*, &c.

Pro. Signifies *for or forth*; but it has also a great many other Senses; as *to profess*, *protect*, *pronounce*, &c.

Preter. Signifies *against*, as *preter-natural*, that is, *against Nature*.

Re. Signifies *again*, and generally implies a repeated Action; as *to re-peat*, that is, *to say over again*; *to re-lapse*, that is, *to fall ill again*; *to return*, that is, *to come again*.

Retro. Backward, as *retro-grade Motion*, that is, *a Going backward*.

Se. Signifies *without*, as *se-cure*, that is, *without Care*, &c.

Sub. Signifies *under*, as *sub-scribe*, that is, *to write under*; *to sub-tract*, that is, *to draw under*, &c.

Subter. Signifies *under*, as *subter-fluous*, that is, *flowing under*, &c.

Super. Signifies *upon, over or above*, as *Super-scription*, that is, *the Writing upon a Letter*; *super-fluous*, that is, *over and above what it might be*.

Trans. Signifies *over or beyond*, as *to transport*, that is, *to carry over*; *to transgress*, that is, *to go beyond*: And it signifies in a great many Words, *the moving from one Place to another*, as *to trans-plant*, *to trans-pose*, *Trans-migration*, &c. In other Words it denotes *the changing of one Thing into another*, as *to trans-form*, *to trans-figure*, *Trans-ubstantiation*, &c.

There are several Greek Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words, as *A*, *amphi*, *anti*, *hyper*, *hypo*, *mata*, *peri*, *syn*.

A. Signifies *not*, as *Anonymous*, that is, *without or not having a Name*; *Anarchy*, that is, *without Government*.

Amphi. Signifies *on every Side*.

Anti. Signifies *against*, as *Anti-christ*, that is, *one who is in Opposition to or against Christ*; *Antagonist*, i. e. *one who is against you*.

Hyper,

Hyper. Signifies *over and above*.

Hypo. Signifies *under*.

Meta. Signifies the same as *trans*, i. e. *beyond*; or else denotes *the Changing one Thing into another*; as *Metaphor*; *Meta-morphosis*, i. e. *Transformation*.

Peri. Signifies *about*.

Syn. Signifies *with, or together*, as *Synod*, that is, a *Convocation* or *Meeting together*; *Syntax*, i. e. *Construction*, or *the right placing of Words together in Sentences*.

N. B. The Proposition *con* has often (*n*) left out, as *co-eternal* for *con-eternal*; and sometimes the (*n*) is changed into (*l*), as *Col-loquy* for *Con-loquy*.

Further Rules for true Spelling in which, observe there are some Letters that must be wrote in Words, according to the right Spelling, and yet are not pronounced in speaking.

Rule 1. **T**HERE are several Letters in Words which are not pronounced, and yet must be wrote, because most of these Words are of foreign Derivation: As, 1. *a* is written, but not pronounced, in *Paraoh*, *Marriage*, *Parliament*. 2. *i* is written, but not pronounced, in *Evil*, *Devil*, *Venison*, *Salisbury*. 3. *o* is written, but not pronounced, in *Nicholas*, *Carrion*, *Chariot*. 4. *u* is written, but not pronounced, in *intituled*, *Guilt*, *Guile*, *guild*, *Guest*, *guild*, *disguise*, *guard*, *Guardian*, *Plague*, *League*, *Catalogue*, *Decalogue*, *Synagogue*, *Epilogue*, &c. 5. *b* is written, but not pronounced, in *Debtor*, *doubt*, *dumb*, *Plumb*, *Lamb*, *Thumb*, *Comb*, *Womb*, *Tomb*, *Bomb*. 6. *c* is written, but not pronounced, in *Victuals*, *Indictment*, *perfect*, *Schism*. 7. *d* is written, but not pronounced, in *Wednesday*. 8. *g* is written, but not pronounced, in *deign*, *reign*, *feign*, *foreign*, *sign*, *sovereign*, *assign*, *design*, *resign*, *consign*, *Ensign*, *Campaign*, &c. 9. *h* is written, but not pronounced, in *Honour*, *Hour*, *Herb*, *Heir*, *honest*, *Humour*, *Host*, *Asthma*, *John*, *Thomas*, *Scholar*, *School*, *scholastic*, *scheme*, *gherkins*, *Ghost*, *Rhodes*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Rhapsody*, *Rhine*, *Rheum*, *rheumatic*, *Rheumatism*, *exhaust*, *exhort*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Rhetoric*, *Rhetorician*, *rhetorical*, *rhetoricat*, *Rhetorians*, *Rhetorications*, *Rhinoceros*, *Rhubard*, *Rhyptics*, *Rhyparographer*, *Sepulchre*, *Character*, *Chemistry*, *Chemist*, *chemical*, *Chrysoptom*, *Chrysom*, *Chronology*, *Chronologics*, *chronological*, *Chronologist*, *Chronologer*.

loger, Chronogram, Chronicles, chronical, Chromatics, Chromatism, Chroma, Christopher, Christ, Christian, Christmas, Christianity, Christianism, Christendom, Chimera, chimerical, Chirurgeon, Chirurgery, Chaos, Catarrh, Chatechism, chatechize, Chatechist, and others of Greek Origin; as also at the End of all Hebrew Words, as Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Nehemiah, &c. 10. *l* is written, but not pronounced, in *Bristol, Lincoln, Holborn.* 11. *n* is written, but not pronounced, in the Words *Autumn, Column, condemn, Hymn, damn, contemn, solemn, Miln, Kiln.* 12. *p* is written, but not pronounced, in *Psalms, Receipt, Symptom, sumptuous.* *p.* should not be wrote in these Words, *Redemption, Assumption, Presumption*, there being no such Letter in the Original, and therefore it is to be wondered how it came to be first put in. The Word *Accompt* is read *Account.* 13. *f* is written, but not pronounced, in *Isle, Island, Lisle, Carlisle, Viscount.*

Rule 2. All Words should be spelt according to their Original; as *complete, repete, extreme, not compleat, &c. Reflexion, Connexion, Defluxion, Complexion, Inflexion, not Reflection, &c.*

Rule 3. All Words that end with the Sound of the half Vowel (*l*), though they might seem to be expressed by (*l*), yet are always to be marked with (*le*), as *damnable, stumble, humble, acceptable, pickle, fickle, idle, bridle, scuffle, truffle, bogle, ogle, inweigle, ample, trample, little, bottle, &c.* not *damnabil, stumbil, &c.* Except from this Rule *Evil, Devil, until, instil, Council, Anvil, Peril, fulfil.*

Rule 4. All Words which end with the hard Sound of (*g*), have (*ue*) always marked after it; as *Hague, Plague, Rogue, League, Vogue, Prague, Colleague, Catalogue, Decalogue, Prologue, Fatigue, Synagogue, &c.* except a few monosyllables, as *dig, Dog, dug, Bag, beg, big, Bog, Bug, Wig, Pig, Twig, Plug, Hag, Hog, bug, drug, Stag, Wag, Frog, tug, Mug:* All which are easily distinguished; as are also these Words which end with the ringing Sound of *ang, ing, ong, ung;* though (*g*) at the End of such Words is not heard, for we pronounce *accordin, affirmin,* for *according, affirming;* so *dancin, playin, singin, fightin,* for *dancing, &c.*

&c. But although *Tongue*, and *Harangue*, end with a ringing Sound, yet they have (*ue*) after (*g*).

Rule 5. When the Sound of (*j*) or soft (*g*) comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by (*ge*) or (*dge*); as *Page*, *Rage*, *Baggage*, *Knowledge*, *Pledge*, *Wedge*, *Hedge*, &c. though the (*d*) in *Pledge*, &c. is superfluous, and seems to have been put in to shorten the Sound.

Rule 6. These Words marked with (*que*) at the End, as *Barque*, *Pique*, *antique*, *publique*, *oblique*, *Relique*, is the *French Way* of Writing, who use (*qu*) because they have not (*k*); but the Genius of our Language requires them to be marked with (*ck*) if Monosyllables, as *Back*, *pick*, and with (*c*) only, if more than one Syllable, as *antic*, *Relic*, *public*, &c. *K* is a very useless and superfluous Letter after (*c*), and should not be wrote at the End of Words exceeding one Syllable, (*c*) being always hard when it ends either a Syllable or Word; as *Arithmetic*, *Logic*, *Mathematics*, *Frederic*, *Physic*, *scholastic*, *prophetic*, *rustic*, *Musick*, &c.

Rule 7. The Letter (*l*) is always doubled at the End of Monosyllables, as *Ball*, *Bell*, *Bill*, *boll*, *Bull*, *fell*, *tell*, *well*, &c. But if a Diphthong goes before it, it is not doubled, as *Soul*, *feel*, *Fool*, &c. Nor is it ever doubled in Words of more than one Syllable, as *faithful*, *fulfil*, *plentiful*, *excel*, &c.

Rule 8. When a Word of the singular Number ends with (*y*), it is changed into (*ies*) in the plural; as *Sky*, *Skies*; *Cry*, *Cries*; *Ly*, *Lies*; *Py*, *Pies*; *Heresy*, *Heresies*; *Cherry*, *Cherries*; *Entry*, *Entries*; *City*, *Cities*, &c. and not *Sky*, *Skys*; *City*, *Citys*, &c.

Rule 9. When Words of the singular Number end in (*f*) or (*fe*), the (*f*) and (*fe*) are changed into (*ves*) in the plural Number; as *Calf*, *Calves*; *Half*, *Halves*; *Knife*, *Knives*; *Leaf*, *Leaves*; *Shelf*, *Shelves*; *self*, *selves*; *Thief*, *Thieves*; *Wife*, *Wives*; *Wolf*, *Wolves*; except *Hoof*, *Roof*, *Grief*, *Dwarf*, *Mischief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, are Words which end with (*f*) whose Plurals are made by adding only (*s*) to the Singular; as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*;

Griefs; Muff, Muffs; Ruff, Ruffs, &c. But *Staff*, although it ends with double (*ff*), makes *Staves* in the Plural.

Rule 10. All Words which end with the Sound of *ance*, *ence*, *ince*, *unce*, though they might seem to be wrote with (*nse*), yet are always to be marked (*nce*); as *Countenance*, *Abundance*, *Defence*, *Audience*, *Prince*, *convince*, *trounce*, *Dunce*, &c. except only *Sense*, *dense*, *dispense*, *immense*, *intense*, *propense*, *incense*.

Rule 11. The Sound of (*se*) at the End of Words is always marked with (*cy*) as *Advertency*, *Contingency*, *Democracy*, *Delicacy*, *Despondency*, *Excellency*, *Exigency*, *Obstinacy*, &c. Except from this Rule *Controversy*, *Apostasy*, *Courtesy*, *Thesy*, *Palsy*, *Gipsy*, *Epilepsy*, *Heresy*, *Hypocrisy*, *Jealousy*, to *prophecy*, tho' the Noun is written *Prophecy*.

Rule 12. The Sound of *shun*, after the Vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and the Consonants, *c*, *p*, *r*, is written *tion*; as *Oration*, *Petition*, *Devotion*, *Dissolution*, *Instruction*, *Subscription*, *Extortion*, &c. But after any other Consonant it is marked *sion*, except *Contention*, *Invention*, *Attention*, *Dissention*, *Intention*, *Condescension*. But when to write *ti* and *si* is one of the difficultest Tasks to lay down a Rule for. Nothing but a diligent Observation of the above Rule and Practice can remove it: For most Words ending in *tion* and *sion* are Latin Verbals, and are formed of the first Supine, which, if it ends in *tum*, then we write *ti*, if in *sum*, then *si*.

Observe farther, that the long and short Sounds of the Vowels are marked with their simple Characters, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, in all the additional Beginnings and Endings; but that these single Vowels never end Words with their simple or naked Character, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. As,

1. *A* never ends an *English* Word; for when a Word ends with its long Sound, it is expressed by *ay*, as *Day*, *may*, *say*, *Delay*, &c. And if a Word ends with its broad Sound, it is marked with *aw*, as *saw*, *law*, *draw*, &c.

2. *E* is never sounded at the End of an *English* Word, except in the Article (*the*), which is written with a single (*e*)
to

to distinguish it from the Pronoun (*thee*); for when its Sound comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by *ea*, as *Sea, Plea, Tea, &c.* or by *ee*, as *free, Tree, agree, &c.*

3. *I* ends no English Word without (*e*) after it, as *busie, Herefie, &c.* not *busi, Herefi, &c.* But all such Words are better spelt with (*y*), thus *busy, Herefy, &c.*

4. *O* never ends an English Word, except these few, *go, lo, so, to, no, two, who, wo, do, undo, whofo, also*; the Sound of (*o*) at the End of Words being generally expressed by *ow*, as *know, follow, below, snow, &c.* except in *Foe, Toe, Doe, Roe, Sloe.*

5. No English Words ends with (*u*), except *thou, you, and lieu, adieu*; the Sound of (*u*) being generally expressed by *ew*, or *ue*, as *Nephew, few, Dew, &c.* *Ague, true, Avenue, &c.* *Y*, as a Vowel, ends Words for *ie*; as for *Herefie; busie, &c.* write *Herefy, busy.*

No English Word ends with (*a*); for when a Word ends with this long Sound, it is expressed by *ay*, as *may, say, delay, &c.* But if a Word ends with the broad Sound of (*a*), it is always expressed by *aw*, as *saw, Law, draw, &c.* And so the Question may be repeated after the same Manner with respect to the rest of the Vowels.

Of Diphthongs.

THE Diphthongs *ai, ei, oi, ui, au, eu, ou*, observe are never wrote at the End of Words. As,

1. *Ay* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ai*, as *Day, pay, Delay, &c.*

2. *Ey* is always wrote at the End of Words for *ei*, as *Whey, grey, they, &c.*

3. *Oy* is always wrote for *oi*. as *Boy, Toy, Troy, Joy, &c.*

4. *Uy* is always wrote for *ui*, as *buy, Guy, &c.*

C

5. *Aw*

5. *Aw* is always wrote for *au*, as *saw*, *gnaw*, *withdraw*, &c.

6. *Ew* for *eu*, as *Deew*, *few*, *new*, *knew*, &c.

7. *Ow* for *ou*, as *know*, *bow*, *slow*, *blow*, &c.

Now as for the Consonants, their Sounds may be said to be invariable in all Words, except (*c*) and (*g*), which are treated of already. All to be observed is, that when the Strefs of the Pronunciation lies on the Consonants *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *z*, that they are always to be doubled; as *Scabbard*, where the Strefs lies upon the (*b*): So likewise *commit*, where the Strefs of the Voice lies upon (*m*). But another Way to know when these Consonants should be doubled is to observe if the Vowel be short before it, and if so, then it must be doubled; as in *Scabbard*, where the (*a*) before (*b*) is short; and in *commit*, where (*o*) is short before (*m*): For if I hear the Sound of the Vowel to be long, then I put in but one Consonant. And this is a general Rule, that a Vowel before two Consonants is short.

And now, I think, by the above Rules, any Difficulty in Spelling the Generality of Words, that has occur'd to me, is removed; for the Scholar being truly taught the various Sounds of the Vowels and Consonants, both single and double, nothing being a greater Help to true Spelling, will not fail, at the Pronunciation of any Number of Letters to the Ear, to give their proper Characters in Writing.

Of Stops or Points, and marks or Notes.

AS in Speech or Discourse there are often several Motions made by different Parts of the Body, in order to excite Attention, and transmit a more clear and perfect Idea to the Hearer, of the Meaning and Intention of the Speaker: So Writing being the very Image of Speech, there are several Points and Marks made Use of in it, not only to mark the Distance of Time in pronouncing, but also to prevent any Confusion or Obscurity in the Sense of the Writer, whereby it may the more readily be distinguished and comprehended by the Reader.

There

There are four Points or Stops considered as Intervals in Reading, viz. *Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, or full Stop.*

The *Comma*, marked thus (,) is the shortest Pause, and distinguishes the conjunct Members of Sentences; as, *O sing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long suffering, slow to Wrath, abounding in Goodness and Truth.* It also distinguishes Nouns, Verbs, and Adverbs; as, *The Enemy fought with Guns, Spears, Swords, &c. That Rogue swears, lies, steals, &c. sooner, or latter, he must be hanged.*

A *Semicolon*, marked thus (;) is a Pause somewhat longer than a Comma. This Point ought to be made in the Subdivision of the Members of a Sentence; as *the Shadow moves, and we do not perceive it; or as the Tree grows, and we do not apprehend it; so Man, &c.* It is also used in distinguishing Nouns of a contrary Signification; as *Things public; Things private; Things sacred and profane.*

A *Colon*, marked thus (:) is used when the Sense is perfect, but the Sentence not ended; as, *If the Enemy advances, I command you to give Battle: if not, march straight to the City.* It is generally used before a comparative Conjunction in a Similitude; and also if the Period runs out pretty long.

A *Period*, marked thus (.) is the greatest Pause, and is made when the Sentence is completely ended; as, *Learning makes Life sweet, and produces Pleasure, Tranquillity, Glory, and Praise.*

An *Erotic*, or Point of *Interrogation*, marked thus (?) is made when a Question is asked; as, *Does he still continue obstinate? Will he never repent?*

Euphony, or Point of *Exclamation, Admiration or Wonder*, marked thus (!) is a Direction for raising the Tone or Voice upon some vehement Passion being expressed; as, *O that Villain! O wretched Man!*

N. B. There ought to be a Point for every Verb in a Sentence expressed, or understood.

The Marks of Notes to be met with in Reading are,

1. An *Apostrophe*, marked thus (') used to abbreviate a Word.
2. *Caret*, thus (^) placed where some Word is left out in Writing, and put over it. This is also called a Circumflex, when placed over some Vowel of a Word to denote a long Syllable; as *Euphrâtes*.
3. An *Hyphen*, thus (-) used in joining the Syllables of Words, and compound Words together.
4. An *Accent*, thus (á) being placed over a Vowel, notes that the Tone or Stress of the Voice in pronouncing is upon that Syllable.
5. *Breve*, (˘) is a crooked Mark over a Vowel, and denotes that it is sounded quick.
6. *Diarefsis*, thus (¨) is two Points placed over two Vowels that would otherwise make a Diphthong, and parts them into two Syllables.
7. *Parenthesis*, thus () serves to illustrate a Sentence, and may be left out, and yet the Sense remain intire.
8. A *Paragraph*, thus (¶) placed at the Beginning of a new Discourse, and denotes what is contained in a Sentence or Period.
9. A *Quotation*, thus (“ ”) to signify the Words so marked are transcribed from the Writings of another in his own Words.
10. An *Index* (☞) shews somewhat very remarkable.
11. A *Section*, thus) §) is the Division of a Discourse, or Chapter, into lesser Parts or Portions.
12. An *Asterism*, thus (*), an *Obelisk*, (†), and *Parallels* (||), with Letters of the Alphabet, Figures, &c. refer to the Margin, or Bottom of the Page.

Of Capitals, or great Letters.

1. **L**ET proper Names of Persons, Places, Seas, Rivers, Ships, Winds, Months, &c. be distinguished by beginning with Capital Letters.

2. It has become customary to begin any Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Strefs of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable.

3. Let the first Word of every Epistle, Book, Note, Verse, Bill, &c. begin with a Capital.

4. If any notable Saying, or Passage of an Author, be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though it be not immediately after a full Stop.

5. Write not a Capital in the Middle of a Word among small Letters, except in Anagrams.

6. Sometimes Capitals are used in the whole Words and Sentences, when something extraordinary great is expressed; as *THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. BABYLON IS FALLEN.*

Of Etymology.

ETymology, as before observed, treats of the Kinds of Words, also their Derivation, Change, Analogy, or Likeness to one another.

Of the eight Parts of Speech.

EVERY Word being considered as a Part of our Speech or Discourse, we reckon up eight Sorts of Words of a different Nature, which we call eight Parts of Speech. Their Names are, *Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection.*

Speech is Speaking, or Discourse. By eight Parts of Speech are meant Eight Sorts of Words which are used in

Discourse. And tho' there are thousands of Words in the English Language, yet there are but Eight Sorts; for every Word we use in Speaking, is either a Noun (or an Adjective, which is a Word that signifies the Quality or Manner of a Noun) or a Pronoun, or a Verb, or a Participle, or an Adverb, or a Conjunction, or a Preposition, or an Interjection.

The Parts of Speech are the same in English as in Latin; and in all other Languages as well as Latin: For that which is a Noun in English, is a Noun in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, &c. Languages.

Of a Noun.

A Noun is the Name of a Thing that may be perceived either by the Senses or Understanding; which conveying some certain Idea or Image to the Mind, they want not the Help of any other Word to make us understand them. And it is either Substantive or Adjective. So that whatever can be heard, seen, smelt, tasted, felt, or understood, is a Noun. And a Noun Substantive is the Thing itself; as *a Man, a Boy, a Dog*. And the Adjective is a Word that expresses the Qualities or Properties of a Thing; as *rich, poor, wise, foolish, great, small, &c.* For if any one says, *I see a rich, I see a poor, I see a wise, I see a foolish*, in these Sayings there is no Sense, nor do I understand the Meaning of them; but it requires that a Substantive be added to each Adjective to make Sense; as, *I see a rich Man, I see a poor Boy, I see a wise Dog, I see a foolish Woman*.

Of Numbers.

NUMBER is the Distinction of one from many. There are Two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural: the singular Number is used when we speak of one single Thing; as, *a Boy, a Dog, a Tree*. The plural Number is used when we speak of more Things than one; as, *Boys, Dogs, Trees*. The plural Number is commonly made by adding (*s*) to the singular, as *Boy, Boys, Dog, Dogs, Tree, Trees*. But when the singular Number ends in *ch, sh, ss, or x*, then the Pronunciation requires that

that (*es*) be added to the singular; as *Church*, *Church-es*? *Brush*, *Brushes*; *Witness*, *Witness-es*; *Box*, *Box-es*. But if the singular Number ends in *se*, *ze*, *ce*, or in *ge*, pronounced soft; then the (*s*) that is added cannot be heard in the Sound, except it make another intire Syllable; as *Horse* in the singular has but one Syllable, *Horse-es* in the plural two; *Breeze* one, *Breeze-es* two; *Face* one, *Face-es* two; *Age* one, *Age-es* two. Words that end in (*f*) or (*fe*) do for their better Sounding, make their plural by changing (*f*) and (*fe*) into (*ves*), as,

Sing.		Plur.		Sig.		Plur.
<i>Calf</i>	} makes	<i>Calves</i>	}	<i>Self</i>	} makes	<i>Selves</i>
<i>Half</i>		<i>Halves</i>		<i>Thief</i>		<i>Thieves</i>
<i>Knife</i>		<i>Knives</i>		<i>Wife</i>		<i>Wives</i>
<i>Leaf</i>		<i>Leaves</i>		<i>Shelf</i>		<i>Shelves</i>
<i>Loaf</i>		<i>Loaves</i>		<i>Wolf</i>		<i>Wolves</i>
<i>Sheaf</i>		<i>Sheaves</i>				

Tho' not always; for these Words following, with several others, follow the general Rule of (*s*); as *Hoof*, *Hoofs*; *Roof*, *Roofs*; *Grief*, *Griefs*; *Dwarf*, *Dwarfs*; so likewise *Mischief*, *Handkerchief*, *Relief*, make their plural by adding (*s*) and also Words ending in (*ff*), as *Muff*, *Ruff*, *Cuff*, *Snuff*, *Stuff*, *Puff*, but *Staff*, although it ends in (*ff*), makes *Staves* in the plural. Some Words make their plural by adding *en*, as *Child*, *Children*; *Brether*, *Brethren* or *Brothers*; *Man*, *Men*; *Woman*, *Women*; *Ox*, *Oxen*; *Chicken* is not plural, for we say *Chickens*, not *Chicks*; singular *Chicken*. Some Words form their plural no otherwise than by adding *s*, *es*, or *en*, to the singular, and are therefore irregular; as,

Sing.		Plur.		Sing.		Plur.
<i>Die</i>	} makes	<i>Dice</i>	}	<i>Penny</i>	} makes	<i>Pence</i>
<i>Mouse</i>		<i>Mice</i>		<i>Tooth</i>		<i>Teeth</i>
<i>Louse</i>		<i>Lice</i>		<i>Foot</i>		<i>Feet</i>
<i>Goose</i>		<i>Geese</i>		<i>Sow</i>		<i>Swine</i>

And some Words are used alike in both Numbers, as *Deer*, *Hose*, *Sheep*, *Fern*, &c. And some Words have no singular Number, as *Asbes*, *Bowels*, *Bellows*, *Breeches*, *Entrails*,
Lungs

Lungs, Scissars, Snuffers, Shanks, Tongs, Wages. And many Words have no plural Number, as the Names of Men and Women, Cities, Countries, Mountains, Rivers, &c. The Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns, except *Bean*, which makes *Beans*; and *Pea, Peas*. The Names of most Herbs; and also the Words *Ale, Beer, Bread, Butter, Honey, Milk*, with many others, want the plural Number. Note that Adjectives have no Difference of Numbers; for as we say *a good Man* in the singular, so we say *good Men* in the plural.

Of the Genitive Case.

THE English have but one Case, and that is the Genitive, which ends in the singular and plural in (*s*) or (*es*) if the Pronunciation requires it; as *Virgil's Æneid*, or *the Æneid of Virgil*; *Milton's Poems*, or *the Poems of Milton*; *Buchanan's Psalms*, or *the Psalms of Buchanan*; *Man's Breath*, or *the Breath of Man*; *the Church's Peace*, or *the Peace of the Church*.

Of Gender.

THE English properly have no Genders; and as we have one great Advantage above all others, in being freed from the Troubles of Variety of Cases, by the Reason that the Nouns have no Diversity of Endings; so likewise our having no Difference of Genders is an Advantage full as great as the former: All Languages, both antient and modern, admitting of Difference in Gender, in their Nouns, except the English and Chinese Languages.

By Gender is meant the Distinction of Sex, or the Difference between Male and Female. We have four ways of distinguishing two Genders of the Male and Female Sex.

1. When we would express the Difference of Sex, we do it (after the same Manner as we distinguish the Ages and other Accidents) by different Words.

So in Relation of Persons.

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>	<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Batchelor,	Maid, Virgin.	King,	Queen.
Boar,	Sow.	Lad,	Lass.
Boy,	Girl.	Lord,	Lady.
Bridegroom,	Bride.	Man,	Woman.
Brother,	Sister.	Master,	Dame.
Buck,	Doe.	Malter,	Spawner.
Bull,	Cow.	Nephew,	Niece
Bullock,	Heifer.	Ram,	Ewe.
Cock,	Hen.	Sloven,	Slut.
Dog,	Bitch.	Son,	Daughter.
Drake,	Duck.	Stag,	Hind.
Drone,	Bee.	Uncle,	Aunt,
Father,	Mother.	Widower,	Widow.
Friar,	Nun.	Wizzard,	Witch.
Gander,	Goose.	Whoremonger	Whore, or
Horse,	Mare.		Strumpet.
Husband,	Wife.		

2. But when there are not two different Words to express both Sexes, or when both Sexes are comprehended under one Word, then we add another Word to it to distinguish the Sex; as *a Male Child, a Female Child, a He Goat* for the Male, *a She Goat* for the Female.

3. We sometimes add another Substantive to the Word to distinguish the Sex; as, *a Man Servant, a Maid Servant, a Cock Sparrow, a Hen Sparrow.*

4. There are likewise several Words which distinguish the Female from the Male Sex by the ending (*ess*); as

<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>	<i>Male.</i>	<i>Female.</i>
Abbot,	Abbess.	Heir,	Heiress.
Actor,	Actress.	Hunter,	Huntress.
Adulterer,	Adulteress.	Jew,	Jewess.
Ambassadors,	Ambassadors.	Lion,	Lioness.
Baron,	Baroness.	Marquis,	Marchioness.
Governor,	Governess.	Master,	Mistress.
			Patron,

Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Patron,	Patronefs.	Prior,	Priorefs.
Count,	Countefs.	Poet,	Poetefs.
Deacon,	Deaconefs.	Prophet,	Prophetefs.
Duke,	Dutchefs.	Shepherd,	Shepherdefs.
Electör,	Electrefs.	Tutor,	Tutrefs.
Emperor,	Emprefs.	Viscount,	Viscountefs.
Prince,	Princefs.		

There are two Words in (*ix*), *Administrator*, *Administratrix*; *Executor*, *Executrix*. Note, That the common and ordinary Words we use to exprefs the Difference of Sex by, are *He* and *She*. When we speak of the Male Sex, we use the Word *He*; and when we speak of the Female Sex, we use the Word *She*: But when we speak of a Thing that is neither of the Male nor Female Sex, but without Life, we use the Word *It*.

Of the Articles.

AN Article is a Word or Syllable set before a Substantive, for the more particular expreffing of it; as, *a Book*, that is, *some Book* or *other*; *the Man*, that is, *some certain Man* spoke of before. There are only two Articles in the English Language, (*a*) and (*the*); and these are really Adjectives, and are used almost in the same Manner as other Adjectives. (*a*) is wrote before a Word beginning with a Consonant; but when the Substantive begins with a Vowel, or (*b*); if the (*b*) be not sounded, then we write (*an*) instead of (*a*); as, *an Afs*, *an Eye*, *an Hour*, *an Host*, *an Heir*; but *a Hare*, *a Hand*, &c. because the (*b*) is sounded. *A* is an Article of Number, and signifies as much as *one*, and is put for it; as, *a Man*, i. e. *one Man*; *an Hour*, i. e. *one Hour*: Or (*an*) denotes or signifies the applying a general Word to some one particular Person or Thing, in a large Sense, not telling what particular Person or Thing you mean; as *Idleness is a Shame*; *Diligence is a Praise*: And it is therefore set only before Words of the singular Number. (*the*) is a demonstrative Article; because it shews what particular Person or Thing you mean in Speaking or Writing. (*the*) is wrote before the singular

gular and plural Number ; as, *the Man, the Men ; the Ass, the Asses*. Note, That the Articles are not wrote before the proper Names of Men, Women, Kingdoms, Cities, nor the particular Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns, Herbs, except for Distinction's Sake ; as, *he is a Seymour, he is a Sidney* ; i. e. *one whose Name is Seymour or Sidney*. Proper Names of Ships, Rivers, &c. have frequently the Article (*the*) before them, when some Substantive is understood ; as, *the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Terrible* ; i. e. *the Ship called Terrible*. *He was drowned in the Thames, in the Rhine* ; i. e. *in the River Thames, in the River Rhine*.

Of the Comparison of Adjectives.

COMPARISON is the altering the Signification of a Word into more or less Degrees, whereby we see that one Thing is *bright*, another *brighter*, and a third is *brightest*. And only Adjectives are compared ; they being only capable of having their Significations increased or diminished. There are three Degrees of Comparison ; the Positive, the Comparative, and the Superlative. The Positive Degree is the Adjective itself simply without any Likeness or Comparison, as *soft, hard, great*. The Comparative heightens or lessens the positive in Signification. The Superlative heightens or lessens the Quality to a very high or very low Degree. Note, The Positive, properly speaking, is no Degree of Comparison ; for it doth not compare Things together ; however it is accounted one, because the other two are founded upon, and formed from it. The comparative Degree is formed of the positive, by adding the Syllable (*er*), if it ends with a Consonant, or the Letter (*r*) only, if the positive ends in (*e*) ; as *soft, softer* ; *wise, wiser* : And it is likewise known by the Sign (*more*) before the positive ; as *softer or more soft* ; *wiser or more wise*. The superlative Degree is formed of the positive, by adding the Syllable (*est*), if it ends with a Consonant, or the Letters (*st*), if the positive ends with an (*e*) ; as *brightest, wisest*. It is likewise known by the Signs *most, very, or exceeding*.

There

There are some Adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing Rules, and are therefore irregular; as,

<i>Pos.</i>	<i>Com.</i>	<i>Super.</i>	<i>Pos.</i>	<i>Com.</i>	<i>Super.</i>
good,	better,	best,	little,	{ less or lesser,	{ least,
bad or	{ worse, or	{ worst,	much or	{ more,	most,
evil,	{ worser,		many,		
before,	former,	first.			

Note, That some Adverbs are also compared; as, *up*, *upper*, *uppermost*; *above*, *over*, *overmost*; *behind*, *hinder*, *hindermost*; *beneath*, *nether*, *nethermost*; *oft*, *oftner*, *oftnest*, &c. All Adjectives cannot be compared, because their Signification does not admit of Increase; as *all*, *every*, *one*, *any*, *each*, *some*, &c. And it would not be good English to say, *more wiser*, and *most wisest*; for we ought to say, *wiser*, or *more wise*; *wisest*, or *most wise*: For *more wiser* would signify as much as *more more wise*; and *most wisest* as much as *most most wise*.

Fair, *fairer*, *fairest*, are the three Degrees of Comparison; *fair* is of the positive Degree, because it signifies the Person to be simply so without comparing him to any other Person: For if I say, *Anne is fair*, that does not gainsay but that Sarah may be as fair: *Fairer* or *more fair*, are of the comparative Degree; because when I make a Comparison between Anne and Sarah, I find that Anne is fair, but that Sarah is fairer or more fair; that is, *exceeding Anne in Beauty*: *Fairest* or *most fair*, are of the superlative; because when I make a Comparison between Anne, Sarah, and Mary, I perceive that Anne is fair, but that Sarah is fairer or more fair, and that Mary is fairest or most fair of either Anne or Sarah; that is, *Mary exceeds them both in the highest Degree of Beauty*.

Of the Pronouns.

A Pronoun is a Part of Speech which is used instead of a Noun Substantive, and can supply the Want of a Noun Substantive Proper; as instead of saying, *Thou John didst it*, I say, *Thou didst it*: So instead of saying, *He Thomas did it*, I say, *He did it*; and instead of saying, *the Book of David*,

David, we say, *his Book*, &c. All Discourse is confined to three Heads; for we either speak *of ourselves*, *to another*, or *of another*: And these three Heads are called by the Name of Persons, there being three Persons in Discourse, that is, three Heads which comprehend and contain all the Branches of our Discourse or Speech. There are four Kind of Pronouns, viz. *personal*, *demonstrative*, *relative*, and *interrogative*. The personal Pronouns are, *I*, *thou*, *you*, *he*, *she*, *thee*, *him*, *her*. The demonstrative Pronouns are, *this*, *that*. Note, 1. That *this* in the plural Number makes *these*; and *that* makes *those*. Note, 2. That *that* is frequently used instead of *who*, *whom*, or *which*, though not elegantly.

He, *that*, *who*, *whom*, without a Question, are called Relatives; and *what*, *which*, *who*, *whom*, *whose*, when we ask a Question, are called Interrogatives. Note, that *whose* and *its* are Genitives instead of *of whom*, *of it*.

A Table of all the Pronouns.

		Their Possessives to be used.			
		The forego- ing State.	The follow- ing State.	With a Sub- stantive.	Without a Substantive.
1 Perf.	Sing.	<i>I</i>	<i>me</i>	<i>my</i>	<i>mine</i>
	Plur.	<i>we</i>	<i>us</i>	<i>our</i>	<i>ours</i>
2 Perf.	Sing.	<i>thou or you</i>	<i>thee</i>	<i>thy</i>	<i>thine</i>
	Plur.	<i>ye or you</i>	<i>you</i>	<i>your</i>	<i>yours</i>
3 Perf. Sing.	Male.	<i>he</i>	<i>him</i>	<i>his</i>	<i>his</i>
	Female.	<i>she</i>	<i>her</i>	<i>her</i>	<i>hers</i>
	Neuter.	<i>it</i>	<i>it</i>	<i>its</i>	<i>its</i>
3 Perf. Plur.		<i>they</i>	<i>them</i>	<i>their</i>	<i>theirs</i>
The Inter- rogative	Of Persons.	<i>what</i>	<i>whom</i>	<i>whose</i>	<i>whose</i>
	Of Things			<i>what</i>	<i>whereof</i>

Of Verbs.

A Verb is a Word that betokens Being, Doing, or Suffering : Or it is that Part of Speech which expresseth what is affirmed or said of Things. 1. *Being*, denotes the being in some Posture or Situation, or Circumstance, or some way or other affected; as, *to stand, to sit, to hang, to lie, to be cold, to be wet.*

2. *Doing*, denotes all Manner of Action; as, *to fight, to write, to play, &c.* 3. *Suffering*, denotes the Impressions that Persons or Things receive. Those Verbs that signify merely *Being*, are called essential Verbs; those that signify *Doing*, are called Verbs active; those that signify *Suffering*, are called Verbs passive. But we have in our Tongue no Verbs passive.

A Verb has two Forms or Voices; the active and passive. The active Voice expresses what is done by the Nominative or Person, the Agent, before it; as, *I love, I hate.* The passive Voice, which is made by the helping Verb *am*, expresses what is done to, or suffered by the Nominative or Person, the Patient, before it; as, *I am burned, I am hated.* There are three Tenses or Times, because all Time is either *past, present, or to come*; that is, 1. The *present Time*, that now is. 2. The *preter* or past Time, that is past. 3. The *future Time*, that is yet to come. But an English Verb has only two Tenses or Times distinguished by different Terminations, viz. the present Time and the preter Time. The present Tense or Time is the Verb itself, as *mourn*; and the preterite or past Time is commonly made by adding (*ed*) to it, or (*d*) when it ends in (*e*), as *mourned, loved.*

The Word Verb comes from *Verbum, a Word*, it being so called by Way of Eminence; for it is the chief Word in a Sentence, and there is no Sentence wherein it is not either expressed or understood.

Tables of most irregular Verbs, that is, of Verbs that form the Preter Tense and passive Participle, differ from all others.

TABLE I.

Such as have their Preter and passive Participle the same.

<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Pret.Tense and Participle.</i>	<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Pret.Tense and Participle.</i>	<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Pret.Tense and Participle.</i>
awake,	awoke.	gild,	gilt.	spring,	sprung.
abide,	abode.	hang,	hung.	stand,	stood.
beseech,	befought.	hear,	heard.	stick,	stuck.
bind,	bound.	lay,	laid.	sting,	stung.
bring,	brought.	lose,	lost.	swing,	swung.
buy,	bought.	make,	made.	swim,	swum.
catch,	caught.	pay,	paid.	teach,	taught.
dig,	dug.	say,	said.	tell,	told.
drink,	drunk.	seek,	fought.	think,	thought.
fight,	fought.	sell,	fold.	work,	wrought.
find,	found.	sit,	sat.	win,	won.
flee,	fled.	shine,	shone.	wind,	wound.
fling,	flung.	spin,	spun.	wring,	wrung.
grind,	ground.				

T A B L E II.

Such as have the preter Tense and passive Participle different.

<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Preter Tense.</i>	<i>Parti- ciple.</i>	<i>Present Tense.</i>	<i>Preter Tense.</i>	<i>Parti- ciple.</i>
bear,	bore,	born.	ride,	rode,	ridden.
begin,	began,	begun.	ring,	rang,	rung.
bid,	bad,	bidden.	rise,	rose,	risen.
beat,	beat,	beaten.	run,	ran,	run.
bite,	bit,	bitten.	see,	saw,	seen.
blow,	blew,	blown.	seethe,	sod,	sodden.
chide,	chid,	chidden.	shake,	shook,	shaken.
choote,	chose,	chosen.	sheer,	shore,	shorn.
cleave,	clove,	clift.	shoot,	shot,	shotten.
come,	came,	come.	shrink,	shrank,	shrunken.
crow,	crew,	crow'd.	sink,	sank,	funk.
dare,	durst,	dared.	slay,	flew,	slain.
do,	did,	done.	slide,	slid,	slidden.
draw,	drew,	drawn.	smite,	smote,	smitten.
drive,	drove,	driven.	strike,	struck,	stricken.
eat,	eat,	eaten.	speak,	spoke,	spoken.
fall,	fell,	fallen.	spit,	spat,	spitten.
fly,	flew,	flown.	strive,	strove,	striven.
forſake,	forſook,	forſaken.	ſwear,	ſwore,	ſworn.
freeze,	froze,	frozen.	ſwell,	ſwelled,	ſwollen.
get,	got,	gotten.	take,	took,	taken.
give,	gave,	given.	tear,	tore,	torn.
go,	went,	gone.	thrive,	throve,	thriven.
grow,	grew,	grown.	throw,	threw,	thrown.
hew,	hew'd,	hewn.	tread,	trode,	trodden.
hold,	held,	holden.	wear,	wore,	worn.
know,	knew,	known.	weave,	wove,	woven.
lye,	lay,	lay'n.	write,	wrote,	written.

Theſe Preterites *bare*, *ſbare*, *ſware*, *tare*, *ware*, *clawe*, *gat*, *begat*, *forgat*, *brake*, *ſpake*, *ſtang*, *ſprang*, *ſwang*, *wan*, *ſtink*, *ſank*, are not proper, and now not uſed.

Of the Verb Active and Neuter.

A Verb Active, is a Verb that can have after it a Noun, signifying the Subject of the Action or Impression that the Verb is used to denote : Or it signifies so to act, as that the Action passes over upon some other Thing ; as, *to receive a Wound, to fight a Lion, to kill a Dog.*

A Verb Neuter, is a Verb which signifies the State or Being, and sometimes the Action of a Person or Thing ; but it can have no Noun after it. That is, when it denotes Action, the Action does not pass upon any other Thing : For we do not say, *to creep a Thing, to walk a Thing, &c.* This Verb is also called a Verb Absolute, because the Action is terminated in the same Person or Thing ; as *John laughs, Mary grieves, &c.* Here the Action does not pass upon a Subject different from them who act. Hence it appears, that there are two Sorts of Neuter Verbs. 1. One Sort that does not signify Action, but denotes the Being or State of a Person or Thing, either in respect to its Posture or Situation ; as, *to sit, to ly, to hang, &c.* 2. The other Sort of Verbs Neuter signify Action, but in such a Manner that the Action does not pass upon a Subject different from what acts ; as, *to creep, to walk, &c.* So, *the Horse walks* ; here the Action of Walking does not pass upon any other Subject, but the Action is terminated in the Horse's self. Though some Verbs are Neuter, which signify Action, and expressed like Verbs Passive ; as, *I am grieved, for I grieve ; I am rejoiced, for I rejoice ; I am laid, for I lie, &c.* A Transitive Verb signifies so to act, as the Action passes over upon some other Thing.

Of the Adverb.

AN Adverb is a Part of Speech (or a Word) that is joined to a Verb, Adjective, Participle, or to another Adverb, to shew some Quality, Manner, or Circumstance thereof. 1. When joined to a Verb, the Verb signifies *Being, Doing, or Suffering* ; the Adverb is joined to it to shew how, or whether or no, or when, or where one is, does, or suffers ; as, *the Boy reads well, but behaves ill ; he reads now, he reads then, he reads there, he writes here, &c.*

2. To an Adjective ; as, *the Man is now good, though lately wicked.* 3. To a Participle ; as, *once the Boy learned very well, but now is idle by indulging.* 4. To another Adverb ; as, *he is now very rich, though lately very poor.* There are many Kinds of Adverbs ; as,

1. Of Time ; as, *to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, not yet, now.*
2. Of Place ; as, *here, there, above, below, whether, where.*
3. of Number ; as, *once, twice, thrice, seldom, rarely.*
4. Of Order ; as, *lately, last of all, secondly, thirdly.*
5. Of Quantity ; as, *enough, sufficient.*
6. Of Affirming ; as, *yea, yes.*
7. Of Denying ; as, *nay, no, not.*
8. Of Doubting ; as, *perhaps, peradventure.*
9. Of Comparing ; as, *how, as, so, more, less, very.*

10. Of Quality ; of which Sort there are a great Number ending in *ly*, that are formed of Adjectives ; as *barely, constantly, justly, falsely, prudently, &c.* and they commonly admit of Comparison, and are compared by *more*, and *most* ; as, *prudently, more prudently, most prudently.*

Note, Adverbs seem originally to have been contrived to express compendiously in one Word, what must otherwise have required two or more ; as, *he acted wisely, for he acted with Wisdom ; prudently, for with Prudence ; he did it here, for in this Place ; it was always so, for it was so at all Times, &c.* Therefore many of them are nothing else but Adjective Nouns, having the Preposition and Subjunctive understood.

Of a Conjunction.

A Conjunction is a Part of Speech which joins Sentences together, and shews the Manner of their Dependence upon one another.

Of

Of Conjunctions there are several Sorts ; as,

1. Copulative ; as, *and, also, both, neither, nor.*
2. Disjunctive ; as, *either, or.*
3. Concessive ; as, *though, although, albeit.*
4. Adversative ; as, *but, yet, notwithstanding, nevertheless.*
5. Casual ; as, *for, that, because.*

Of Interjections.

AN Interjection is a Part of Speech thrown into Discourse ; and it is a compendious Way of expressing a whole Sentence in one Word, and used only to represent the Passions and Emotions of the Soul, that the Shortness of the one might the sooner express the Suddenness and Quickness of the other.

Of Interjections there are several Sorts.

Some of them express,

1. Joy ; as, *hey ! brave ! io !*
2. Grief ; as, *ah ! alas ! woe's me !*
3. Wonder ; as, *O strange ! vah ! bah !*
4. Praise ; as, *well done !*
5. Aversion ; as, *away, begone, fy, tush, pish.*
6. Exclaiming ; as, *oh ! proh ! O !*
7. Surprize ; as, *ha ! aba ?*
8. Imprecation ; as, *wo ! pox on't !*
9. Laughter ; as, *ha, ha, he.*
10. Calling ; as, *ho ! so ho ! ho ho ! hoop !*
11. Silencing ; as, *silence ! hush ! 'st !*
12. Derision ; as, *away with.*
13. Attention ; as, *bah ! hark !*

Note,

Note 1. That the same Interjection denotes sometimes one Passion, and sometimes another; as, *vah!* which is used to express Joy, and Sorrow, and Wonder.

Note 2. That most of them are natural Sounds common to all Languages.

Note 3. That Nouns are sometimes used for Interjections; as, *with a Pox!* *with a Mischief!* *O shame!* *fy fy!* *O wretched!* *O the Villainy!*

Of the Derivation of the Parts of Speech.

ALL Words whatsoever are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is such as is not formed of any other; as, *Man, good, Hope, kind, &c.* A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the same; such as,

<i>able;</i>	<i>agree,</i>	<i>agree-able.</i>	<i>ed;</i>	<i>Love,</i>	<i>lov-ed.</i>
<i>al;</i>	<i>Herb,</i>	<i>Herb-al.</i>	<i>en;</i>	<i>hard,</i>	<i>hard-en.</i>
<i>ance;</i>	<i>perform,</i>	<i>Perform-ance.</i>	<i>er;</i>	<i>give,</i>	<i>Giv-er.</i>
<i>ary;</i>	<i>Tribute,</i>	<i>tribut-ary.</i>	<i>ess;]</i>	<i>Count,</i>	<i>Count-ess.</i>
<i>ate;</i>	<i>Fortune,</i>	<i>fortun-ate.</i>	<i>est;</i>	<i>read,</i>	<i>read-est.</i>
<i>eth;</i>	<i>bear,</i>	<i>bear-eth.</i>	<i>less;</i>	<i>Blame,</i>	<i>blame-less,</i>
<i>ing;</i>	<i>spend,</i>	<i>spend-ing.</i>	<i>ly;</i>	<i>bold,</i>	<i>bold-ly.</i>
<i>ish;</i>	<i>Fool,</i>	<i>fool-ish.</i>	<i>ness;</i>	<i>cold,</i>	<i>Cold-ness.</i>
<i>ism;</i>	<i>Atheist,</i>	<i>Athe-ism,</i>	<i>ous;</i>	<i>Fame,</i>	<i>fam-ous.</i>
<i>ist;</i>	<i>Art,</i>	<i>Art-ist.</i>	<i>y;</i>	<i>Craft,</i>	<i>craft-y.</i>
<i>ize;</i>	<i>civil,</i>	<i>civil-ize.</i>			

A compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as *Silver-smith, Wheel-wright, &c.* or of a simple Word, and a Preposition set before it; as *dis-please, conform, un-fit, ad-apt, &c.*

We have in the foregoing Chapters of Etymology treated of the Kinds of Words, and have distributed them into certain Ranks and Classes, called Parts of Speech: Now come we to speak of their Derivation, *Ending, Change, Analogy, or Affinity, or Likeness* to one another.

Note

Note 1. From any Substantive, or Adjective put for a Substantive, (in the singular Number) is formed the Genitive Case by adding (*s*).

Note 2. Substantives, and sometimes Adjectives, and also the other Parts of Speech, become Verbs; the Vowel being always sounded long, and the Consonant softened; as from *House* comes *to house*; from *Grass*, *to graze*; from *Brass*, *to braze*; from *Breath*, *to breathe*, &c. Verbs are derived from Adjectives by adding (*en*), as from *rid* comes *ridden*; from *white*, *whiten*; *fast*, *fasten*; from *black*, *blacken*, &c.

Note 3. That from Verbs are derived the active Participle, that ends always in *ing*, and the passive that ends in *ed* or *en*; as *loving*, *loved*; *giving*, *given*; from which Verbs, by adding (*er*) to the present Tense, comes a Substantive signifying the Agent; as from *love* comes *Lover*; from *hear* comes the Noun *Hearer*; from *play* comes *Player*, &c. and this Sort of Nouns are called verbal Nouns.

Note 4. By adding (*y*) to Substantives, are formed Adjectives of Plenty; as from *Wealth* comes the Adjective *wealthy*; from *Filth* comes *filthy*; from *Louse* comes *lousy*, &c. By adding the Termination *ful* to Substantives, are also formed Adjectives denoting Fulness; as from *Joy* comes *joyful*; *Fruit*, *fruitful*; *Health*, *healthful*, &c. So also by adding *some* to Substantives, are formed Adjectives signifying Fulness; as *Burden*, *burdensome*; *Whole*, *wholesome*, &c. So from Substantives come also Adjectives denoting Likeness, by adding the Ending *ly*; as from *Earth* comes *earthly*; *Man*, *manly*; *Heaven*, *heavenly*, &c.

Note 5. By adding the Termination *less* to Substantives, are formed Adjectives signifying Want; as *Care*, *careless*; *Wit*, *witless*; *Worth*, *worthless*, &c. Some Adjectives, which signify the Matter out of which any Thing is made, are formed by adding *en* to the Substantive; as *Earth*, *earthen*; *Brass*, *brazen*; *Gold*, *golden*; *Ash*, *ashen*; *Oak*, *oaken*, &c.

Of English Words derived from the Greek.

OBERVE that generally all Words that have (*y*) in the Middle, or that have (*eu*) or (*ph*) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (*ch*) pronounced hard at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (*th*) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that end in *asm*, *ism*, *osm*, *cal*, *ic* or *ick*, *is*, *gy*, *gm*, *gue*, &c. are derived from the Greek.

E X A M P L E S.

Y, as *tyrannical*, *Physic*, *Phthifick*, &c.
Eu, as *Eucharist*, *Eunuch*, *Eulogy*, *Pleurisy*, &c.
Ph, as *Philosophy*, *Geography*, *Phisiognomy*, &c.
Ch, as *Chronology*, *Anarchy*, *Characteristick*, &c.
Th, as *Theology*, *Mathematics*, *ophthalmic*, &c.
Asm, as *Phantasm*, *Cataplasma*, &c.
Ism, as *Syllogism*, *Catechism*, &c.
Osm, as *Microcosm*, &c.
Cal, as *evangelical*, *ecclesiastical*, &c.
Ic, as *plastic*, &c.
Is, as *Ellipsis*, &c.
Gy, as *Etymology*, &c.
Gm, as *Apophthegm*, &c.
Gue, as *Épilogue*, *Synagogue*, &c.

1. English Words ending in (*cal*) or (*ick*), now wrote (*ic*), are generally derived from Greek Words ending in (*kos*); as,

	Greek.		Greek.
practical,	} praktikos.	mathematical,	} mathemati-
practice,		mathematic,	
emetical,	} emetikos.	epidemical,	} kos.
emetic,		epidemic,	
emphatical,	} emphatikos.	enthusiastical,	} enthusiasti-
emphatic,		enthusiastic,	
mechanical,	} mecanikos.	pathetical,	} kos.
mechanic,		pathetic,	
			} pathetikos.

2. English

2. English Words ending in (*gy*) come from Greek Words ending in (*gia*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Doxology	Doxologia.	Apology,	Apologia.
Chronology	Chronologia.	Etymology,	Etymologia.
Tautology	Tautologia.	Genealogy,	Genealogia, &c.

3. English Works ending in (*my*) are derived from Greek Words ending in (*mia*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Phlebotomy,	Phlebotomia.	Eurhythmy,	Eurhythmia.
Monogamy,	Monogamia.	Euchymy,	Euchymia.
Metonymy,	Metonomia.	Physiognomy,	Physiognomia
Misogamy,	Misogomia.	Eunomy,	Eunomia, &c.

4. English Words ending in (*dy*) are formed from Greek Words in (*dia*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Melody,	Melodia.	Rhapsody,	Rhapsodia.
Profody,	Profodia.	Comedy,	Komodias.
Pfalmody,	Pfalmodia.	Tragedy,	Tragodia.

5. English Words ending in (*phy*) come from the Greek Words ending in (*phia*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Philosophy,	Philosophia.	Chirography,	Chirographia.
Geography,	Geographia.	Ichnography,	Ichnographia.
Cosmogra- phy,	Kosmogra- phia.	Chorography,	Chorographia
Orthography,	Orthographia.	Atrophy,	Atrophia, &c.

6. English Words ending in (*ogue*, i. e. *og*) come from Greek Words ending in (*ogos*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Epilogue,	Epilogos.	Demagogue,	Demagogos.
Catalogue,	Katylogos.	Pedagogue,	Paidagogos.
Prologue,	Prologos.	Apologue,	Apologos, &c.

7. Several English Words ending in (*ism*) are formed from Greek Words ending in (*ismos*); as,

	<i>Greek.</i>		<i>Greek.</i>
Aphorism,	Aphorismos.	Paralogism,	Paralogismos.
Paroxysm,	Paroxysmos.	Syllogism,	Syllogismos.
Anatocism,	Anatokismos.	Barbarism,	Barbarismos, &c.

8. English Words ending in (*is*) are taken generally without any Variation from the Greek; as,

Metamorphosis,	Metapharxis,	Metasyncrisis,
Emphasis,	Metaptosis,	Metathesis,
Diaphoresis,	Diaphraxis,	Metastasis,
Metempsychosis,	Diatyposis,	Antanaclassis, &c

Of Syntax.

SYNTAX is the right Placing or Joining of Words together in Sentences. The Syntax or Construction of the English Language, not like that of the Latin or Greek Languages (which require a Volume) is confin'd to a few short and easy Rules; the rest depending, for the most Part, upon the Prepositions.

A Sentence is any thought of the Mind expressed by two or more Words; and is either simple or compound. A simple Sentence is that Sentence which has but one Verb finite in it; as, *God is just*. By a Verb finite we are to understand any Verb that is not put infinitively, *i. e.* any Verb which has not (*to*) put before it; as, *to burn, to hate*. A compounded Sentence is, when two simple Sentences are joined together by some copulative Conjunction; as, *God is just, and Man is wicked; God is just, but Men are wicked*.

Observe, 1. That every Sentence consists of a Substantive Noun (which in other Languages is called the Nominative Case) and a Verb agreeing in Number and Person; as, *God spake unto Moses; the Master teacheth; Boys play*.

2. In every Sentence there is something said, but nothing can be said without a Verb; and there can be no

E

Verb

Verb without a Substantive Noun or Person ; as, *The Master readeth ; Boys should attend.* A Verb in a Sentence denotes, first, either the Action or Motion of the Person, the Agent, or the Thing moving ; as, *God said, Let there be Light ; and there was Light.* Or, secondly, the Passion of the Substantive or Person, the Patient ; as, *Truants are despised ; Diligence is praised.* Or, thirdly, the Existence or Being of the Substantive or Person existing ; as, *I am ; Men are.* And seeing there can be no Action without an Agent, nor Passion without a Patient, nor Existence without something existing, it is inconsistent with a Verb to be without a Substantive, Noun or Person.

The Substantive that is, does, or suffers, is set before the Verb ; as, *I am ; John writes ; the Dog is whipt.* Except 1. When a Question is asked ; as, *Does James ride ? Will Thomas fight ? Might Peter have sold it ? Could he have bought it ?* Except 2. In an imperative or commanding Sentence, where the Substantive is put after the Verb ; as, *fight thou, fight ye.* Also when the Verb is used by Way of yielding ; as, *Had he known, he would not have sent it.* The Substantive is likewise set after the Verb, when (*there*) is put before the Verb ; as, *there came a Boy to me ; there was a Sow in the mire.*

Sometimes, when none of the foregoing Exceptions happen, the Substantive is set after the Verb ; as, *Then followed the General, &c. says I, for I say ; said he, for he said, &c.*

When the Genitive Case, and another Substantive come together, the Genitive Case is always put first ; as *John's Horse*, not *Horse John's*.

The Adjective is joined to its Substantive without any Difference of Gender or Number ; and is placed immediately before its Substantive ; as, *a good Man, a chaste Woman, a sweet Apple ; good Men, chaste Women, sweet Apples ;* except a Verb comes between the Adjective and its Substantive ; as, *happy is the Man, for the Man is happy :* Or when some other Word dependeth on the Adjective ; as, *a Man true to his Word.* Also frequently used in Poetry, for the more harmonious Sounding of the Verse ; as, *human Face divine.*

When there are more Adjectives than one joined together, or one Adjective with other Words depending on it, the

the Adjective is generally set after the Substantive ; as, *a General both wise and valiant ; a General very wise ; a General skilful in political and military Matters.*

A Substantive with its Adjective is reckoned as one compounded Word, whence the Adjective and Substantive so joined, do often take another Adjective, and sometimes a third, and so on ; as, *a Man, an old Man ; a very good old Man, a very learned, judicious, sober Man.*

The Articles are generally placed before the Substantive ; as, *a Man, a Horse, a Tree.*

The Pronoun has two States ; the foregoing State, which goes before the Verb ; the following State, which follows the Verb or Preposition ; as *I burn, we burn, burn me, burn us, to me, to us.* But *whom* is generally placed before the Verb ; as, *he is the Man whom I saw.*

The foregoing State of the Pronoun is placed after the Verb when a Question is asked in a commanding Sentence ; as, *am I, is he, fight thou, &c.* When two Substantives singular are joined together, they speak of more than one, and so, being of the plural Number, must have a Verb plural ; as, *John and Jane love, not loveth or loves.*

Sometimes the Verb may be put in the singular Number, when there are two Substantives ; as, *his Justice and Goodness was great :* But then, here, *was great* is left out in the first Sentence ; as, *his Justice was great, and his Goodness was great.*

Sometimes though the Noun of the singular Number, yet if it comprehend many Particulars, the Verb may be put in the singular or plural Number ; as, *the Committee has examined the Prisoner, or, the Committee have examined the Prisoner :* Where *has* is of the singular, and *have* of the plural Number.

The Syntax or Construction of Words, may be divided into two Kinds: 1. That which is natural and regular ; or, 2. That which is customary or figurative. That Syntax may be called regular, which is according to the natural Sense and Order of the Words. Customary or figurative Syntax, is that which is used in the Forms of Speech peculiar to several Languages. Transposition is the putting the Words in a Sentence or Sentences out of their natural Order ; *i. e.* putting Words or Sentences before, which should come after ; and Words and Sentences after,

which should come before. But it is to be observed, that the best and clearest Writers have the fewest Transpositions in their Discourses; and that they are more allowable in Poetry than in Prose, because it is there generally sweeter, and more agreeable and harmonious to the Ear.

Ellipsis is the leaving out Words in a Sentence. That is, whatever Words may be as well understood when left out, as they would be, if they were mentioned, may be left out in a Sentence. As, 1. When a Word has been mentioned just before, and may be supposed to be kept in Mind, then it is often left out; as, *Cæsar came, and saw, and conquered*; where we need not say, *Cæsar came, Cæsar, saw, and Cæsar conquered*. Therefore in a relative Sentence, (a Sentence having *who*, *which*, or *that* in it) the Antecedent, or foregoing Word, is seldom repeated; as, *I bought the Horse which you sold*; that is, *which Horse*, &c.

2. When any Word is to be mentioned presently, if it can be well understood, it may be left out in the former Part; as, *I ever did, and ever will love you*; i. e. *I ever did love*, &c.

3. When the Thought is expressed by some other Means; as, *Who is he?* Pointing to a Man, you need not say, *What Man is that Man?*

4. Those Words which, upon the mentioning of others, must needs be supposed to be meant, may be left out; as, *when you come to Paul's then turn to the Left*, every Body knows you mean *Paul's Church*, and *the left Hand*.

Of Prosody.

PROSODY, or Poetry, teaches the true Pronunciation of Words, either in Prose or Verse, their Accents, and the Quantities or Times of Syllables.

Prosody consists of two Parts: The first teacheth the true Accents of Words; and the other the Numbers in making Verses. But that of making Verses would take up a Volume by itself; and there being many excellent Pieces upon that Subject

Subject already, we shall here only take Notice of the Accent.

An Accent is the Rising or Falling of the Voice, above, or under its usual Tone.

RULE 1. When the Terminations *able, ful, ish, less, ness, some, ward, y, or ly*, are joined to a Monosyllable, the first Syllable is accented; as, *notable, faithful, childish, Greatness, noisome, backward, hardly*. So are the Terminations of Verbs; as, *actest, acteth, acted*. So the comparative and Superlative Degrees; as, *softer, softest*.

RULE 2. When the Terminations *er, or, and ure*, are added to Monosyllables, the Accent is on the first Syllable; except *prefer, defer, refer*. The Words which have final (*e*) at the End, or a Diphthong in them, when the Diphthong is in the last Syllable, the Accent then lies always on the last Syllable; as, *suprême, blasphème, extrême, sérène, terrène, Frontiér, carouse, refuse, salute, Degrée, &c.* And Verbs, whether put first or last into Composition, have the Accent; as, *backbite, backslide, breakfast, partake, &c.*

RULE 3. Nouns become Verbs by altering the Accent; as, *a Collect, to collect; a Compound, to Compound; a Concert, to concert; a Conduct, to conduct, &c.*

RULE 4. When a Preposition is put before a Monosyllable, the primitive Word hath the Accent; as, *Colleague, pollute*; except *abject, Accent, adjunct, Advent, atone, Besom, décent*.

RULE I. Of Polysyllables.

THE Syllable before (*ti*) when it is pronounced like (*sh*), and before *ce, ci, si*, hath always the Accent; as *Observation, Circumcision, Magician*.

RULE 2. If the Penult, or last Syllable save one, has not two Consonants following a Vowel, the Antepenult, that is the last Syllable but two, retaineth the Accent, although it be a Preposition; as *Activity, sacrilegious, Seniority, &c.*

Except, 1. The Accent never changes its Place when (*ness*) is added to a Dyssyllable; as, *Righteousness* from *righteous*, &c.

Except, 2, When the Consonant before the Penult is doubled; as, *Apparel*, *astonish*, *consider*, *immodest*, &c.

Except, 3. When the Penult is short by Position; as *accomplish*, *abandon*, &c. from this except *Overture*.

As Accent is the Rising or Falling the Voice upon some Syllable in the Word; so Emphasis is the Rising or Falling of the Voice upon such a Word or Words in a Sentence wherein the Force of the Sense doth more peculiarly consist; and is usually distinguished by putting such Words in another Character, such as the *Italic*, &c.

Quantity is the Length or Shortness of Syllables. A long Syllable takes double the Time that is required to pronounce a short one; marked thus, long (-) and (v) short; as, *rĕb*, short; *rĭbe*, long.

The LORD'S PRAYER, as a Praxis on the Parts of Speech.

OUR Father which art in Heaven: Hallowed be thy Name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven: Give us this Day our Daily Bread; And forgive us our Trespases as we forgive them that trespass against us: And lead us not into Temptation; but deliver us from Evil. For thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The) is a demonstrative Article.

Lord) is a Noun Substantive. *Lord's*) the ending (*s*) is the Letter that makes the English Genitive Case.

Prayer) is a Noun Substantive. *The Lord's Prayer*, i. e. *The Prayer of the Lord.*

Our) is a pronoun possessive put for the first Person of the plural Number.

Father) is a Noun Substantive.

Which)

Which) is a Relative : It is spoken both of Things and Persons, though it should be only of Things ; and *who* and *whom* are used when we speak of Persons ; and *who* would have been more proper in this Place, because it speaks of a Person.

Art) is a Verb essential or neuter, and is the second Person of the Verb *am*.

In) is a Preposition.

Heaven) is a Noun Substantive.

Hallowed) a Participle passive, because it ends in *ed*.

Be) is a Verb, from *am*.

Thy) is a Pronoun possessive.

Name) a Substantive. *Thy*) as before.

Will) a Substantive, from the Verb *to will*. *Be*) as before.

Done) a Participle passive, from the Verb *to do*. *In*) as before.

Earth) a Substantive.

As) an Adverb.

It) a Pronoun of the third Person singular.

Is) is a Verb neuter, the third Person singular of the Verb *am*. *In Heaven*) as before.

Give) a Verb.

Us) is the following State of the Pronoun *we*.

This) is an Adjective, and a demonstrative one.

Day) a Noun Substantive. *Our*) as before.

Daily) an Adjective, from the Substantive *Day*.

Bread) a Substantive.

And) a copulative Conjunction.

Forgive) a Verb used in an imperative Sense. *Us*) as before. *Our*) as before.

Trespasses) a Noun Substantive ; (*s*) is added to make the plural Number. *As*) as before.

We) a Pronoun in the foregoing State.

Forgive) a Verb.

Them) a Pronoun, the following State of *they*.

That) an Adjective relative ; it is used for *who* or *which*.

Trepass) a Verb.

Against) a Preposition. *Us*) as before. *And*) as before.

Lead) a Verb used in an imperative Sense. *Us*) as before.

Not) an Adverb of Denying.

Into)

Into) a Preposition.

Temptation) a Substantive.

But) a Conjunction.

Deliver) a Verb. *Us*) as before.

From) a Preposition.

Evil) is an Adjective, but it is here used for a Substantive ; as *Evil*, for *evil Thing* or *Person*.

For) is here a Conjunction.

Thine) a Pronoun. *Is*) as before. *The*) as before.

Kingdom) a Substantive. *The*) as before.

Power) a Substantive. *And the*) as before.

Glory) a Substantive.

For ever and ever) a solemn Form, for *throughout all Ages* or *Times*. *For*) is a Preposition. *Ever*) is originally an Adverb, but is used here as a Substantive.

Amen) the usual Epilogue, Conclusion, or Ending of Prayers : It is a Hebrew Word, but common to almost all Languages.





T H E
INTRODUCTION;
CONTAINING

Some general DIRECTIONS for writing
LETTERS, and how to address Persons of
Distinction in Writing, or Discourse, &c.



PISTOLARY Writing, by which a great Part of the Commerce of Human Life is carried on, was esteemed by the Romans a liberal and polite Accomplishment: And Cicero, the Father of Eloquence and Master of Style, speaks with great Pleasure in his Epistles to Atticus, of his Son's Genius in this Particular: Among them, it was undoubtedly a Part of their Education, and, in the Opinion of Mr. Lock, well deserves a Share in ours. “ The writing Letters (says this great Genius) enters so much into all the Occasions of Life, that no Gentleman can avoid shewing himself in Compositions of this Kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this Use of his Pen, which lays open his Breeding, his Sense, and his Abilities, to a severer Examination than any oral Discourse.”

It was a *quaint* Difference, says Mr. Howell, in one of his Epistles, “ That the Ancients made betwixt a *Letter* and an *Oration*; the one should be attired like a Woman, the other like a Man: The *Oration* is allowed large Side-Robes, as *long Periods, Parenthesis, Similies, Examples*, and other Parts of rhetorical Flourishes; but a *Letter* should be short coated, and closely couched: In short, we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter, which expresseth our Meaning the same as if we were discoursing with the Party to whom we write, in succinct and easy Terms. The Tongue and Pen are both
Inter-

“ Interpreters of the Mind ; but the Pen, the most faithful
“ of the two, and as it has all the Advantage of Premeditation, is not so apt to err, and leaves Things behind on
“ a more authentic as well as lasting Record.”

When you sit down to write a Letter, remember that this Sort of Writing should be like Conversation ; observe this, and you will be no more at a Loss to write, than you will be to speak to the Person were he present ; and this is Nature without Affectation, which, generally speaking, always pleases. As to Subjects, you are allowed in writing Letters the utmost Liberty ; whatsoever has been done, or seen, or heard, or thought of, your own Observations on what you know, your Enquiries about what you do not know, the *Time*, the *Place*, the *Weather*, every Thing about you stands ready for a Subject ; and the more Variety you intermix, so as not rudely thrown together, the better. Set Discourses require a Dignity or Formality of Stile, suitable to the Subject ; whereas Letter-writing rejects all Pomp of Words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But, tho’ lofty Phrases are here improper, the Stile should not be low and mean ; and, to avoid it, let an easy Compliance, an open Sincerity, and unaffected good Nature appear in all you say ; for a fine Letter does not consist in saying fine Things, but in expressing ordinary ones with Elegance and Propriety ; so as to please while it informs, and charm even in giving Advice.

It should also wear an honest chearful Countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his Friend ; and not like a Fop, admiring his own Dress, and seemingly pleased with nothing but himself.

Express your Meaning as freely as possible ; long Periods may please the Ear, but they perplex the Understanding ; a short Stile and plain, strikes the Mind, and fixes an Impression ; a tedious one is seldom clearly understood, and never long remember’d. But there is still something requisite, beyond all this, toward the writing a polite and agreeable Letter, and that is, an Air of good Breeding, and Humanity, which ought constantly to appear in every Expression, and that will give a Beauty to the Whole. By this I would not be supposed to mean, overstrain’d or affected Compliments, or any Thing that Way tending, but an easy, genteel, and obliging Manner of Address, in a
Choice

Choice of Words that bears the most civil Meaning, with a thorough generous and good-natur'd Disposition.

But in familiar Letters of the common Concerns in Life, Elegance is not requir'd, nor is it the Thing we ought to aim at; for when attempted, the Labour is often seen, and the End perverted by the very Means. Ease and Clearness are the only Beauties we need to study.

Never be in Pain about Familiarity in the Style to those with whom you are acquainted, for that very Pain will make it awkward and stiff in Spite of all your Endeavours to the contrary.

Write freely, but not hastily; let your Words drop from your Pen, as they would from your Tongue when speaking deliberately on a Subject of which you are Master, and to a Person with whom you are intimate.

Accustom yourself to think justly, and you will not be at a Loss to write clearly; for while there is Confusion at the Fountain Head, the Brook will never be clear.

Before you *begin* to write, think what you are *going* to write: However unnecessary this Caution may seem, I will venture to say, that ten appear ridiculous on Paper thro' Hurry and Want of Thought, for one that is so thro' Want of Understanding.

A Man that begins a Speech before he is determin'd what to say, will undoubtedly find himself bewildered before he gets to the End; not in Sentiment only, but in Grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a Sentence, have the whole of it in your Head, and make Use of the first Words that offer themselves to express your Meaning; for, be assured, they are the most natural, and will, generally speaking, (I can't say always) best answer your Purpose; for to stand searching after Expressions, breaks in upon the natural Diction; and for a Word that perhaps is not a Jot more expressive, you make the whole Sentence stiff and awkward. But of all Things learn to be correct, and never omit a careful Perusal of what you have written, which, whoever neglects, must have many Inaccuracies; and these are not only a Reflexion on the Writer, but a Rudeness to the Person to whom they are written. Never be ashamed of having found something amiss, which you confess that you did, by amending it; for in that Confession you cancel the Fault, and if you have not Time to transcribe let it pass,
for

for a Blot is by no Means so bad as a Blunder; and by accustoming yourself to correct what is amiss, you will be less liable to future Mistakes.

So much for Letters in general; as for those in Trade in particular, I shall quote a reputable Author on the Subject, who, I think, has said every Thing that need be said upon it, and given Examples, whereby we can't err, if we don't excel, *viz.*

“ As Plainness, and a free Way of Expression, is the
 “ Beauty and Excellence of Speech, so an easy concise Way
 “ of Writing is the best Style for Tradesmen. He that
 “ affects a rumbling bombast Style, and fills his Letters
 “ with Compliments and Flourishes, makes a very ridicu-
 “ lous Figure in Trade; for Instance of the following
 “ Letter, which a young Tradesman in the Country writes
 “ up to a wholesale Dealer in London, on his first set-
 “ ting up.”

S I R, The Destinies having so appointed it, and my dark Stars concurring, that I, who by Nature was form'd for better Things, should be put out to a Trade, and the Time of my Servitude being at length expired, I am now launch'd forth into the great Ocean of Business. I thought fit to acquaint you, that last Month I receiv'd my Fortune, which, by my Father's Will, had been my Due two Years past, at which Time I arriv'd to Man's Estate, and became Major; whereupon I have taken a House in one of the principal Streets of this Town, where I am enter'd upon my Business, and hereby let you know that I shall have Occasion for the Goods hereafter mention'd, which you may send to me by the Carrier.

This fine Flourish, which the young Shopkeeper dress'd up with much Application, and thought it well done, put his Correspondent in London into a Fit of Laughing; who, instead of sending him directly the Goods he wrote for, sent down into the Country to enquire his Character.

The same Tradesman in London by the next Post received the following Letter from another young Shopkeeper in the Country, on his beginning Business for himself.

*S I R, “ Being obliged, by my late Master's Decease, to
 “ enter immediately upon Business, and consequently open
 “ my*

“ my Shop without going to Town, to furnish myself with
 “ such Goods as at present I want, I have sent you a small
 “ Order, as under written. I hope you will use me well,
 “ and let the Goods be good of the Sorts, tho’ I cannot
 “ be at London to look them out myself. I have enclosed
 “ a Bill of Exchange on 75 l. on Mess. A — and B —,
 “ and Company, payable to you or to your Order, at
 “ one and twenty Days Sight: Be pleased to get it ac-
 “ cepted; and if the Goods amount to more than that
 “ Sum, I shall, when I have your Bill of Parcels, send you
 “ the Remainder. I repeat my Desire, that you will send
 “ me the Goods well sorted, and well chosen, and as cheap
 “ as possible, that I may be encouraged to a farther Cor-
 “ respondence.”

I am your humble Servant,

C. K.

This was writing like a Man that understood what he was doing, and such a Letter could not want its proper Effect upon such a Correspondent in *London*.

In short, a Tradesman’s Letter should be plain and concise, and to the Purpose; no quaint Expressions, no Book Phrases, no Flourishes; and yet they must be full and sufficient to express what he means, so as not to be doubtful, much less unintelligible. I can by no Means approve of studied Abbreviations, and leaving out the needful Copulatives of Speech in trading Letters; they are affected to the last Degree: For, in a Word, ’tis affecting to be thought a Man of more than ordinary Sense, by writing extraordinary Nonsense; affecting to be a Man of Business, by giving Orders, and expressing your Meaning in Terms which a Man of Business may not think himself bound by. For Example; a Tradesman at *Hull* writes to his Correspondent at *London* the following Letter.

S I R, Yours received, have at present little to reply. Last Post you had Bills of Loading, with Invoice of what had laden for your Account in Hambro’ Factor, bound for said Port. What have further Orders for shall be dispatched with Expedition. Markets slacken much on this Side; cannot sell the Iron for more than 37 s. wish had your Orders, if shall part with it at that Rate. No Ships since the 11th. London
 F Fleet

Fleet may be in the Roads before the late Storm; so hope they are safe: If have not insured, please omit the same till hear farther; the Weather proving good, hope the Danger is over.

My last transmitted three Bills Exchange, import 315 l. please signify if come to Hand, and accepted, and give Credit in Account Current to,

Your humble Servant.

There is nothing in all this Letter, though appearing to have the Face of a considerable Dealer, but what may be taken any Way, *pro* or *con*. The *Hambro'* Factor may be a Ship, or a Horse; be bound to *Hambro'*, or *London*. What shall be dispatched, may be one Thing, or any Thing, or every Thing in a former Letter. No Ships since the 11th, may be, no Ships came in, or no Ships gone out. The *London* Fleet being in the Roads, it may be, *London* Fleet from *Hull* to *London*, or from *London* to *Hull*, both being often at Sea together. The Roads may be *Yarmouth* Roads, or *Grimsby*, or, indeed, any where.

By such a Way of Writing, no Orders can be binding to him that gives him, or to them they are given to.

A Merchant writes to his Factor at *Lisbon*:

Please to send, per first Ship, 150 Chests best Seville, and 200 Pipes best Lisbon White. May value yourself, per Exchange, 1205 l. Sterling, for the Account of the above Orders. Suppose you can send the Ship to Seville for the ordered Chests, &c. I am —

Here is the Order to send a Cargo, with a *please to send*: So the Factor may let it alone, if he does not please. The Order is 150 Chests *Seville*; 'tis supposed he means Oranges, but it may be 150 Chests of Oil, or any Thing. *Lisbon* White, may be Wine, or any Thing else.

He may draw 1250 l. but he may refuse to accept it, if he pleases, for any Thing such an Order obliges him.

On the contrary, Orders ought to be plain and explicit; and he ought to have assured him, that, on his drawing on him, his Bills should be *honoured*, that is, accepted, and paid.

I know

I know this Affectation of Style is by some accounted very grand, and thought modish; but the best Merchants are come off from it, and now chuse to write plain and intelligible; much more so ought Country Tradesmen, Citizens, and Shopkeepers, whose Business is Plainness and mere Trade.

When a Tradesman takes an Apprentice, the first Thing he does for him, after he lets him into the Compting-House and his Books, and after trusting him with his more private Business, is, to let him write Letters to his Dealers, and correspond with his Friends; and this he does in his Master's Name, subscribing his Letters thus:

I am,
For my Master A. B. and Company,
Your humble Servant,
C. D.

And beginning thus:

SIR, I am ordered by my Master A. B. to advise you, that ———

Or thus:

SIR, These are, by my Master's Order, to give you Notice ———

Orders for Goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the Dealer may not mistake; especially if it be Orders from a Tradesman to a Manufacturer, to make or buy Goods, either of such a Quality or Pattern; in which, if the Goods are made to the Colours, and of a marketable Goodness, and within the Time limited, the Person ordering them cannot refuse to receive them, and to make himself Debtor to the Maker. On the contrary, if the Goods are not of a marketable Goodness, or not to the Patterns, or not sent within the Time, the Maker ought not to expect they should be received. For Example:

The Tradesman, or Warehouselman, writes to his Correspondent at the Devizes, in Wiltshire, thus:

SIR, The Goods you sent me last are not at all fit for my Purpose, being of a Sort which I am at present full of; however, if you are willing they should lie here, I will take
F 2 all

all Opportunities to sell them for your Account: Otherwise, on your first Order, they shall be delivered to whoever you shall direct: And as you had no Orders from me for such Sort of Goods, you cannot take this ill. But I have inclosed sent you five Patterns, as under marked, 1 to 5. If you make me fifty Pieces of Druggets, of the same Weight and Goodness with the fifty Pieces, No. A. B. which I had from you last October, and mixed as exactly as you can to the inclosed Patterns, ten to each Pattern, and can have the same to be delivered here any Time in February next, I shall take them at the same Price which I gave you for the last; and one Month after the Delivery you may draw upon me for the Money, which shall be paid to your Content, by

Your Friend and Servant.

P. S. Let me have your Reply by the next Post, intimating that you can, or cannot answer this Order, that I may govern myself accordingly.

To Mr. H. G. Clothier, in the Devizes.

The Clothier accordingly gives him an Answer the next Post, as follows:

S I R, I have the Favour of yours of the 22d past, with your Order for fifty fine Druggets, to be made of the like Weight and Goodness with two Packs, No. A. B. which I made for you, and sent last October, as also the five Patterns inclosed, marked 1 to 5, for my Direction in the Mixture. I give you this Trouble, according to your Order, to let you know I have already put the said fifty Pieces in Hand; and as I am always willing to serve you to the best of my Power, may depend upon them within the Time, that is to say, some Time in February next, and that they shall be of the like Fineness and Substance with the other, and as near to the Patterns as possible: But as our Poor are very craving, and Money at this Time very scarce, I beg you will give me Leave (on Delivery of twenty or thirty Pieces to you) to draw for fifty Pounds on you for my present Occasion; for which I shall think myself greatly obliged, and will give you any Security you please, that the rest shall follow within the Time

As

As to the Pack of Goods in your Hands, which were sent up without your Order, I am content they remain with you for Sale, on my Account; and desire you will sell them as soon as you can, to the best Advantage. I am, &c.

Here is a Harmony of Business, and every Thing exact; the Order is given plain and express, the Clothier answers directly to every Point. Here can be no Defect in the Correspondence; the diligent Clothier applies himself immediately to the Work, sorts and dyes his Wool, mixes his Colours to the Patterns, puts his Wool to the Spinners, sends his Yarn to the Weavers, has the Piece brought home, then has them to the Thicking or Fulling-Mill, dresses them in his own Workhouse, and sends them all up punctually by the Time; and having sent up twenty Pieces five Weeks before, the Warehouse-Keeper, to oblige him, pays his Bill of 50*l.* and a Month after the rest are sent in, he draws for the Remainder, and his Bills are punctually paid. The Consequence of this exact Writing and Answering is, that the Warehouse-Keeper obliges the Merchant from whom he has the Order; and both the Employer and Clothier, pleased with each other's Punctuality, resolve to prefer each the other, to all such as are less exact in the Payment on the one Side, or in the Performance on the other.

On the contrary, when Orders are darkly given, they are doubtfully observed; and when the Goods come to Town the Merchant dislikes them, the Warehouse-Man shuffles them back upon the Clothier, to lie for his Account, pretending they are not made to his Order; the Clothier is discouraged, and, for Want of his Money, discredited; and all their Correspondence is Confusion, and ends in Loss both of Money and Credit.

In Regard to the Form and Superscription of Letters, especially of the politer Sort, it may be necessary to observe,

That when you write to a Person of Distinction or Gentleman, let it be on gilt Paper, and without sealing the Letter itself, inclose it in a Cover, which you are to Seal over it, and write the Superscription thereon.

Begin

Begin your Letter about two Inches below the Top of your Paper, and leave about an Inch Margin on the left Hand, and what Compliments, or Services you send in the Letter, insert them rather in the Body or Conclusion of it than by Way of Postscript as is too often done, but is neither so affectionate nor Polite, for it not only favours of Levity to your Friends, but has the Appearance of your having almost forgot them.

It is usual among the Polite, to sign their Names at a considerable Distance below the Conclusion of the Letter, and thereby leave a large vacant Space over their Names, which, tho' customary, I would by all means advise you to avoid, because 'tis putting it in the Power of any one who has your Letter, to write what he pleases over your Name, and to make you in all Appearance have signed a Writing that you would by no Means have set your Hand to.

In directing your Letters to Persons who are well known, 'tis best not to be too particular, because 'tis lessening the Person you direct to, by supposing him obscure and not to be easily found.

Whenever you direct to Persons who are honourable either by Family or Office, 'tis more proper as well as polite, to direct without the Title of *Esq*; than with it, for Instance.

To the honourable Mr. Arundel, not to the honourable Peter Arundel, *Esq*; which would be ridiculous.

Explanations of common Abbreviations or Contractions of Words.

Note, A Point, or Full Stop, is always to be written after a Word thus abbreviated.

Answ. *Answer.*
 A. D. *Anno Domini, or the Year of our Lord.*
 Acct. *for Account.*
 Abt. *about.*
 Ag. *against.*
 B. A. *Batchelor of Arts.*
 Bp. *Bishop.*
 B. D. *Batchelor in Divinity.*
 Bart. *Baronet.*
 Chap. *Chapter.*
 D. D. *Doctor of Divinity.*
 Dr. *Doctor.*
 Esq; *Esquire.*
 i. e. *id est, that is.*
 Empr. *Emperor.*
 Honb. *honourable.*
 Kt. *Knight.*
 L. L. D. *Doctor of Laws.*
 M. D. *Doctor of Physick.*
 Mr. *Master.*

Mrs. *Mistress.*
 Mty. *Majesty.*
 Rev. *Reverend.*
 S. T. P. *Professor of, or Doctor in Divinity.*
 Sr. *Sir.*
 St. *Saint.*
 Obj. *Objection.*
 Qu. *Question.*
 Sol. *Solution.*
 ye *the*
 yt *that*
 yo *you*
 yn *then*
 yr *your*
 ym *them*
 & *and*
 Viz. *Videlicet, to wit, or that is to say.*
 &c. *et cætera, and the rest (or what follows).*

But one ought to avoid those Contractions of Words as much as possible, unless it be for one's own private Use, and where it would be ridiculous to write them in Letters at length; as, &c. for *and so forth*, or *the rest*, Mr. *Master*, Mrs. for *Mistress*, &c. It argues likewise a Disrespect and Slighting to use Contractions to your Betters, and is often puzzling to others, except in such Cases as aforementioned.

**How to address Persons of Distinction either
in Writing or Discourse.**

HAVING frequently observed, that young Persons, for want of proper Instructions, are liable to great Mistakes in the Style and Title due to their Superiors, or to such as are of high Rank and Dignity; I shall in this Place give them suitable Directions of Address to all Persons of Distinction, the chief of which being once known, the rest will soon be attained.

To the Royal Family.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, *Sire*, or *May it please your Majesty*.

To his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, *Sir*, or, *May it please your Royal Highness*.

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family, altering the Addresses according to the different Ranks and Degrees of Dignity.

To the Nobility.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or, *Your Grace*.

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. *My Lord Marquis*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. A. Earl of B. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. *My Lord*, *your Lordship*.

The *Ladies* are address'd according to the Rank of their Husbands.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have by Courtesy of England, the Title of *Lord*, and *Right Honourable*; and the Title of *Lady* is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stil'd *Honourable*, and all their Daughters *Honourable*.

The Title of *Honourable* is likewise conferr'd on such Persons as have the King's Commission, and upon those Gentlemen who enjoy Places of Trust and Honour.

The Title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commoner, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and the three Lord Mayors of *London, York, and Dublin*, and the Lord Provost of *Edinburgh*, during their Office.

To the Parliament.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled. *My Lords, or, May it please your Lordships.*

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burghesses in Parliament assembled, *Gentlemen, or, May it please your Honours.*

To the Right Honourable A. O. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, *Sir.*

To the Clergy.

To the most reverend Father in God W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord, or, your Grace.*

To the right reverend Father in God W. Lord Bishop of S. *My Lord.*

To the right reverend Lord Bishop of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord.*

To the reverend A. B. D. D. Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. *Reverend Doctor, Mr. Dean, Reverend Sir, &c.*

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of other inferior Denominations, are stiled *Reverend.*

To the Officers of his Majesty's Household.

They are for most Part address'd according to their Rank and Quality, though sometimes agreeable to the Nature

Nature of their Office, as, *My Lord Steward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, &c.* and in all Supercriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemens Employments, their Stile of Office should never be omitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the Civil List.

To the Right Honourable R. Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Marshal of England, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or of the Treasury, or of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords, your Lordships.*

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt-Duty, Navy, &c. must be stil'd *Honourable*; and if any of them are Privy-Counsellors, 'tis usual to stile them collectively, *Right Honourable, Sir, your Honour.*

To the Soldiers and Navy.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Esq; Lieutenant-General, Major-General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse Guards, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; all inferior Officers should have the Name of their Employment set first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain T. H. &c.

In the Navy all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers according to their Rank in the Army.

To the Ambassadors, Secretaries, and Consuls.

All Ambassadors have the Title of *Excellency* added to their Quality, as have also all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Justices of *Ireland*.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the *Ottoman Port*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his Excellency E. F. Esq; Ambassador to his most Christian Majesty, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of *Great Britain*, *Sir, your Excellency*.

To Signior W. G. Secretary from the Republick of *Venice*, *Sir*.

To G. H. Esq; his Britannick Majesty's Consul at *Smyrna*, *Sir*.

To the Judges and Lawyers.

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*, as for Instance;

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chancellor of Great-Britain, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Right Honourable P. V. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, your Honour*.

To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, your Lordship*.

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir*.

To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir*.

To Sir R. H. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, *Sir*.

All others in the Law, according to the Offices and Rank they bear, every Barrister having the Title of *Esquire* given him.

To

To the Lieutenantcy and Magistracy.

To the Right Honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of *Durham*, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of *London*, *My Lord, your Lordship.*

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace, have the Title of *Esq*; and *Worshipful*, as have also all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of *London*, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. *Esq*; High Sheriff of the County of *T*, *Sir, your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful F. F. *Esq*; Alderman of Tower Ward, *London*, *Sir your Worship.*

To the Right Worshipful C. D. Recorder of the City of *London*, *Sir, your Worship.*

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which consist of *Magistrates*, or have any such among them, are stiled *Right Worshipful*, or *Worshipful*, as their Titles allow.

To the Governors under the Crown.

To his Excellency G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, *My Lord, your Excellency.*

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor of *Dover-Castle*, &c. *My Lord, your Lordship.*

The Second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant Governors.

Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are stiled Deputy-Governors.

To Incorporate Bodies.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable, as,

To the Honourable Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants trading to the *East-Indies*, *Your Honours.*

To

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To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the *South-Sea Company*, *Your Honours*.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of *England*, *Your Honours*.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of *Mercers*.

'Tis usual to call a Baronet and a Knight *Honourable*, and their Wives *Ladies*.

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet, at E. near F. *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To the Honourable W. H. Knight, at G. Surry, *Sir*, *your Honour*.

To T. Y. Esq; at *Wickham*, or to Mr. Y. ditto, *Sir*.

To Men of Trade and Professions.

To Doctor M. R. in *Bloomsbury-Square*, *London*, *Sir*, or *Doctor*.

To M. G. D. Merchant in *Tower-Street*, *London*, *Sir*.

But the Method of addressing Men of Trade and Business, is so common and so well known, that it does not require any further Examples.

Some necessary Orthographical DIRECTIONS for writing correctly, and when to use Capital Letters, and when not.

1. *Direction.* **L**ET the first Word of every Book, Epistle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.

2. *Direction.* Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, &c. begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, &c.

3. *Direction.* 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in the Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous,

4. *Direction.* None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a full Stop.

G

5. *Direct.*

5. *Direction.* Qualities, Affirmations, or Particles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.

6. *Direction.* If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period.

7. *Direction.* Let not a Capital be written in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.

8. *Direction.* Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great, They are also used in the Titles of Books for Ornament Sake.

9. *Direction.* The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with a Capital.

10. *Direction.* The Letter *q* is never used without the Letter *u* next following.

11. *Direction.* The long *f* must never be inserted immediately after the short *s*, nor at the End of a Word.

Take an Explanation of these three last Observations, with the Seventh, by an Example or two; I having seen the Errors too frequent in Letters, Bills, &c.

*Irregular Orthography, with
true Spelling.*

1. i expResf
2. o the Expresfionf
3. who Questfionf
4. to Trespassf



*Regular Orthography, with
true Spelling.*

1. I exprefs.
2. O the Expreffions!
3. Who questions?
4. To trespass.

ON EPISTOLARY WRITING.

Compos'd by a Lady.

BLEST be the Man! his Memory, at least,
 Who found the Art, thus to unfold his Breast;
 And taught succeeding Times an easy Way,
 Their secret Thoughts by Letters to convey;
 To baffle Absence, and secure Delight,
 Which till that Time was limited to Sight.
 The parting Farewel spoke, the last Adieu,
 The less'ning Distance past, when Loss of View;
 The Friend was gone, which some kind Moments gave,
 And Absence separated, like the Grave.
 When for a Wife the youthful Patriarch sent,
 The Camels, Jewels, and the Steward went,
 And wealthy Equipage, tho' grave and slow,
 But not a Line, that might the Lover show.
 * The Ring and Bracelets woo'd her Hands and Arms;
 But had she known of melting Words, the Charms
 That under secret Seals in Ambush lie,
 To catch the Soul when drawn into the Eye;
 The fair Assyrian had not took his Guide,
 Nor her soft Heart in Chains of Pearl been ty'd.

* Gen. Chap. 24, Ver. 53.



Just Publish'd,
Being a very proper Book for Youth,
In a Neat P O C K E T V O L U M E,
(*Price Two Shillings and Six-pence bound*)
The PATHS of VIRTUE delineated;
OR, THE
HISTORY (in MINIATURE)
Of the Celebrated
Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe,
AND
Sir Charles Grandison,
FAMILIARIZ'D,
And adapted to the CAPACITIES of YOUTH.

Great Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds,
And, tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

CONGREVE.

“ Our Youth, however well inclin'd, are too apt to be
“ disgusted by the Formality of Precepts; and to slight the
“ most important Truths, when inculcated by the dry Max-
“ ims of Philosophy, or enforced in a magisterial Manner:
“ But the Case is quite otherwise, when the World is thus
“ set before them; when the Consequences of Virtue and
“ Vice are exhibited in Characters and Events drawn from
“ Nature and real Life, and the Human Heart is laid open,
“ and all the Springs that gave it Motion exposed to View.
“ Those living Pictures, by affecting the Passions, fix the
“ Attention of Youth on those Lessons that are intended for
“ their Improvement; and thus they obtain a Knowledge of
“ Human Nature, and of the World, and gain that Expe-
“ rience without Danger, Expence or Trouble, which a Suc-
“ cession of Years could otherwise only bestow.”

London: Printed for R. Baldwin, in Pater-Noster-Row;
and sold by B. Collins, in Salisbury.



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

Miscellaneous LETTERS on the most
useful and common Occasions.

LETTER I.

From a Brother at home to his Sister abroad on a Visit, complaining of her not Writing.

Dear Sister,



MUST acquaint you how unkind 'tis taken by every Body here, that we so seldom hear from you; my Mother, in particular, is not a little displeased, and says you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the same Opinion, and none but myself endeavours to find Excuses for you; but I beg you will give me that Trouble no more, and for the future take Care to deserve no Rebuke, which you may easily do by writing soon and often. You are very sensible how dear you are to us all, think then with yourself whether it be right to omit giving

66 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

us the only Satisfaction that Absence affords to real Friends, which is, often to hear from one another.

Our best Respects to Mr. and Mrs. *Herbert*, and Compliments to all Friends.

From your very affectionate Brother, T. C.

L E T T E R II.

His Sister's Answer.

Dear Brother,

I'LL not set about finding Excuses, but own my Fault, and thank you for your kind Reproof; and, in Return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the Receipt of yours, to beg my Mamma's Pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my Aunt's, on this my Promise of Amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little Omissions, and be assured, I am never so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my Duty designedly. I shall certainly write to Mamma by next Post; this is just going, which obliges me to conclude with my Duty to dear Mamma, and sincere Respects to all Friends.

Your ever affectionate Sister, M. C.

L E T T E R III.

From a young Woman just gone to Service, to her Mother at Home.

Dear Mother,

TIS a Fortnight, this very Day, that I have been at Mr. *Johnson's*; and, I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of my Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every Thing look'd so strange about me: And when *John* got upon his Horse, and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing look'd stranger and stranger; so I got up to the Window, and look'd after him, 'till he turn'd

turn'd into the *London Road*, (for you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the farther Side of it) and then I sat down and cry'd; and that always gives me some Relief. Many a Time have I cry'd since; but I do my best to dry up my Tears; and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest Mother, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the kind Advice you were so good as to give me at parting; and I think it over, often and often: But yet, methinks, it would be better if I had it in Writing: That would be what I should value above all Things: But I am afraid to ask for what would give you so much Trouble. So, with my Duty to you and my Father, and kind Love to all Friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

I AM very sorry that you have suffered so much since we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time. I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you us'd to say you lov'd to do in every Thing. You must consider, that we should never have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family will love and esteem you. You will get new Friends there; and I think I can assure you, that you will lose no Love here: For we all talk of you every Evening; and every Body speaks of you as fondly, or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time keep yourself employ'd as much as you can; which is the best Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place; and be always ready to assist your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you us'd to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any Body living, for I know you never us'd to do it: But if
you

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you hear a bad Story of any Body, try to soften it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your own Mind as soon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirm'd by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better, If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions: That's an Exercise which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily, I might have said hourly: And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any Thing of your Health in your last; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you were well, by Mr. Yates's young Man, who said he call'd upon you in his Way from London, and that you look'd as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird.—— You know James's Way of Talking.—— However, I was glad to hear you was well; and desire you would not forget to mention your Health yourself, in your next Letter. Your Father desires his Blessing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you, my dear Child! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

The Daughter to her Mother.

Dear Madam,

TH O' we begin to have such cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bed-fellows; and she, and Robin, and Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarce say which is the kindest. My Master is sixty-five Years of Age next April; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy, smiling Look; and is very good to all his Servants.

Servants. When he has happen'd to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the Chambers, or in the Passage, he generally says something to encourage me ; and that makes one's Work go on the more pleasantly. My Mistress is as thin as my Master is plump : Not much short of him in Age ; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be ; for I have never yet heard my Master say a single Word to any one of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Master, they say, is vastly rich ; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a great deal of Money while he was in Business, with which he purchas'd this Estate here, and another in *Sussex*, some Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good House in *London*, as well as this here ; but my Master and Mistress both love the Country best ; and so they sometimes stay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer always ; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you : And I have heard so much of the Wickedness of *London*, that I don't at all desire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'tis thought that *Betty* (who is very good-natur'd, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way ; and, to say the Truth, I am apt to believe, that they are actually promised to one another. Our Coachman, *Thomas*, seems to be a truly good, worthy Man ; you may see by his Eyes, that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for any of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. *Robin*, the Footman, is good-natur'd too ; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat ; and I'm sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such Fellow-Servants, and such a Master, I think it will be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you, I am, and begin to be pretty well in Spirits ; only my Heart will heave a little still, every Time I look toward the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there ! And make me a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother !

M. C.

LET-

LETTER VI.

*The Mother's Answer, and Advice.**Dear Child,*

THE next Piece of Advice that I gave you was,
 "To think often, how much a Life of Virtue is to
 "be preferr'd to a Life of Pleasure; and how much better,
 "and more lasting, a good Name is than Beauty."

If we call Things by their right Names, there is nothing that deserves the Name of Pleasure so truly as Virtue: But one must talk, as People are us'd to talk; and, I think, by a Life of Pleasure, they generally mean a Life of Gaiety.

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trifling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Difficulties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in their very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life: They spend the greatest Part of their Night in Balls and Assemblies, and fling away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep: Their Life is too much oppos'd to Nature, to be capable of Happiness: 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either); a perpetual Seeking after what they call Diversions; an Insipidity, and Want of Taste, when they are engaged in them, and a certain Languishing and Restlessness, when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant Endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little Time they have to live: For they generally inherit a bad Constitution, make it worse by their absurd Way of Life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one Thing more ridiculous, than the seeing their wrinkled fallow Faces all set off with Diamonds. Poor mistaken Gentlewomen! They should endeavour to avoid Peoples Eyes as much as possible, and not to attract them; for they are really a quite deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a standing Lesson against the strange Lives they lead.

People.

People in a lower Life, 'tis true, do not act so ridiculously as those in higher; but even among them too there's a vast Difference between the People that live well, and the People that live ill; the former are more healthy, in better Spirits, fitter for Business, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more uneasy, more contemptible, and more diseased.

In Truth, either in high or in low Life, Virtue is only another Name for Happiness, and Debauchery is the High-Road to Misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that Moderation is always good for us, and Excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be follow'd and admir'd,—to have Presents offer'd from all Sides to one,—to be invited to all Diversions, and to be distinguished by the Men from all the rest of the Company?—Yes, my dear Child! All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Presents, and if this Distinction of you was to last always: But the Mischief of it is, that these Things cannot be enjoy'd without encreasing your Vanity every Time you enjoy them, and swelling up a Passion in you, that must soon be baulk'd and disappointed. How long is this Beauty to last? There are but few Faces that can keep it to the other Side of five and twenty: And how wou'd you bear it, after having been us'd to be thus distinguish'd and admir'd for some Time, to sink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very Persons who us'd to pay the greatest Adoration to you.

Do you remember the Gentleman that was with us last Autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty Flower one Day, on his coming out of the Garden. I don't know whether you understood him or not; but I could read it in his Looks, that he meant it for a Lesson to you. 'Tis true, the Flower was quite a pretty one; but though you put it in Water, you know it faded, and grew disagreeable in four or five Days; and had it not been cropp'd, but suffer'd to grow on in the Garden, it would have done the same in nine or ten. Now a Year is to a Beauty, what a Day was to that Flower; and who would value themselves much on the Possession of a Thing, which they are sure to lose in so short a Time.

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Nine or ten Years is, what one may call the natural Term of Life for Beauty, in a young Woman: But by Accidents, or Misbehaviour, it may die long before its Time. The greater Part of what People call Beauty in your Face, for Instance, is owing to that Air of Innocence and Modesty, that is in it; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruin'd by any base Man, all that would soon vanish, and Assurances and Ugliness would come in the Room of it.

And if other bad Consequences should follow, (for other bad ones there are, of more Sorts than one) you would lose your Bloom too, and then all's gone! But keep your Reputation, as you have hitherto kept it; and that will be a Beauty, which will last to the End of your Days; for it will be only the more confirm'd and brightened by Time. *That* will secure you Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away; and will be always mellowing into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as Blessings, and remember they come from the Heart of a tender and affectionate Mother.

E. C.

LETTER VII.

A Son's Letter at School to his Father.

Honour'd Sir,

I AM greatly obliged to you for all your Favours; all I have to hope is, that the Progress I make in my Learning will be no disagreeable Return for the same. Gratitude, Duty, and a View of future Advantages, all conspire to make me thoroughly sensible how much I ought to labour for my own Improvement, and your Satisfaction, and to shew myself, upon all Occasions,

Your most obedient,

May 7, 1757.

and ever dutiful Son,

ROBERT MOLESWORTH.

LET.

L E T T E R VIII.

*A Letter of Excuse to a Father, or Mother.**Honour'd Sir,*

I AM informed, and it gives me great Concern, that you have heard an ill Report of me, which, I suppose, Was rais'd by some of my School-Fellows; who either envy my Esteem, or, by aggravating my Faults, would endeavour to lessen their own; though, I must own, I have been a little too remiss in my School-Business, and am now sensible I have lost in some Measure my Time and Credit thereby; but, by my future Diligence, I hope soon to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a strict Regard to all your Commands, which I am bound to, as well in Gratitude as Duty, and hope I shall ever have Leave, and with great Truth, to subscribe myself,

Your most dutiful Son,

WILLIAM COLLINS.

L E T T E R IX.

*To Mr. —.**Tunbridge, August 4. 1757.*

I Think I promised you a Letter from this Place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got safe hither. To any other Man I should make an Apology for troubling him with an Information so trivial; but among true Friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would seem of no Consequence to others, has, in Inter-courses of this Nature, its Weight and Value. A By-stander, unacquainted with Play, may fancy, perhaps, that the Counters are of no more Worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the Game, know they are to be considered at a higher Rate. You see I draw my Allusions from the Scene before me: A Propriety which the Critics, I think, upon some Occasions recommend. I have often wondered what odd Whim could first induce the Healthy to follow the Sick into Places of this Sort, and lay the

H

Scene

Scene of their Diversions amidst the most wretched Part of our Species : One should imagine an Hospital the last Spot in the World, to which those in Pursuit of Pleasure would think of resorting. However, so it is ; and by this Means the Company here furnish out a Tragi-Comedy of the most singular Kind. While some are literally dying, others are expiring in Metaphor ; and in one Scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical Pains of Mankind. An ignorant Spectator might be apt to suspect, that each Party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite Character : For the Infirm cannot labour more earnestly to recover the Strength they have lost, than the Robust to destroy that which they possess. Thus the Diseased pass not more anxious Nights in their Beds, than the Healthy at the Hazard-Tables ; and I frequently see a Game at Quadrille occasion as severe Disquietudes as a Fit of the Gout. As for myself, I perform a Sort of middle Part in this motly Drama, and am sometimes disposed to join with the Invalids in envying the Healthy, and sometimes have Spirits enough to mix with the Gay in pitying the Splenetic.

The Truth is, I have found some Benefit by the Waters ; but I shall not be so sanguine as to pronounce with Certainty of their Effects, 'till I see how they enable me to pass thro' the approaching Winter. That Season, you know, is the Time of Trial with me : And if I get over the next with more Ease than the last, I shall think myself oblig'd to celebrate the Nymph of these Springs in grateful Sonnets.

But let Time and Seasons operate as they may, there is one Part of me over which they will have no Power ; and in all the Changes of this uncertain Constitution, my Heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X.

*From a young Apprentice to his Father, to let him know how
he likes his Place, and goes on,*

Honoured Sir,

I Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you, and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happily in my Business; and my Master, seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a Manner, that I have great Delight in it, and hope I shall answer in Time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is such good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as I, knows his Duty, and does it with Pleasure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity, is observed in all they enjoin or expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest, worthy Man; every Body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful sweet-temper'd Woman, and rather heals Breaches than widens them. And the Children, after such Examples, behave to us all like one's own Brothers and Sisters. Who can but love such a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistress: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be happy as they are; and as you, Sir, and my dear Mother, have always been. If any Thing can make me happier than I am, or continue to me my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of yours, and my good Mother's Prayers, for honoured Sir and Madam,

Your very dutiful Son.

L E T T E R X I.

From a Daughter to her Mother, by Way of Excuse for having neglected to write to her.

Honoured Madam,

TH O' the agreeable News of your Health and Welfare, which was brought me last Night by the Hands of my Uncle's Man *Robin*, gives me an inexpressible Pleasure, yet I am very much concern'd that my too long Silence should have given you so much Uneasiness as I understand it has. I can assure you, Madam, that my Neglect in that Particular was no ways owing to any Want of filial Duty or Respect, but to a Hurry of Business, (if I may be allow'd to call it so) occasioned by the Honour of a Visit from my Lady *Betty Brilliant*, and her pretty Niece Miss *Charlotte*, who are exceeding good Company, and whom our Family are proud of entertaining in the most elegant Manner. I am not insensible, however, that this Plea, or any real Business, of what Importance soever, cannot justly acquit me of writing oftener to a Parent so tender and indulgent as yourself: But as the Case now stands, I know no other Way of making Atonement, than by a sincere Promise of a more strict Observance of my Duty for the future. If therefore, Madam, you will favour me so far as to forgive this first Transgression, you may depend on my Word it shall never more be repeated by,

Honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R X II.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sister,

EV E R since you wrote to *London*, your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. *Friendly*, and myself, have thought our Rural Amusements dull and insipid, notwithstanding we have the Players in Town, and Assembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember, you pass'd your
Word

Word to return in a Month's Time, but, instead of that, it is now almost a Quarter of a Year. How can you serve us so? In short, if you keep us in Suspense much longer, we are determin'd to follow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Request, will highly oblige, not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Sister.

LETTER XIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sir,

I Received your Summons, and can assure Mrs. *Friendly*, as well as yourself, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have met with, and all the Diversions with which I have been indulg'd, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations, and nothing but my Lady *Townly's* absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you within the Time propos'd. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injunctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for that Uneasiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavour to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month at least, if not longer. I would advise you therefore to save an unnecessary Expence, as well as a Fatigue, and rest contented where you are, till you see

Your ever loving,

And affectionate Sister.

L E T T E R X I V .

From Lady Goodford to her Daughter, a Girl of fourteen Years old, than under the Care of her Grandmother, in the Country.

My dear Child,

THOUGH I know you want no Precepts under my Mother's Care, to instruct you in all moral and religious Duties, yet there are some Things she may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I cou'd wish you to do:—I am certain you will be kept up to your Music, Singing, and Dancing, by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifry is a most commendable Quality.—I would have you indeed neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I should be grieved to hear you were so much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at least, every Day to Reading.—My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in Being, and as you are tolerably acquainted with the *French* and *Italian*, would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. *Poetry*, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not so) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul; and well wrote *Novels* are an Amusement, in which sometimes you may indulge yourself; but *History* is what I would chiefly recommend;—without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler:—I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to *improve*, as well as to *divert* the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you sit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you slightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiosity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Research will afford you little Advantage.—You must, therefore, consider what you read;—mark well the Chain of Accidents which bring on any great Catastrophe; and this will shew you that nothing happens by
Chance,

Chance but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power :—In distinguishing the true Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, and those strange Revolutions that have happened in most Kingdoms of the World, you will admire Divine Justice, and be far from accusing Providence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the Good dethroned, all Rights both Human and Divine sacrilegiously trampled upon, a mock Authority established in the Place of a real one, and lawless Usurpation prosper; because, at the same Time, you will see that this does not happen till a People, grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppression; and though innocent Individuals may suffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a just Sense of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways :—This the historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Common-wealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I should be glad to see you have some smattering in Natural Philosophy :—You have already read several little Treatises in that agreeable Science, and you may be furnished with more and better where you are;—the same Person that brings you those Necessaries you desired me to send, will also deliver to you Glasses of various Kinds, by the Help of which, you may discover plainly the Form of many Insects, which to the naked Eye appear but so many moving Moats :— Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite Matter for a delightful Speculation, and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure.

I expect

I expect your next will be filled with no Enquiries on new Fashions, nor any Directions to your Millener; nor shall I be better satisfied with an Account of your having begun, or finished, such or such a Piece of fine Work:— This may inform you, that it is other Kinds of Learning I would have you versed in:— I flatter myself with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am

Your affectionate Mother,
SOPHRONIA.

L E T T E R X V .

*To a young Lady, cautioning her against keeping Company with
a Gentleman of a bad Character.*

Dear Niece,

THE sincere Love and Affection which I now have for your indulgent Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long since deceas'd, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happiness and Welfare, have prevail'd on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. *Trippit*. You have been seen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-Boxes at both *Theatres*, in *St. James's Park* on Sunday Night, and afterwards at a certain *Tavern*, not a Mile from thence, which is a House (as I have been credibly inform'd) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at *Ranelagh Assembly*, *Vauxhall Gardens*, and what is still more flagrant, at *Cuper's Fire-Works*. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudic'd, or speak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you, your Familiarity with him gives me no small Concern, as his Character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertain'd too favourable an Opinion of his Honour.

'Tis

'Tis possible, as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Annuity, as 'tis reported, of 200l. a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Addresses an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be question'd, however, whether his Intensions are sincere; for, notwithstanding all the fair Promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whisper'd, that he's privately engag'd to a rich, old, doating Lady not far from *Hackney*. Besides, admitting it to be true, that he is really intitled to the Annuity above-mentioned; yet 'tis too well known, that he is deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income, and has very little, if any Regard for his Reputation. In short, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boasting of Favours from our weak Sex, whose Fondness and Frailty are the constant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicule.

All Things therefore duly consider'd, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his Company as you would a mad Man, for, notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good Name may be irreparably lost by such open Acts of Imprudence. As I have no other Motive, but an unaffected Zeal for your Interest and Welfare, I flatter myself you'll put a favourable Construction on the Liberty here taken by

Your sincere Friend, and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XVI.

A Letter of Thanks, &c.

S I R,

I Received the Favour of your's, with a very kind Present; and know not indeed, at this Time, any other Way to shew my Gratitude, than by my hearty Thanks for the same. Every Thing you do carries a charm with it, your Manner of doing it is as agreeable as the Thing done. In short, Sir, my Heart is full, and would overflow with Gratitude, did I not stop, and subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,

May 13th, 1754.

And obedient, humble Servant,

JOHN WADMAN.

LET-

L E T T E R X V I I .

*From an Apprentice to his Friends.**Honoured Father and Mother,*

BY these I let you know, that by your good Care and Conduct I am well settled, and pleased with my Station, and could not but in Duty return you my hearty Thanks, in a grateful Acknowledgment of your Love and tender Care of me : I will endeavour to go through my Business chearfully; and having begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the End; that I may be a Comfort to you hereafter, and in some Measure make a Return for your Love and Kindness to me, who am

Your most dutiful and obedient Son and Servant,

DANIEL DAVIS.

L E T T E R X V I I .

*From an elder Brother to a younger.**Dear Brother,*

AS you are now gone from Home, and are arriv'd at Years of some Discretion, I thought it not amiss to put you in Mind, that our childish Affairs ought now to be intirely laid aside, and instead of them, more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place; whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for 'twill be an Ornament in Youth and a Comfort in old Age.

You have too much good Nature to be offended at my Advice, especially when I assure you, that I as sincerely wish your Happiness and Advancement in Life as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and desire to be remember'd to you; pray write as often as Opportunity and Leisure will Permit, and be assured, a Letter from you
will

will always give great Pleasure to all your Frinds here,
but to none more than

*Your most affectionate Brother,
And sincere humble Servant,*
EDWARD STANLEY.

LETTER XIX.

*A Letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a
Letter of Rebuke,*

Honoured Sir,

I Received your kind Advice, and by the Contents of
your Letter, perceive I have been represented to you
as one of immoral Principles. I dare not write you any
Excuse for the Follies and Frailties of Youth, because in
some Measure, I own, I have been guilty of them, but not
to that Degree which you have had them represented;
however, your Rebuke is not unseasonable, and it shall
have the desired Effect, as well to frustrate the Designs of
my Enemies (who aim to prejudice you against me) as to
please you, and obey all your Commands and Advice;
which I now sincerely thank you for giving me, and pro-
mise, for the future, I will make it my Study to reform,
and regain, by adhering strictly to your Instructions, the
good Opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me. I
beg my Duty to my Aunt, and am,

Your much obliged and ever dutiful Nephew.

HENRY MONTAGU.

LETTER XX.

Letter from a Niece to her Aunt.

Madam,

THE Trouble I have already given you really con-
cerns me when I think of it, and yet I can't help
intruding again upon your Goodness, for Necessity, that
Mother of Invention, forces us to act contrary to our Inclina-
tions; therefore pray, dear Madam, excuse me if I once
more intreat your Assistance in this Affair, in any Manner
that

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that you shall think proper; and I hope, at least, one Time in my Life, to be able to convince you, that I have a thorough Sense of the many Obligations your Goodness hath conferr'd upon

*Your most dutiful and very obliged Niece,
And humble Servant,*

JANE PEMBERTON.

LETTER XXI.

Letter from a Youth at School to his Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

YOUR kind Letter of the 24th Inst. I received in due Time, and soon after the Things you therein mentioned by the Carrier, for which I return you my sincere Thanks. They came very opportunely for my Occasions. I hope soon to improve myself at School, though I own it seems a little hard and irksome to me as yet, but my Master gives me great Encouragement, and assures me I shall soon get the better of the little Difficulties that almost every Boy meets with at first, and then it will be a perfect Pleasure instead of a Task, and altogether as pleasant and easy as it is now irksome and hard.

My humble Duty to yourselves; and I beg the Favour of you to give my kind Love to my Brothers and Sisters, and remember me to all Friends and Acquaintance; which is at present all from

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son,

CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

LETTER XXII.

Letter from an Apprentice in Town, to his Friends in the Country.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE Bearer, *Harry Jones*, came to see me last Night, and told me he should set out for Home the next Morning. I was not willing to let slip the Opportunity of sending

sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am very well, and like both my Master and Mistress, and, by what I can yet see of it, the Business extremely well, and do intend (please God) to use my utmost Endeavours to make myself Master of every Thing that belongs to it, in which I shall have treble Satisfaction; first, in pleasing my Master, secondly, in pleasing my Friends, and thirdly, in benefiting myself. I have but little Leisure, nor do I want a great deal; but will take every Opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great Gratitude,

Your ever dutiful and most obedient Son,

T. R.

L E T T E R XXIII.

From Miss R. at S. to her Sister in Salisbury.

I HAVE often, I may say very often, purposed writing a long Epistle to my dearest *Sukey*, and have as often been prevented. Miss *P.* was to have been the Bearer of one, but, to my great Surprise, she left us without taking Leave, nay without giving Notice of her going, and I never so much as saw her since Yesterday Sennight, when I very agreeably spent the Day with her and Mrs. *H*—— at Mr. *W*——'s at *M*——. My Uncle, whom I also intended to have wrote by, went away (as you know he always does) in such a Hurry, that I had no Time to set about writing a long Letter, and a short one I know would by no Means atone for such a long Silence. You complain in your last of my writing with too much Reserve; for my own Part, I think I write with too little, when I reflect on some Particulars that my Uncle rallied me upon before he went hence; which he never could have known, had he not seen my Letters, or been acquainted with the Contents of 'em. What say you to that, my Dear? But I forgive. — Well, but what News? say you: Why, I'll tell you; last Monday Morning a very agreeable Party, among whom was Aunt *R*——, met us at a sweet pleasant Cottage of Content on *Westphalia-Common*; they brought with 'em a little elegant Repast, exactly suited to the Size of the Cottage, which, tho' but just big enough for us to sit down
I in,

in, was capable of holding a World of Happiness, as we proved; for the Weather was extremely pleasant, the Company perfectly harmonious, and we were all excessively agreeable to each other; but in an Instant, for such a Day of Pleasure seem'd but a Moment, the still Evening came on, and all our Joys were hush; in short, about Eight o'Clock we broke up from this sweet little Rural Retreat, which, believe me, dear *Sukey*, afforded high Entertainment for a Day to us all. I wish'd greatly that you cou'd have been a Partaker; but, however, at your Return we'll attempt the like again: By the Help of your Company, 'tis possible we may succeed as well a second Time, tho' that, I must own, in Schemes of this Sort, is seldom the Case. Well, for the present, I'll take my Leave of the Cot, and now for the News of the Town: The first that occurs to me is the Marriage of our old Mistress, who thought it better late than never, and last Friday shook Hands for Life, with Mr. S. the Draper: He is a little advanced as well as she, but no Matter; why may there not be Pleasures at the latter Time of Life as well as the Beginning? Tho' for my own Part, I must confess, I am not for putting Happiness off till To-morrow, if it may as well be had To-day.

But to be serious, my Dear, there is no other News all over the Town worth mentioning; 'tis all as insipid as the last Dish of old Batchelors Tea. But when are we to see you? You have long, very long talk'd of returning home; pray talk no more of it, nay write no more, but instead of your agreeable Letters, let us have your more agreeable Company, and you'll completely oblige

Your affectionate Sister,

E. R.

L E T T E R XXIV.

From an elder Brother in the Country, to his younger Brother put Apprentice in London.

Dear Brother,

I AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new Situation into which the Care of your Friends has put you; but I would have you pleased not with the Novelty of it, but with the real Advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less Restraint than you were,
for

for a Master neither has Occasion nor Inclination to watch over a Youth so much as his Parents: But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish Satisfaction, may, in the End, betray you into Mischief; nay, to your Ruin. Tho' your Father is not in Sight, dear Brother, act always as if you were in his Presence; and be assured, that what would not offend him, will never displease any Body.

You have more Sense, I have often told you so, than most Persons at your Time, Now is the Opportunity to make a good Use of it: And take this for certain, every right Step you enter upon now will be a Comfort to you for your Life. I would have your Reason as well as your Fancy pleased with your new Situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, Brother, that the State of Life that charms you so at this Time will bring you to Independence and Affluence, and that you will, by behaving as you ought now, be at one Time Master of a House and Family; have every Thing about you at your own Command, and have Apprentices as well as Servants to wait upon you. The Master with whom you are placed, was some Years ago in your Situation; and what should hinder you from being hereafter in his? All that is required, is Patience and Industry; and these, Brother, are a very cheap Price, at which to purchase so comfortable a Condition.

Your Master, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withal: In that he was worse than you; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome Manner. So you have sufficient Inducement to be good, and a Reward always follows it. Brother, farewell! Obey your Master, and be civil to all Persons; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most that you will meet with is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault confess it at once; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself. Go to Church constantly; and write to us often. I think I need not say more to so good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue so.

I am your affectionate Brother.

L E T T E R XXV.

A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Assurance that 'twas not out of Disrespect.

THERE are Times, Madam, in which it is failing in Care not to write to one's Friends; there are others, in which it is Prudence. Methinks it better becomes an unhappy Man to be silent than to speak; for he tires, if he speaks of his Misery, or he is ridiculous, if he attempts to be diverting. I have not given myself the Honour of writing to you since my Departure, to avoid one or the other of these Inconveniencies. I have too much Respect for you, Madam, to importune you with my Grievs; and I am not Fool enough to have a Mind to laugh. I know very well that there may be a Mean between these two Extremes; but, after all, the Correspondence of the Unhappy are seldom pleasing to those who are in Prosperity. And yet, Madam, there are Duties with which one ought not to dispense; and it is to acquit myself of them, that I now assure you that no Body can be with more Esteem and Respect than I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

A Letter from a Servant in London, to his Master in the Country.

S I R,

AS I find you are detained longer in the Country than you expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at home; and to assure you, that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your Return, as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself,

S I R,

*Cheapside,
24th June, 1756.*

*Your most obedient,
And faithful Servant,*

SAM. TRUSTY.

L E T-

LETTER XXVII.

From a Father to his Son just beginning the World.

Dear Billy,

AS you are now beginning Life, as it were, and will probably have considerable Dealings in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out among your most intimate Acquaintance, one or two, whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary ; for, by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the fatal Effects you may hereafter experience : Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a Judgment of those who are fit to be your Advisers, by the Conduct they have observed in their *own Affairs*, and the *Reputation* they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a Landmark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

Old Age is generally slow and heavy, Youth headstrong and precipitate ; but there are old Men who are full of Vivacity, and young Men replete with Discretion ; which makes me rather point out the *Conduct* than the *Age* of the Persons with whom you should choose to associate ; though, after all, it is a never-failing good Sign to me of Prudence and Virtue to a young Man, when his Seniors choose *his* Company, and he delights in *theirs*.

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to consort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense, and Virtue ; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, *A Man is known by the Company he keeps*. If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice ; and be sure remember one Thing, that tho' you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to *hear* than *speak* ; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a Man *two* Ears, and but *one* Tongue. Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas,

that you may, at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other People's Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who, having seen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out by *open Mouths*, and *closed Ears*, all Possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement! A silent young Man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. When therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this Means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recal; when perhaps a silent Genius in Company has burst out upon them with such Observations, as have struck Consciouness and Shame into the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occur'd, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly, from Time to Time, communicate to me whatever you shall think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you. For I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate Father.

LETTER XXVIII.

To an intimate Acquaintance, to borrow Money.

PRAY favour me, *Charles*, with twenty Guineas, by the Bearer, who is my Servant. I have immediate Occasion; but will repay it again whenever you please to make

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make a Demand. This Letter will answer all the Purposes of a Note: From

Your obliged humble Servant,
RICHARD ROLT.

LETTER XXIX.

To an Acquaintance, to borrow a Sum of Money for a little Time.

Dear Sir,

IF it be quite convenient and agreeable to you, I'll beg the Favour of you to lend me fifty Pounds for the Space of three Months precisely: Any Security that you can require, and I can give, you may freely ask. A less Time would not suit me; a longer, you may depend on it, I shall not desire. Your Answer will oblige,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

LETTER XXX.

An Answer to the above.

Dear Sir,

ANY Thing in my Power is always very much at your Service; the Sum you mention, I have now by me, and can very conveniently spare it for the Time you fix, and you are most heartily welcome to it: Any Hour that you shall appoint To-morrow, I'll be ready; and am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant,

CHARLES NUGENT.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

Miss J —, in answer to Mrs. —, making an Apology for not answering her Letter sooner.

Madam,

September 13, 1757.

T I S paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters, I've met with for some Years, remain so long unacknowledg'd. But when I inform you I've had a House full of Strangers almost ever since, who have taken up all my Time, I'm sure you'll excuse, if not pity me. "Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands: But he, who filches from me my precious Moments, robs me of that, which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed." 'Tis owing to this *Want*, I should not say *Loss* of Time, (for the Hours have not pass'd by unimprov'd or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you sooner, how much I envy you that Leisure and Retirement, of which you make such admirable Use. There 'tis the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the Forms and Incumbrances of this World, (which, like Garments trail'd about for State, as some Author has it, only hinder our Motion) and seizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O when shall I see my little Farm! That calm Recess, low in the Vale of Obscurity, which my Imagination so often paints to me! You know I'm always in Raptures about the Country; but your Description of *Richmond* is enough to intoxicate the soundest Head.

Adieu! I am interrupted and in Haste, so obliged to conclude,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Miss J — to Miss Lovelace, on the present Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.

W A N T of Time is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and *Yours in Haste*, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part, my whole Life

Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I've a Mind to do, so can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank is, *Want of Sense*. These generally begin with an Apology for their *long Silence*; and end with that moving Petition, *Excuse this Nonsense*. This is *modest*, indeed; but though I'm excessive good-natur'd, I'm resolv'd for the future not to pardon it entirely, in any one but myself.

I've often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and, if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, should conclude this to be a Master-Piece of the Kind, both in Easiness of Thought and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which Mr. *Wycherly* says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. *Pope* himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though it must be confess'd he outdoes me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over-drest. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to write *without* a Genius, I don't know any one so likely to hit off *my* Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, 'tis notorious, that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material, as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this, I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with. Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of *Want of Time*, *Want of Spirit*, and, in short, *Want of every Thing*, but the most unfeign'd Regard for that Lady whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Miss L. in answer to her Description of Windsor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of *Windsor*, and your Invitation to 'em, is equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in Mind of the *Elysian* Groves, where the great Souls of Antiquity repose themselves on Beds of Flowers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft Music, and gliding about their antient Mansions in Fresco; and the latter, of some gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of some Maid of Honour (rather too plump for a Ghost) who beckons me into 'em. I'm impatient 'till I land at those calm Retreats, that Assylum from court'fying and compliment, which I despair'd of arriving at in this sublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Groupe, all Distinction ceases; where, you say, I may do any Thing I have a Mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, disengag'd from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this nether World, I'm likely to be in perfect good Humour with myself, which, in most other Places, would be reckon'd excessively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with thee so near the Seat of polite Education, much less in King's Palaces, and among their honourable Women — Tuesday then I set out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I chuse to give you as little Trouble as possible, shall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monsters in *Maidenhead-Thicket*. These Difficulties being overcome, shall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Castle, and ever after remain

Your peaceful Servant, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Miss J, to Miss L, from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey.

ALAS! the Transition! — From Yesterday, *Henrietta-Street*, Mrs. L. and Mrs. —, to a nasty Inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp Sheets, and perhaps the Itch before Morning. Yet say not I want Resolution; never Virtue had more. Sick to Death from the Moment you left me, Head-ach beyond Description, five Men and two Women to compliment my Way thro' in the Afternoon; yet boldly rush thro' them all, and took my Place in the Stage-Coach myself. After all, lost five Shillings Earnest by a Blunder, went in a wrong Coach at last, and such a Morning! — But then I had worshipful Society! All silent and sick as myself; for which I thanked my Stars: For if they had spoke, I had been murder'd. Mrs. — had almost talk'd me into Non-existence Yesterday Morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come in and restor'd me to my Identity. Pray tell her this, in Revenge for my Head-ach.

All our Friends that we took up in the Morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we set out upon the Journey of Life; and now I've only a young Student of *Oxford* to finish the Evening of my Day with, and prepare for the grand Events of To-morrow. I've just been eating a boil'd Chicken with him, and talking about *Homer* and *Madam Roland*; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my Bed-Chamber, whom I shall dismiss with her Warming-Pan in a Moment. If you don't permit me to pour out the present Set of Ideas upon all this Paper, I'm inconsolable; for I've no Book, and was too absent till now to think I should want one. — How sudden, and how capricious are the Transitions of this mortal Stage! Pleasure and Pain are parted but by a single Moment. *Windfor*, *Fern-Hill*, *Brook-Street*, and your gray Gown, are no more; nor with all Mr. Lock's Affociations, can I associate a single Idea of the past with the present. Even Lady — is
defunct.

defunct. And yet she might — But she is no more;
Et de Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

While Virtue shines, or sinks beneath - -

This Effort of Poetry, and that Scrap of Latin, which I don't understand, has so exhausted all my Forces, that I find myself gradually sinking into the Arms of Sleep, and must now resign to the gentle Power of Dreams.

*Farewel—and when, like me, oppress'd with Care,
 You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
 To taste a Mouthful of sweet Country Air;
 Be mindful of your Friend, and send me Word
 What Joys your Fountains, and cool Streams afford:
 Then to assist your Rhapsodies I'll come,
 And add new Spirit, when we speak of Rome.*

JUVENAL.

LETTER XXXV.

*To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made
 Use of in Letters.*

THE Money and Books came *sound* as a Roach. *Safe* is so common an Expression, that I'm tir'd of telling People for ever, *Things came safe*. We Geniuses are forced to vary our Expressions, and invent new Terms; as well to shew our surprising Compass of Thought, as our great Command of Language. This sometimes appears stiff and affected, to the common Class of Readers, or Hearers, who are apt to be out of their Element, upon hearing any new or unusual Sounds; but our nicer Ears cannot always bear the same Cadences. There's something peculiar in the Make and Structure of the auditory Nerve, that requires Diversification, and Variety, as well as some Skill in the Anatomy of Language, to make an Impression
 on

on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this Reason, when I ask a Favour (a Thing I seldom choose to do) I always select the most delicate Phrases I'm Mistress of; but in regard to Forms, which most People are sick of; and yet surfeit their Friends with; these I vary according as my own Humour or Inclination preponderates. Of consequence, when I come towards the End, or Peroration of a Letter, I sometimes *communicate* my Compliments——sometimes desire they may be *made known*——or where there's a large Family, and of Consequence a Number of Civilities to be paid, the *Laconic* Style of——*my Deferences, as usual*, has sometimes succeeded beyond my Expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, *I beg my Compliments* to such a one,—— But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular Dissertation upon Style, and as I've many Flowers of Rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the *Words* above-mentioned, into the Form of a Letter, and communicate all the *Things* I have to say in the Postscript.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From Miss JONES to Lady ——.

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Yours from *Hatfield* reviv'd in me those pleasing Remembrances which not only enliven, but expand the Heart, that very Heart, which, but the Moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady *H. Beauclerk* partook of the Pleasure. The Moment she saw your Hand, she crav'd *half*!—and read it most complacently over my Shoulder.

'Tis to no Purpose to tell you how much you were miss'd by every Body that stay'd in Town; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I've run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your Health, and to order *John*, when I go to Town again, to tie up the Knocker. I could tell you many Stories of the sensible Things; but of all

K

the

the insensible ones upon this Occasion, your Lamp provok'd me the most. To see that Creature, when I've gone by in the Evening, burn so prettily, and with so much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpose should he light us into your House now? Or who'd be oblig'd to him for his paultry Rays?—I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dressing-Room once or twice; but 'twas so like walking over your Grave, that I could not bear to stay.—Lady *H.* departed two Days after you; and in short, I liv'd to see almost every Body I lov'd, go before me. So last Saturday I made my own exit, with equal Decency and Dignity; that is, with a thorough Resignation of the World I left, and an earnest Desire after that I am now enjoying with Lady *Bowyer* and Miss *Peggy Stonehouse*, I shall begin verging towards my last Home, after having just touch'd upon the Confines of Lady *H. B's.* World, there to subside, and be at Peace, where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a Letter from you.

I have implor'd St. *Switthin* in your Behalf; but he either not hears me; or, to pay you a greater Compliment, weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a terrible Journey, for scarce a Day has pass'd that he has not shed many Tears.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

From a Tradesman to his Correspondent requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money.

S I R,

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Assistance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging it, you will readily excuse the Freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an Affair of such Consequence

to

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to my Family, I know the Friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me effectually.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

TIMOTHY JONES.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IT gives me singular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to answer your Demand, and am able to serve a Man I so much esteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for half of which I have procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and sent one half by the Carrier as you desired, and have here inclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other Difficulty that lays in your Road to Happiness, and am,

Sir, Yours sincerely,

RICHARD TOMKINS.

LETTER XXXIX.

To a Lady inviting her into the Country, for the Summer.

My dear Harriot,

I Don't know whether I flatter myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern at our parting for the Summer, on our Families retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in *London*? *Vauxhall* is not for more than twice; and I think *Ranelagh*, one would not see above half a dozen Times in the Year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together? I would fain persuade you not to be in Love with so disagreeable

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agreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to stay the Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on *Monday*: Will you go with us? For there is a Place in the Coach: Or will you come when we are settled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You have not seen our House; but it is a very pleasant one: There are fine Prospects from the Park, and a River runs through the Garden; nor are we quite out of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a great deal of Company about the Place; and we have an Assembly within a Mile of us. What shall I say else to tempt you to come? Why, I will tell you that you will make us all the happiest People in the World; and that when you are tired you shall not be teased to stay. Dear *Harriot*, think of it; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the truest Respect,

Your affectionate Friend,

L E T T E R XL.

To a Lady, inviting her to a Party of Pleasure.

Dear Madam,

PEOPLE are interested who invite you to be of their Parties, because you are sure to make them happy: This is the Reason why you will not perhaps always comply when you are asked to be of them; but it is certainly a Cause of your being solicited oftener than any Woman in the World. After you was gone Yesterday, Mr. *Bobun* proposed an Expedition to *Richmond* for To-morrow; and he requested me (for he thought he had no Title to such a Liberty himself) to tell you that we all understood you to be of the Party, tho' you happened to be out of the Way when it was proposed.

I hope you are not engaged; the Weather promises to be favourable, and your Company you know how we value, I need not tell you that we shall suppose it a Matter of

Form

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Form if you are absent : What we shall think of it if you go with us, you will know when you remember what every Body thinks who has the Pleasure of your Company. I beg you will not invent an Excuse, but go with us.

I am with the greatest Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XLI.

To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money.

Dear Sir,

IF you have fifty Guineas, which you can, without any Inconveniency, spare for about three Months, I shall be greatly obliged to you to lend them to me for so long.

I have been disappointed, and pressed for Money at the same Time: It is an unlucky, but not an uncommon Circumstance, You will believe me, that I would not ask this of you, if I were not certain to give it to you back; but if it be the least Inconvenience to you to spare the Money at all, or to be so long without it, pray refuse me,

I am Dear S I R,

Yours with the greatest Sincerity.

LETTER XLII.

From a Person in Trade to a wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him.

S I R,

YOUR Demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared to answer it. I know the stated Credit in this Article used to be only four Months; but as it has been a Custom to allow a moderate Time beyond this, and as this is only the Day of the old Time, I had not yet prepared myself. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any Deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little Time of you: And I shall not

ask any more than is usual among the Trade. If you will be pleased to let your Servant call for one half of the Sum this Day three Weeks, and the Remainder a Fortnight afterwards, it shall be ready. However, in the mean Time, I beg of you not to let any Word slip of this, because a very little Thing hurts a young Beginner. Sir, you may take my Word with the greatest Safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular Cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the Money; for if I want Credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the World, not knowing what it is that can have given you these distrustful Thoughts concerning

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XLIII.

The wholesale Dealer's Answer.

S I R,

I AM very sorry to press you, but if I had not Reason I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any Disrespect to you that I have made the Demand, but we have so many Losses that it is fit we should take Care. However, there is so much seeming Frankness and Sincerity in your Letter, that I shall desire Leave first to ask you whether you have any Dealings with a Usurer in *Bread-street*, and, if you please, what is his Name? Until you have given me the Satisfaction on this Head, I shall not any farther urge the Demand I have made upon you; but as this may be done at once, I desire your Answer by the Bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your Servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in Consideration of the great Opinion I have of your Honour, that I refer the Demand I have made to this Question; for it is not customary, and is supposed to be not fair or prudent to mention our Reasons on these Occasions. If this is cleared up to me, Sir, as I wish, but as I fear it cannot be, I shall make no Scruple
of

of the Time you mention. I beg your Answer without Delay, and am sincerely

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER XLIV.

From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship, to a Relation; requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money.

S I R,

I Can remember nothing but Kindness from you to our unhappy Family ever since my Infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any Thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your Favour, provided you retain the same kind Thoughts towards us. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small Hand in the putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may the more be ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour in the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you shall seem improper, all that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at present before me, the Prospect of being a Journeyman at a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being Master in one of the most advantageous Trades that can be thought of: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the other. I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for such an Assistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able soon to repay it; at least I am sure I can take Care that the Value of it shall always be kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk to lose any Part of it. I have made
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the Computation, and with 100 Pounds, carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniencies about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to compleat the Goodness you have already begun by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any Thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

I am, S I R,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

R. H.

The



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.
LETTERS of Courtship and Marriage.

LETTER I.

*From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman, desiring
Leave to wait on his Daughter.*

S I R,



HOPE the Justness of my Intensions will excuse the Freedom of this Letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconsistency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Blessing, to make her happy: And this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myself, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

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LETTER II.

*From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with
a Proposal of Marriage made to her.*

Honoured Sir,

AS young Mr. *Lovewell*, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and prest me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might seem to be, 'till I had your Thoughts on so important an Affair; and I am absolutely determin'd either to discourage his Addressees, or keep him at least in Suspense 'till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He seems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in regard to good Sense, or good Manners.——I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addressees with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not so far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any offers inconsistent with that filial Duty, which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER III.

From a Daughter to a Mother upon the same Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. *Prudence*, a Governess of a noted young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court

End

End of the Town, to act as her *Assistant*. She has treated me, ever since I have been with her, with the utmost good Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavour'd to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other Hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gain'd me the Love and Esteem of the whole House, but young Mr. *Byron*, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye on me for some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite with Mrs. *Prudence*, a Man of unblemished Character, and very extensive Business, I thought it would be an Act of the highest Ingratitude to so indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair, wherein my future Happiness, or Misfortune, must so greatly depend. As to his Person, Age, and Temper, I must own, Madam, with a Blush, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his Address. I flatter myself, however, that I have so much Command of my own Passions, as in Duty to be directed in so momentous an Affair by your superior Judgment. Your speedy Answer therefore will be look'd upon as an additional Act of Indulgence shewn to

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IV.

The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

I Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. *Byron*; and as that is a very weighty Affair, I shall return to *London* as soon as possible, in order to make all due Enquiries: And in case I find no just Grounds for Exception to the Man, I have none to his Occupation; since 'tis suitable enough to that State of Life
for

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for which you seem to have a peculiar Taste. However, tho' I should rejoice to see you settled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and tho' you seem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour, and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too hasty, my Dear; consider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often false and perfidious; promise fair, and yet, at the same Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Desires. I don't say that Mr. *Byron* has any such dishonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not; for which Reason I would only have you act with Discretion and Reserve; give him neither too great Hopes of Success, nor an absolute Denial to put him in Despair. All that you have to say till you see me is this, that you have no Aversion to his Person; but that you are determin'd to be wholly directed by your Mother in an Affair of so serious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Applications to me on my first Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care shall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happiness and Advantage. I am,

*Dear Daughter,
Your truly affectionate Mother.*

LETTER V.

A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.

S I R,

I AM no more fond of the fashionable Modes of Courtship than yourself. Plain Dealing I own is best; but methinks common Decency should always be preserv'd.

There is something so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgment of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Influences your future Address

dressies may have over me I cannot say ; but to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the Heart of

MIRA.

LETTER VI.

The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly avows his Passion.

S I R,

SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is overfond of squandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Disposál of my Person is not altogether in my own Power ; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman of Lincoln's Inn, who is my Counsel upon all Occasions, and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as freely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person : If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion, that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere. I am,

Sir, your humble Servant.

LETTER VII.

From an Aunt to her Nephew, who had complain'd of his ill Success in his Address.

Dear Nephew,

I Received your doleful Ditty, in regard to your ill Success in your late Love Adventure with Miss Snow. No Marble Monument was ever half so cold, or Vestal Virgin half so coy ! She turns a deaf Ear, it seems, to your most ardent Vows ! And what of all that ? By your own Ac-

L

count

count it appears, she has given you no flat Denial; neither has she peremptorily forbid your Visits. Really, Nephew, I thought a young Gentleman of your good Sense and Penetration, should be better vers'd in the Arts of Love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the Field upon the first Repulse. You should consider, that she's not only a Beauty, but a very accomplish'd Lady. You must surely be very vain to imagine, that one of her Education, good Sense, and real Merit, should fall an easy Victim into your Arms. Her Affections must be gradually engaged; she looks upon Matrimony as a very serious Affair, and will never give Way, I am fully persuaded, to the Violence of an ill-grounded Passion. For Shame, Nephew, shake off that unbecoming Bashfulness, and shew yourself a Man. Lovers, like Soldiers, should endure Fatigues. Be advis'd: Renew the Attack with double Vigour; for she's a Lady worth your Conquest. The Revolution of a Day (as the ingenious Mr. *Rorve* has it) may bring such Turns as Heav'n itself cou'd scarce have promis'd. Cheer up, dear Nephew, under that Thought. When I hear from you again, a few Weeks hence, I am not without Hopes, if you will but follow my Advice, of your carrying the Siege, and making her comply with your own Terms of Accommodation. In the mean Time, depend upon't, no Stone shall be left unturn'd on my Part, that may any Ways contribute towards your good Success; as I cannot, without Injustice to the Lady, but approve your Choice. I am

Your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER VIII.

From a Daughter to her Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match he had propos'd to her, with a Gentleman much older than herself.

Honoured Sir,

TH O' your Injunctions should prove diametrically opposite to my own secret Inclinations; yet I am not insensible, that the Duty which I owe you, binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I presume, in any Point whatever, considering your
number-

numberless Acts of parental Indulgencies towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequence, thereof, should prove never so fatal, I am determin'd to be all Obedience, in case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentlemen you recommended to my Choice, may be possessed of all that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you so strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vast Disproportion in our Years. A Lady of more Experience, and of a more advanced Age, should, in my humble Opinion, be a much fitter *Help-mate* for him. To be ingenuous, (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man, almost in his grand Climacterick, can never be an agreeable Companion for *me*; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulg'd by yourself in every innocent Amusement, be over-agreeable to *him*. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarr'd of every Diversion, suitable to my Years, tho' never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess; and there, like my Lady Grace in the *Play*, sit pensive and alone, under a *green Tree*. Your long experienc'd Goodness, and that tender Regard, which you have always express'd for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great an Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Husband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory Commands upon me to resign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, I am ready to submit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown; and that my Compliance with

so detested a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of,

His ever obedient Daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom she could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

S I R,

IT is a very ill Return which I make to the Respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that tho' the Day for our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you: You may have observed, in the long Conversation we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind. I was obliged to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a secret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say, my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for the tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will on this Occasion let Reason take Place of Passion, I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompense of your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit. I am,

Sir, your most humble Servant,

M. H.

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LETTER X.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts her, and whom she suspects of Infidelity.

S I R,

THE Freedom and Sincerity with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim, to a Return of the same Confidence. But I have Reason to fear, that the best Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or confess that you have used me not as I have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse also shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wish to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular; and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other. I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been seen talking to another, in Answer to the foregoing.

My dearest Jenny,

WHAT can have put it into your Thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you. Sweet Quarreller, you know this: What Afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Dislike, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obedient to your Commands; for, I promise you, you shall never get any other Cause. I thought it most prudent to be seen talking with another, when it was my Business not so much as to look at you. Miss *Peacock* is a very old Acquaintance. She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and she very well knew all that Civility and Earnestness of Discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me; but I will make you ask my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me, but of those few which might, have been passed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My Sweetest, I am coming to you. After this never doubt that I am

Yours most truly.

LETTER XII.

From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconstancy.

Madam,

YOU must not be surpris'd at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one who cannot but have Reason to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company.

You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their Sight, that their Senses are all banished: And if I refuse to believe my Eyes when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while: Am I a Person whom you esteem, whose Fortune you do not despise, and whose Pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancy myself particularly received by a Woman who only laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deserve; and I ought to join with you in saying I deserve it. But if it be otherwise, and you receive me as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions, for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that universal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters you, and you
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are pleased with the meanest of them; and what can be the Meaning that I am told, you last Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow; and are so wherever you meet him if I am not in Company. Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be sorry to imagine, that when I had given you *my* Heart so entirely, I shared *yours* with any Body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for want of Respect to you. While I write thus, I doat upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

Your most unhappy.

L E T T E R XIII.

From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her of receiving the Addresses of another. In answer, to the above.

S I R,

IF I did not make all the Allowances you desire in the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter, to the single Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any Thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necessary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have seen: However, I wonder that others Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for, instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you see more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as yours by undeserved Suspicion.

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think it proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself; and I shall add, that if the
Fault

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Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry, you will not see me in that State with any other; nor courted by any Man in all the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gave you Uneasiness; and you ought to have told me of it with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid it is a Fault in my natural Disposition; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not insult my Weakness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon; and might not be so easily overlooked, though I should wish to do it. I should say, I will not see you To-day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come to me.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen in publick.

Madam,

PERHAPS you will not be surpris'd to receive a Letter from a Person who is unknown to you, when you reflect how likely so charming a Face may be to create Impertinence; and I persuade myself that when you remember where you sat last Night at the Play-House, you will not need to be told this comes from the Person who was just before you.

In the first Place, Madam, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater Liberty I now take in writing this Letter: But, after this, I beg Leave to tell, that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who I am: I shall not pretend to be any better. I keep a Shop, Madam, in *Henrietta-Street*, and tho' but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Custom. I do not doubt but it will increase, and I shall be able to do something for a Family. If your Inclinations are not engaged,

gaged, I should be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time, if you please to desire any Friend to ask my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against,

Madam, your most humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the last.

S I R,

THERE has come into my Hands a Letter which you wrote to Miss Maria Stebbing; she is a Relation of mine, and is a very good Girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her for consulting her Friends in such an Affair as that you wrote about: Besides a Woman could not well answer such a Letter herself, unless it was with a full Refusal, and that she would have been wrong to have done until she knew something of the Person that wrote it; as wrong as to have encouraged him.

You seem very sincere and open in your Designs; and as you gave Permission to enquire about you among your Neighbours, I being her nearest Friend, did that for her. I have heard a very good Account of you; and from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some Fortune; and I shall tell you farther, that she took Notice of you at the Play, and does not seem at all disinclined to think favourable of you.

I am with Respect,

S I R,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XVI.

From a Lover who had Cause of Displeasure, and determines never to see the Lady again.

Madam,

THERE was a Time when if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a Letter as I am now writing, I would as soon have believed

lieved that the Earth would have burst asunder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains rising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen: One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which is, that you should have given me Cause to have written it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer when I impose this Command upon my own Heart. But I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility of changing my Resolution.

It gives me some Pleasure, that you will feel no Uneasiness from this; though I should also have been very averse some Time ago even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday, to your Behaviour to Mr. *Henly*. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it. I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own: But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Authority, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was such a Man as

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XVII.

*From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with the
Addresses of a young Tradesman.*

Honoured Sir,

I Think it my Duty to acquaint you, that a Gentleman of this Town, by Name *Wills*, and by Business a Linen-Draper, has made some Overtures to my Cousin *Harcourt*, in the Way of Courtship to me. My Cousin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, because he has Dealings with him, and has a high Opinion of him and his Circumstances. He has

has been set up three Years, and has very good Business, and lives in Credit and Fashion. He is about twenty-seven Years old, and a likely Man enough: He seems not to want Sense or Manners; and is come of a good Family. He has broken his Mind to me, and boasts how well he can maintain me: But I assure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement; and told him, that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition yet a while; and should never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents; and I desired him to talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Esteem. I would not, Sir, by any Means, omit to acquaint you with the Beginnings of an Affair that would be Want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a Guilt and Disobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always shewn to, Sir,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

My humble Duty to my honour'd Mother; Love to my Brother and Sister; and Respects to all Friends. Cousin *Harcourt*, and his Wife and Sister, desire their kind Respects. I cannot speak enough of their Civility to me.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he approves not of the young Man's Addresses.

Dear POLLY.

I HAVE received your Letter, dated the 4th Instant, wherein you acquaint me of the Proposals made to you, thro' your Cousin *Harcourt's* Recommendation, by one Mr. *Wills*. I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no Encouragement to him: For I by no Means approve of him for your Husband. I have enquired of one of his Townsmen, who knows him and his Circumstances very well; and I am neither pleased with them, nor with his Character; and wonder my Cousin would so inconsiderately recommend him to you. Indeed, I doubt not Mr. *Harcourt's*

court's good Intentions ; but I insist upon it, that you think nothing of the Matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you.

L E T T E R X I X .

The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does approve of the young Man's Addressee.

My dear Daughter,

IN answer to yours of the 4th Instant, relating to the Addressee of Mr. *Wills*, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his Suit ; for if, on Enquiry into his Character and Circumstances, I shall find, that they are answerable to your Cousin's good Opinion of them, and his own Assurances, I know not but his Suit may be worthy of Attention. But, my Dear, consider that Men are deceitful, and always put the best Side outwards ; and it may possibly, on the strict Inquiry, which the Nature and Importance of the Case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you, therefore, to act in this Matter with great Prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap ; for Men are apt to slight what is too easily obtained. Your Cousin will give him Hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him : And, in the mean Time, he may be told, that you are not at your own Disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my Determination and Direction, in an Affair of this great Importance : And this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will in this Case, as in all others, study your Good ; as becomes

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Blessing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sister, and all Friends, send their Love and Respects to you,

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L E T T E R XX.

*A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to her Niece.**Good Madam,*

I Have several Times, when I have been happy in the Company of your good Niece, thought to have spoken my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value and Affection I have for her. But just as I have been about to speak, my Fears have vanquished my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Purpose. I have thrown out several Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break Way for me, if I am not wholly disapproved of by you; and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin?—My Fortune and Expectations make me hope, that I may not on those Accounts be deemed unworthy: And could I, by half a Line from your Hand, Hope, that there is *no other* Bar, I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know, how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excuse, dear Madam, I beseech you, this Trouble, and this presumptuous Request, from

Your obliged and obedient Servant.

L E T T E R XXI.

*The Aunt's Answer, supposing the Gentleman deserves Encouragement.**S I R,*

I Cannot say I have any Dislike, as to my own Part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatever my Niece may have; because Diffidence is generally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respect: She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friends are so thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deserves with us all: So I cannot say, what will be the

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Event of your Declaration to her. Yet so far as I may take upon myself to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return to me To-morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me: And is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happiness (permit me, tho' her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

L E T T E R XXII.

From a respectful Lover to his Mistress.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE long struggled with the most honourable and respectful passion that ever filled the Heart of Man: I have often try'd to reveal it personally; as often in this way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. But I can no longer struggle with a Secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more, when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you, without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being *animated* as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalted Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this one strong Token of ardent Love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations? Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only assure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or sincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am sure it has been my sufficient Punishment. I need not say my Designs and Motives are honourable: Who dare approach so much virtuous Excellence, with a Supposition, that such an Assurance

urance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known; and I am ready to stand the Test of the strictest Enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion, by one favourable Line; that if what I here possess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to assure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble Address will not quite be unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer,

And devoted Servant.

LETTER XXIII.

The Answer.

S I R,

IF Modesty be the greatest Glory of *our* Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in *yours*. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can possess. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect, where there is not a Diffidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To say more, on this Occasion, would little become me: To say less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit only deserves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are sincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aversion to the tedious Formality in Courtship.

Dear Madam,

I Remember that one of the Antients, in describing a Youth in Love, says, he has neither Wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his Tongue. If this be a just Description, the Sincerity of my Passion will admit of no Dispute:

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And

And whenever, in your Company, I behave like a Fool, forget not that you are answerable for my Incapacity: Having made bold to declare thus much, I must presume to say, that a favourable Reception of this will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your Notice; but your Disdain would be what I believe myself incapable ever to surmount. To try by idle Fallacies, and airy Compliments, to prevail on your Judgment, is a Folly for any Man to attempt who knows you. No, Madam, your good Sense and Endowments have raised you far above the Necessity of practising the mean Artifices which prevail upon the less Deserving of your Sex: You are not to be so lightly deceived; and if you were, give me Leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the Trouble that would attend such an Attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable Letter from one who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest Hero of Romance: But as I would hope, that the Happiness I sue for should be lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no Step to procure it but what will bear Reflexion; for I should be happy to see you mine, even when we have both outlived the Taste for every Thing that has not Virtue and Reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolished Address,

*Your most respectful Admirer,
And obedient humble Servant.*

LETTER XXV.

The Lady's Answer, encouraging a farther Declaration,

S I R,

I AM very little in Love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship: Sincerity with me is preferable to Compliments; yet I see no Reason why common Decency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Style, that when I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a Loss to answer you. Mean Time, as there is abundant Room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lowest End. If this be the Case, I know

know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce :
But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Im-
pression, yet perhaps as much as you intended, on

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring his Passion.

Dearest Madam,

NOW I have the Hope of being not more despised
for my acknowledged Affection, I declare to you with
all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had
a most sincere Passion for you ; but I have seen Gentlemen
led such Dances, when they have given up their Affections
to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts, and could not help
themselves, that I had no Courage to begin an Address in
the usual Forms, even to you, of whose good Sense and
Generosity I had nevertheless a great Opinion. You have
favoured me with a few Lines, which I most humbly thank
you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be
pleased to encourage my humble Suit, you shall have so
just an Account of my Circumstances and Pretensions, as
I hope will intitle me to your Favour in the honourable
Light, in which I profess myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged,

And faithful Admirer.

Be so good as to favour me with one Line more to en-
courage my personal Attendance, if not disagreeable.

LETTER XXVII.

*The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the Matter on a
sudden Issue.*

S I R,

AS we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary
Trouble, as well as unnecessary Compliments, I
think proper to acquaint you, that Mr. *Richardson* of *Win-*
chester, has the Management of all my Affairs ; and is a

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Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters without him. I have no Dislike to your Person; and if you approve of what Mr. *Richardson* can acquaint you with, in Relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman, that I have either an insolent or a fordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion. I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing her serious Lover.

Dear Aunt,

I AM much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. *Richards* to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the Question.

The first Time the *honest* Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one *Sunday* after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at *my* Fingers Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blow'd upon *his*. I immediately perceived, that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and, in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hand behind him, held up his Coat, that he might be warm all over; and, looking about him, asked, with the Tranquillity of a Man a Twelve-month married, and just come off a Journey, How all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam!—And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Pause —

I have heard, said he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. *Thomas* is a fine Man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam?

Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-Church. That's right, Madam, to be sure: What was your Subject To-day? The *Pharisee* and the *Publican*, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. *Thomas* would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was, *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. A good Subject, Sir; I doubt not the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he can't make a bad one upon any Subject. I rung for the Tea-kettle; for, thought I, we shall have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unask'd; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word, I find) a very excellent one truly; it is snatching so many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be sure; every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity, to be sure. No doubt, Sir, a Blessing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for an Husband? At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave; for I would not ask him to stay Supper: And, moreover, he talk'd of going to a Lecture at St. *Helen's*. And then (tho' I had an Opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity, at least, I believe so) he press'd my Hand, look'd *frightfully* kind, and gave me to understand as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person; why, truly, I need not fear in Time, being blessed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe Way of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more *Entertainment* on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. *Richards*, an honest

honest Man, but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Woman who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance, than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

I AM sorry you think Mr. *Richards* so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family; those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of *our Sex* especially, who would reap the greatest Advantage from them. But he talks of the *Weather* when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have him directly fall upon the Subject of *Love*, the Moment he beheld you.

He visited you just after the Sermon, on a *Sunday*: And was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of *Security* to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Heart, could not make a *bad Man*, or a *bad Husband*. To put out poor Boys to 'Prentice, to teach Girls to sing *Psalms*, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of *others*, would take still greater Care of *his own*.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Inquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wife; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And, let me tell you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had so cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough Knowledge of your Character, that

that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

I think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this his first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious, and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath him, in so serious an Affair as this.

I think, Cousin *Jenny*, this is not only a mighty safe Way, as you call it, of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, but to the *Land of Happiness*, with respect as well to the *next World as this*. And it is to be hoped, that the *better Entertainment* you so much wish for, on your *Journey*, may not lead you too much out of your *Way*, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have to your *Journey's End*.

In short, I cou'd rather have wish'd, that you cou'd bring your Mind nearer to *his* Standard, than that he should bring down his to your *Level*. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that *solemn Appearance*, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in *him* is much more than *meer Appearance*.

Upon the Whole, Cousin *Jenny*, I am sorry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; tho' at the same Time I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you and Mr. *Richards*, too, since you are so *differently* disposed, matched more suitably to each other's Mind, than you are likely to be together: For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXX.

A Sailor to his Sweet-heart.

My dear Peggy,

IF you think of me half so often as I do of you, it will be every Hour; for you are never out of my Thoughts; and when I am asleep, I constantly dream of my dear *Peggy*.

I wear

I wear my Half-bit of Gold always at my Heart, ty'd to a blue Ribband round my Neck ; for *True Blue*, my dearest Love is the Colour of Colours to me. Where, my Dearest, do you put *yours* ? I hope you are careful of it : For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my dearest Dear ; for God will never bless you, if you break the Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful *William*, I would sooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my *Peggy*. O my dearest Love ! You are the Joy of my Life ! My *Thoughts* are all of you ; you are *with me* in all I do ; and my *Hopes* and my *Wishes* are only to be *yours*. God send it may be so !

Our Captain talks of sailing soon for *England* ; and then, and then my dearest *Peggy* ! — O how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight, that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in *England*, and joining *Hands* with my *Peggy*, as we have our *Hearts* before, I hope ! I am sure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship *Elizabeth*, Captain *Winter-ton*, which is returning to *England* (as I hope we shall soon) promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand ; and he will bring you, too, six Bottles of Citron-water, as a Token of my Love. It is fit for the finest Lady's Taste ; it is so good ; and is what, they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John says, he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest *Peggy*, for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love ; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my *Dearest*, than so. — But, oh ! that I was in *his* Place ! — One Kiss should not serve my *Turn*, tho' I hope it may *his* ! — Yet, if he takes *two*, I'll forgive him ; one for me, and one for *himself*. For I love *John* dearly ; and so you may well think. Well, what shall I say more ? — Or, rather, what shall I say next ? For I have an hundred Things crouding in upon me, when I write to my Dearest ; and, alas ! One has so few Opportunities ! But yet I must leave off ; for I have written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love then to all Friends, and Duty to both our Mothers, concludes me,

Your faithful Lover till Death.

LETTER XXXI.

Her Answer.

Dear William,

FOR so I may call now we are *sure*; and so my Mother says. This is to let you know, that nothing shall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you, when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true: And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. *Alford's* Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But, do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your *Loyalty* to me; and do you think I will not be as *loyal* to you?—To be sure I will. *These Sailors run such sad Chances*, said one that you and I both know. *They may return, and they may not*. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has return'd safe to his Friends, their dear *Billy*, so many a Time, and often. *They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to*, said they. All are not such naughty Men, said I; and I'll trust *Billy Oliver* all the World over. For why cannot *Men* be as faithful as *Women*, too? And for *me*, I am sure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but *yours*.

God send us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against *Sailors*; they are the Glory and the Safeguard of the Land. And what would become of *Old England* long ago but for *them*? I am sure the lazy-good for nothing *Land lubbers* would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So *Sailors* are, and ever shall be, esteemed by me; and, of *all Sailors*, my dear *Billy Oliver*. Believe this Truth from

Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to send you, as I had Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to send it with her's. That is very kind and condescending: Is it not?

LET.

L E T T E R XXXII.

Miss Molly Smith to her Cousin, giving her an Account of a very remarkable Instance of Envy, in one of her Acquaintance who liv'd in the City of York.

Dear Cousin,

I Promised, you know, to write to you, when I had any Thing to tell you : And as I think the following Story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my Word.

Some Time ago there came to settle in this City a Lady, whose Name is *Dison* : We all visited her : But she had so deep a Melancholy, arising, as it appeared, from a settled State of ill Health, that nothing we could do could afford her the least Relief, or make her chearful. In this Condition she languished amongst us five Years, still continuing to grow worse and worse.

We all grieved at her Fate. Her Flesh was withered away ; her Appetite decayed by Degrees, till all Food became nauseous to her Sight ; her Strength failed her ; her Feet could not support her tottering Body, lean and worn away as it was ; and we hourly expected her Death. When, at last, she one Day called her most intimate Friends to her Bed-side, and, as well as she could, spoke to the following Purpose : “ I know you all pity me : But, alas ! I “ am not so much the Object of your Pity, as your Con- “ tempt ; for all my Misery is of my own seeking, and “ owing to the Wickedness of my own Mind. I had two “ Sisters, with whom I was bred up ; and I have all my “ Life-Time been unhappy, for no other Cause but for “ their Success in the World. When we were young, I “ could neither eat nor sleep in Peace, when they had “ either Praise or Pleasure. When we grew up to be “ Women, they were both soon married much to their “ Advantage and Satisfaction. This galled me to the “ Heart ; and, though I had several good Offers, yet as I “ did not think them in all-Respects equal to my Sisters, “ I would not accept them ; and yet was inwardly vexed “ to refuse them, for fear I should get no better. I gene- “ rally deliberated so long that I lost my Lovers, and then “ I pined for that Loss. I never wanted for any Thing ; “ and

“ and was in a Situation in which I might have been happy,
 “ if I pleased. My Sisters loved me very well; for I concealed, as much as possible, from them my odious Envy;
 “ and yet never did any poor Wretch lead so miserable
 “ a Life as I have done; for every Blessing they enjoyed
 “ was a Dagger to my Heart. 'Tis this Envy that has
 “ caused all my ill Health, has prey'd upon my very
 “ Vitals, and will now bring me to my Grave.”

In a few Days after this Confession she died; and her Words and Death made such a strong Impression on my Mind, that I could not help sending you this Relation; and begging you, my dear *Sukey*, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our Minds the very first Risings of a Passion so detestable, and so fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs. *Dison*. I know I have no particular Reason for giving you this Caution; for I never saw any Thing in you, but what deserved the Love and Esteem of

Your ever most affectionate Cousin,

M. SMITH.



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.
LOVE-LETTERS.

LOVE-LETTER I.



HIS Morning I discovered the *happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits : Heavens grant the Design be real ! *Love* is never free from *Fears* ; and my presaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am sure you must be very much indisposed ; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing Ideas from me : The same Rest which guilty despairing Wretches and feverish Souls find in the Midst of their Agonies, was my Lot all Night long : I could not, durst not slumber ; and, as my Love grew more outrageous, my Apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which, if it be with your usual charming Gaiety, I shall be the most blest'd of Mortals. But if pale Sickness sits upon your Lips, Heaven grant it may also freeze the Blood of

Yours.

LOVE.

LOVE-LETTER II.

IF *Distraction* be an Argument of *Love*, I need no other to convince you of my *Passion*: All my past Actions have discover'd it, since I had the Honour to know you; tho' not any so sensibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday Night*. My Reflexion on it, gives me more Pain than I can express, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind those Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from the *Excess of Love*. My Letter will discover the Loss of my Senses, which I never had so much Occasion for as now, especially when I presume to write to one of so much *Judgment* as yourself; but you my *dearest Creature*, must look upon the Infirmities and Distress of a *love-sick Wretch*, with the same *Candour* and *Mildness* that Heaven does upon you; and let all my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is design'd for nothing but *Compassion*, and all the *gentle Actions of softest Love*. Whilst I am preaching up *Pity*, I must remember to practise it myself, and not to persecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to Death; and, when I cease to do it, may Heaven justly punish my broken Vows, and may I be as *miserable* as I now think myself *happy*. But as the greatest Passions are discover'd by Silence, so that must direct me to conclude

Yours.

LOVE-LETTER III.

IAM troubled, at the Soul, to find my *dearest Life* express herself with so much Concern: I am sure, till *Death* makes me *cold*, I shall never be so to one whose I entirely am, not so much by *Vows* as by the *sincerest Passion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind dear engaging Creature*, sooner than utter one Sigh which is not for you, I would chuse to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loathed Being*. Your Person is *too charming*, ever to let a Heart escape, that you have *once* made entirely your own; and, when mine is not so, may it fester in the Breast of

Your.

LOVE-LETTER IV.

TO exprefs the grateful Sense of the Obligation I have to you, cannot be effectually done, unlefs I had your Pen. If you obferve my Style, you will have Reason to conclude, I have not received your ingenious Letter of Yefterday, which fhould have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by : I affure you I am as well fatisfied of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Sense is clear, like your Actions; and that Spirit that glows in your Eyes, fhines in your Lines. I may venture to fay, that Writing is not the leaft of your Excellencies, and if any Thing could perfuade me to ftay longer than Friday or Saturday here, it would be in Expectation of a fecond Letter from you. 'Tis my greateft Pleafure to hear you are well, and to have the Happinefs of poffeffing in Thought, what is denied to my Eyes; defiring the Continuance of them for no other End than to gaze upon my dear Conquerers, who, after a moft engaging Manner, has the Way of kindly killing

Her humble and happily obliged Servant.

LOVE-LETTER V.

I Hope my deareft Life will excufe this Impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was fo extream, upon the Reflexion of my late Folly, that I could not reft, till I had acknowledged my Raftnefs; I hope ſhe'll continue her uſual Goodnefs of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himſelf. When I think of my Unworthinefs, I rave. I have been treated by the deareft and beſt of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis you alone, Madam, who have ſweet engaging Ways peculiar to yourſelf; you are eaſy without Levity, courteous and affable without Flattery; you have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all your heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding myſelf for making ſuch barbarous and unjuſt Returns. I cannot think

think of what I have done, without a just Abhorrence; I loath and detest myself, and must needs own, I ought not to subscribe myself by any other Title, than,

Madam,

Your Ungrateful, R. G.

LOVE - L E T T E R VI.

IF it be a Crime in me, Madam, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the Occasion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to tell you I do, 'tis myself only that's faulty. I confess, 'twas in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am satisfy'd I could never have seen you, but the Language of my Looks would have *disclosed the Secret*; and to what Purpose is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will discover itself by its own Light*? In my Mind there's more Confession in disorder'd Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the artful Expressions the Tongue can utter; I have been struggling with myself this three Months to discover a Thing which I now must do in three Words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am sure, if you'll be just to yourself, you cannot be so unjust to me, as to question the Reality of this Discovery, for 'tis impossible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you possess; no Body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores*. And, therefore, since 'tis certain you have every Thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill that my Taste is as curious as another's: I should do an Injury to my own Judgment if it were not; I am not, Madam, so vain as to believe, that any Thing I can act or utter should ever persuade you to retain the least kind Regard, in Recompense for the Pain I suffer; I only beg Leave and Liberty to complain: They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to show their Wounds; and the more gallant the Conqueror, *the more generous is his Compassion*. I ventur'd last Night to falter out my Misfortune, 'twas almost dark, and I attempted it with greater Boldness, nay, you yourself (cruel and charming as you are) must needs take Notice of my Disorder; your Sentences were short and reproving; your Answers cold; and your Manner (contrary to your usual and peculiar Sweetness) was *severe*

and *forbidding*, yet in Spight of all the Awe and chill Aspect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to

*Madam, Your almost lost,
And unfortunate humble Servant.*

LOVE-LETTER VII.

To Miss ———

Madam,

I Must acquaint you, in short, that you must either *pull* out your *Eyes*, or I must *pull* out mine; either you must not be *handsome*, or I must be *blind*. Yet though my *Passion* is as *violent* perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either *hang* or *drown*. I should betray great Want of *Sense*, and little Knowledge of your *Merit*, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, *Madam*, I *choose* infinitely the Happiness of *living* with you, before the Glory of *dying* for you. Besides, I have that *good* Opinion of your *Sense*, to believe you prefer the *living* Lover to the *dead*; the Lips that are *warm*, to those that are *cold*; the Limbs which have *Motion*, to those which have *none*. If I must *die*, *Madam*, *kill* me with your *Kindness*, but not with your *Cruelty*: Let me *expire* rather upon your *Bosom*, than at your Feet. If you should be *tenderly* inclined to give me a *Death* of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms. Appoint but your *Place*, and I shall not fail to meet my fair *Murderer*.

LOVE-LETTER VIII.

To Madam ———

My charming Tyrant,

THO you forbid me to repeat Suns, Rocks, Mountains, Earthquakes, which are as essential to a Letter of this Kind, as Gilt-Paper; yet you forgot to except against Sighs, Prayers, Vows, Tears, and the many other
little

little Reliefs the unhappy fly to ; however, I'll now conceal the Trouble of my own Breast, rather than disturb your Patience. I have found, by Experience, that neither Despair, nor any other Perturbation of Mind, can kill me, since I have borne a Fortnight's Absence from you, and am yet alive : 'Tis true, Life is more supportable this Morning than Yesterday ; for, if *Hamlet* had not been murdered at the Play-House, last Night, I had been worse than dead To-day. Tell me, dear Madam, how long must I live on the Plenty of my last Night's Feast ? Must I quickly again be happy, or linger out a tedious Life under your Displeasure ? Let me know my Sentence in one Line ; speak Truth, and say, You hate me, because I love you. 'Tis a Pleasure to be out of Pain, and when one's going to be executed, the greatest Cruelty is the greatest Mercy. Once more let me beg a short Letter from you, though it be to chide me, for troubling you with so long an one as this : I swear, to hear only you were well, I'd give my Eyes, nor would the Loss be considerable, because they are of no Manner of Use to me, in your Absence, unless to read those Letters, which, I hope, Heaven will dispose you to write to

Yours.

LOVE-LETTER IX.

From Mr. George Farquhar to ———.

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again ; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours.—Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, good Mr. *Head*, you're a Blockhead ; I know Mr. *F*—r's Merit better than you ; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers : But for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever ; and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in
me

me, Monsieur Head you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other; was it not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busy Impertinence has made him write to her, and your leaping and skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day: In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't: I am head, and will be obey'd. — You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forc'd; for I am sure that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you Gentlemen Hands? Oh (says the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Pleasure of touching a delicious white, soft Skin for the World. — Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, says the Linguist, there is more Extasy in speaking three soft Words, of Mr. Heart's suggesting than the whole Orations of Seignior Head's; so I am for the Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet Power of Kisses that we will, (reply'd the Lips) and presently some other worthy Members standing up for the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contra-dicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say; the little Rebel throws itself into your Power, and if you don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headless and Heartless

FARQUHAR.

LOVE-LETTER X.

From the same to ———.

Friday Night, 11 o'Clock.

IF you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Musick rais'd my Soul to such a Pitch of Passion that I was almost mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every

every Man pick up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in sweet Notes, like your own, pronounced the Name of my dear *Penelope*—*As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh.* From hence I retired to the Tavern, where methought the shining Glass represented your fair Person, and the sparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every Thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last Thing I do is to kiss her dear Letter, clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Prayers,
My daily Musings, nightly Cares.*

Adieu.

LOVE - LETTER XL

From the same to ———.

HERE am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe; and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *F. Drake* by To-morrow Morning: We have a fresh Gale, and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine: From the Orb in the Sign, I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus*. You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman though, who swears he loves his Mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again; the generous Wine scorns to lie upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poison to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wish, dear Madam, with all my Heart, that you saw me in my present Circumstances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not myself; I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice—Ha! How the

the Wine whizzes upon my Heart; *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly — Ice, you Dog, Ice — The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchovies. Well! This is a vexatious World. I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms; which is the constant Prayer of your humble Servant, drunk or sober.

I design To-morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch; and make myself as great as an Emperor, by inviting your Ladyship to the Entertainment of Dioclesian.

LOVE - LETTER XII.

From the same to ———.

WHY should I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe? I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declared it: I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it: Now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night, when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I missed my Way, and never minded whither I wander'd, 'till I found myself close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F——r*, who, whilst he rovd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now, by a single she, was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon those of Matrimony: I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handsome Swing, to avoid some inward Disquiets; then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment? Then I consider'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of *St. Anne's*; but
considering

considering myself better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms than on a three-legg'd Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish Priest : Besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I should be sure of Christian Burial at least, and should have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy ; but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were sick ? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most Amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or die.

LOVE - LETTER XIII.

From the same to ———.

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no Body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours, than she who has so indisputable a Title to my Service ; and I can no more keep the Discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I saunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me ; and one of 'em was a Parson, who preaches over any Thing but his Glass : Had not his Company and *Sunday* Night sanctify'd the Debauch, I should be very fit for Repentance this Morning ; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes, I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame : To compleat my Misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to *St. Anne's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress ; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

LOVE-

LOVE-LETTER XIV.

*From the same to —.**Hague, October 23, New-Style.*

THIS is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person whose Health and Welfare so intirely depend upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the Strain of the most real Passion that ever possess the Breast of Man; and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I should have of my Understanding, which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid up all the little Sense I had in your Service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss. For God's Sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some Parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can; my Thoughts begin to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tired of their Company. The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Loo*; and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next Wednesday. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of its great Mercy, to secure me from the Violence of a different Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight past, to that Degeee, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean, and Mariners are forced to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water. I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more Need to look out for a Rainbow; for, without that, I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty. I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A——le*, and will consult with Captain *L——oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper

to mention Matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *West*——nd treated us Yesterday with a Pot of *English* Venison sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devoured by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent Burgundy. — Could this Place afford us as good Toasts, as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise. But we made shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D——s of G——n to Mrs. B——le; and when we got drunk, we toasted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

Madam,
Your faithful and most humble Servant.

LOVE - LETTER XV.

From the same to ——.

Madam,

TIS a sad Misfortune to begin a Letter with 'an *Adieu*; but when my Love is cross'd, 'tis no Wonder that my Writing should be revers'd. I would beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have committed, but that I have little Reason to judge favourably of your Mercy; tho', I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse myself my own Share of the Trouble, no more than I can pardon myself the Vanity of attempting your Charms, so much above the Reach of my Pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some more worthy Admirer. If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Esteem, I pity him; for an Obligation too great for a Return, must to any generous Soul be very uneasy, tho' still I envy his Misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Desires, as I am miserable in the Disappointment of mine; and as the greatest Blessing of your Life, may the Person you admire, love you as sincerely and as passionately, as he whom you scorn.

O

LOVE.

LOVE-LETTER XVI.

*A comical Letter, of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to
Mademoiselle de Choux.*

Translated by Sir D. Clark, Knt.

Madam,

D I D you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give the Reason then, why I ask it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows; that, by my Troth, I look like—let me think, like what;—like your Ladyship's Pincushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery: For, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same Token, that I hiss'd like a red-hot Horse shoe slung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny, but I had been drown'd, for those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for myself, while they scrambled for boiled Fish that were as plenty as *Herrings* at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow Sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyship, as well as of,

Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

COLLETIER.

LOVE-LETTER XVII.

Mr. S—— to Lord E——.

YOU desire to know what Progress our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he hath so long besieged, and I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I could wish: He threw himself down at
her

her Feet, and in the common Strain of Lovers, will you not, says he, take Compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one that dies every Moment for you? Show at least some Tenderneſs to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours? But ſhe return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the Miſt of *Tartary*: Leave perſecuting me, ſays ſhe, with idle Stories of your Paſſion, with your pretended Darts, and your romantick Flames, for you do but loſe your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduced to the laſt Deſpair, when he found himſelf thus flighted; and as Anger on theſe Occaſions generally ſucceed to Love, he ſaid the moſt reproachful bitter Things againſt her, that his Indignation could inſpire him with. When his Fury had ſpent itſelf, looking upon him with a ſcornful Air, I know, ſays ſhe, how to puniſh the Inſolence of your Tongue: All your Sex are perfidious and falſe: You devour us, nay, you devour one another: The ſavage Beaſts in the Woods, unleſs compell'd by Hunger, ſeldom attack the Travellers, but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a domeſtic Education, they prove arranter Brutes than any in the Foreſt; to be ſhort with you, your Perjury and Inconſtance teach us to lay aſide all Pity, and treat you as you deſerve: For in the firſt Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can ſay the moſt ſubmiſſive Things in the World; you can whine and cry, make Goddeſſes of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with thoſe Counters you deceive us; but no ſooner have we granted the laſt Favours to you, but you grow inſolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you diſdainfully reject her, whom the Hour before you ador'd like a Divinity. You are all Atheiſts as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Buſineſs on his Hands, than to trouble himſelf with the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady diſcarded the unfortunate *Damon*; and, as partial as I am to my Friends, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Inveſtive.

L O V E - L E T T E R XVIII.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady, to a young Gentleman, on whom she had unfortunately fix'd her Affections; but as she never had it in her Power to make any proper Impressions on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations signified to him, she wrote as follows.

S I R,

I RELY on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own. It is now a Year and a half since I first saw, and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but frequent Sights of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vain. I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir, have any Curiosity or Desire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park To-morrow exactly at Two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiosity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a short Description of my Person, which is tall and slender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is what the flattering World calls handsome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reason to find Fault with it. I doubt you will think such a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous; but, if you will consider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it so. My Hand trembles so, while I write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

LOVE.

LOVE - LETTER XIX.

The Gentlemen did not give himself the Trouble to meet the Lady, but took great Pains to expose and ridicule her Letter, though reproved for it by his Acquaintance; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, she sent him the following.

S I R,

YOU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a slighted Correspondent, when I assure you it shall be the last.

A Passion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderneſs, which I have ſo unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindneſs and Want of Generoſity in expoſing my Letter, becauſe the Man, that is ſo unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconfiderable for her Reſentment; but I can't forbear aſking you, what could induce you to publiſh my Letter, and ſo cruelly to ſport with the Miſery of a Perſon, whom you know nothing worſe of, than that ſhe had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you?

For your own Sake, I am loth to ſpeak it, but ſuch Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Deſect of Underſtanding; but whatſoever be the Reaſon, amidſt all my Diſappointments, I cannot but think myſelf happy in not ſubſcribing my Name; for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conqueſt; and how great my Confuſion muſt have been, to be expoſed to the Scorn, or at leaſt to the Pity of the World, I may gueſs from the Mortifications I now feel from ſeeing my Declarations and Profeſſions return'd without Succeſs, and in being convinc'd by the raſh Experiment I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Diſcretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour hath been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen (who I hear univerſally condemn it) than force

myself to say any Thing severe ; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness, yet it furnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserv'd it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason, not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Usage. That pretty Face, which I have so often view'd with a mistaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference ; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of your Discovery who I am, if you do not yet know, I have taken Care to convey this by a different Hand from the former Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former ; if you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed ; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very sure of making it plain to every one else, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

LOVE - LETTER XX.

On Matrimony, from Mr. H ——— to Mrs. ———.

Madam,

THE next Subject was Matrimony, upon which it was observed, that among the Thousand different Ways in which Happiness is pursued, lavish Encomiums are often bestowed on the wedded State : But does Experience warrant a Belief, that there is no intermediate Condition between the *Bliss of good Spirits*, and the *Torments of the bad*, in this State ? The inconsiderate Part of Mankind think Matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married Persons happy or miserable ; but a very little Reflexion would convince them of their Mistake : It is *Men* or *Women* who are heavenly minded, or diabolical. The Institution

Institution in itself is of vast Importance: Christianity cannot stand without it; nor can the common *Liberty* and *Rights* of Mankind subsist without some Contract, which shall be equally binding to both Sexes: Yet if Avarice, or Ambition, even Love unguided by Prudence, or any other Passion, are the Cause of Engagements which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the Charge of the Institution. But here also the Laws of God, and of the Land, have provided for our Security: No more is required than in all other Cases, a *pious Resignation* to our Condition, whilst we make up for the Deficiency of *one Pleasure*, by *another*; I mean so to cultivate *Reason*, as to raise our Sense of *Duty*, in Proportion as our *Affections* flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious Man by a virtuous Woman, or the Contrary? By Vice, I mean every Defect of Mind, or Corruption of Heart. Women are generally most disposed to Piety; and, when kindly treated, give the strongest Proof of native Ingenuousness; whence I conclude, that notwithstanding Man's boasted Pre-eminence, *your* Defects are most easily corrected: The very *Superiority* which we claim, renders us impatient of Controul.

Hence you may discover the indulgent Care of Providence; for even the Subjection of which Women inconsiderately complain, is generally conducive to their Happiness. Your Felicity arises chiefly from your Subjection; and it is no Paradox to say the same of your *Power*. "As the Climbing of a sandy Way to the Feet of the Aged, so is a Wife *full of Words* to a quiet Man.—But if there be Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort in her Tongue, then is not her Husband like other Men!" This conveys the strongest Sense of a Man's Happiness, whose Wife has tender Affections, good Sense, and a virtuous Mind. She who makes the Trial with Sincerity, may easily find the Meaning of the Words, and the weighty Instruction contained in them. But in our Days, Men set out upon Principles which will by no Means bear an Examination. It is presumed, that very little or no Virtue is to be found, therefore Provision for those Pleasures which Money can purchase, is the first Object. Either we are not taught what we owe to God and our Neighbour; religious and domestic Duties are neglected; or our Parents, mistaking
external

external Parade for Happiness, seek after the greatest Fortunes, be the Appendages of them what they may; they *teach* us the very Lesson which the greatest Part of Mankind *learn*, in Spite of all the Care which the Wise and Virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while, the Laws of GOD and *Nature* are invariable, and we can never beat out an *artificial* Happiness whose Pleasures compensate for the Neglect of *Nature*, tho' the *Taste* may become so depraved as hardly to leave any Vestiges in the Mind, of the Lesson which *Nature* teaches. I have read many beautiful Passages on this *Subject*; in every Writer of Eminence one finds some, with regard to Men as well as Women. I recollect *one* more which seems to be of great Force, because it is very natural: "Where no Hedge is, there the Possession is spoil'd; and he that hath *no Wife*, will wander up and down *"mourning."* It often happens that the unmarried are unhappy, they know not why: Whilst the *Capricious* in Taste, *Inconstant* in Temper, or Vicious by Inclination, are reformed by Wedlock. And as we may with great Propriety say, blessed is *she* who converteth a *Sinner* to Repentance. I think we may add, cursed is *he* whose Carelessness or Folly induces *his* Wife to go astray.

Whatever our State or Condition may be; how keen soever our Pursuit of *Happiness*; how infinitely diversified our *Opinions* on which our *Felicity* so much depends; and how contradictory soever our *Practice* may be to such *Opinions*; so long as we have Senses to distinguish *Light* from *Darkness*, or *Bitter* from *Sweet*; so long as we have a Ray of Reason to distinguish *Truth* from *Falshood*, or *Joy* from *Anguish* and *Perturbation*, we must come back to our Text,

- "That to be good, is to be happy.
- "Angels are happier than Men, because
- "They are better: Guilt is the Source of Sorrow,
- "'Tis the Fiend, th' avenging Fiend,
- "That follows as behind with Whips and Scourge:
- "The Blest know none of this, but rest
- "In everlasting Peace of Mind, and find
- "The Height of all their Heaven is Goodness."

You see, Madam, I learn my Morality from Poets as well as Divines, and have my Ears open to Instruction in a Playhouse as well as in a Church: But as we cannot be quite so good, we must be contented if we are not quite so happy as Angels. Let us keep in View the glorious Rewards of Virtue, nor suffer our Enjoyment of a small Portion of Felicity, if a large one is not our Lot, to dishearten us in the Pursuit. The Time will very shortly come, when the seeming Inequality amongst Mankind will be settled. Farewel. I am yours, &c.

LOVE - LETTER XXI.

Earl of Rochester to Mrs. —.

Madam,

THIS is the first Service my Hand has done me, since my being a Cripple, and I would not employ it in a Lie so soon: Therefore, pray believe me sincere, when I assure you, that you are very dear to me; and, as long as I live, I will be kind to you.

P. S. This is all my Hand would write, but my Heart thinks a great deal more.

LOVE - LETTER XXII.

To the same.

Madam,

NOTHING can ever be so dear to me as you are; and I am so convinced of this, that I dare undertake to love you whilst I live: Believe all I say, for that is the kindest Thing imaginable; and when you can devise any Way that may make me appear so to you, instruct me in it, for I need a better Understanding than my own, to shew my Love, without Wrong to it.

LOVE - LETTER XXIII.

Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find, is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an aukward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels: After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James's Park* together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hyde-Park* together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-House or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily pair'd in the Yoke of Wedlock.

Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman Wives*, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a *Roman Matron*. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs *Wedlock* has given to you; but she says she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellamour* to transform him to a mere sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

LYDIA.

LOVE - LETTER XXIV.

Harriot's Answer to the above.

BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Railery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpose, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I
dress,

dress, 'tis for him ; if I read a Poem or Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste : He's almost the End of my Devotions ; half my Prayers are for his Happiness — I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish you Happiness ; but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with : She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman ; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish* ; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies, and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous even in old Age.

I am, Madam, your most humble Servant,

MARY HOME.



The COMPLETE
LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant LETTERS on various Subjects,
to improve and entertain, by different Authors.

LETTER I.

From a young Lady, in one of the Canary Islands, to her Sister in England, whom she had never seen; containing a pressing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place, in order to prevail on her.



U S T we for ever, my dear Sister, converse only at this unhappy Distance? — Are we born of the same Parents, to be eternal Aliens to each other? — I have been told Wonders of your Wit, Ingenuity, and Good-Nature. — Must Strangers, or at least very distant Kindred, reap all the Benefit of these amiable Qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the Want of it. — They say there is a secret Sympathy between Persons of the same Blood, and I am sure I feel it, how is it then with you? — Have you never any of those Earnings, those Longings to see the Daughter of your Father and your Mother, which so powerfully agitate me in my daily Musings and my nightly
P Dreams?

Dreams? — If not Affection, Pity should make you wish to be with a Sister, who stands so much in need of your Assistance. — You know, my Father's great Affairs suffer him seldom to be with his Family; — Death has depriv'd me of my Mother, and Devotion of my Sister; but she forsakes me only to join herself to her Creator; you have no such Plea: And as you are six Years older than myself, and of a much superior Understanding, it is a kind of Duty in you to be with me, to correct the Errors of my un-experienced Youth, and form my Mind by the Model of your own. — Believe me, I would be most obedient to your Instructions, and love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake. — What can withhold you from coming to a Place where your Presence is so ardently desired? — What can you find so pleasing to you in a Kingdom rent with internal Divisions! — Where Father against Son, and Brother against Brother, maintain unnatural Contest! — A Kingdom, where Pride, Injustice, Luxury, and Profaneness, are almost universal, and Religion become a Reproach to the Profession! — A Kingdom, sinking by swift Degrees into Misery and Contempt, yet insatuated so far as to doat on the Cause of their Undoing! — At least this is the Account we have of it. — Can this be agreeable to a Person of your nice and distinguishing Taste? — O, my dearest Sister! listen to the Dictates of Reason, of Duty, and of Nature, all join to call you from that worse than *Egypt*, into the Land of *Canaan*. — Here Peace and Innocence go hand in hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleasures wait upon their Steps. — No foreign Wars, no homeward Jars, no Envy, no Distrust, disturb the soft Serenity of these blissful Seats, but all is Harmony and Love. — Eternal *Zephyrs* watch our Morning Wakings, bringing ten thousand Odours on their Wings, and tempt us to the Groves from whence they spring. — In Troops we wander thro' the *Jessamin* Lanes, or sit in *Orange* Bowers, where Fruits, ripe and in Blossom, charm our Smell and Taste. — Sometimes on Mules we take short Journies to *Teneriffe*, and on the Foot of that stupendous Mount, recline on Banks of Roses umbrella'd over with spreading Myrtles: — Then change the Scene, and view the spacious Vineyards, where huge Alcoves of clustering Grapes hang pendent over our Heads. — Sometimes we roam through a long
Gallery

Gallery of stately Pines, whose loaded Boughs present us every Kind of Fruit in one.—But there is no describing half the various Sweets which Nature, with a lavish Hand, pours on these Isles, which justly have the Name of *Fortunate*;—nor I flatter myself will there be any need of farther Arguments, to bring you to us;—my Father has just now informed me, that Captain *** carries his positive Orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured Hope of enjoying the Happiness I so long, and so earnestly have wished;—yet I am craving still more—I would fain, methinks, imagine If I could, that with your Obedience to our Father, some little share of Love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more Readiness, by the Thoughts that you will embrace one who has so tender an Affection for you, and thinks it the greatest Blessing to subscribe herself,

My Dear Sister,

Your most affectionate and most obedient Servant,

MARIA BOYLE.

LETTER II.

From Miss Middleton, to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholly Account of her Sister's Death.

Dear Miss Pemberton,

JUST as I was setting out for *Worcestershire*, in order to follow my Sister, who you know has been some time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt acquainting me, that she was taken ill last Friday and died in two Days after. —Yes, that lately so much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay;—for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes;—hushed is that Voice that gave so much Delight;—those Limbs, which Art has ransacked to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb.—Ah! what is Life!—What all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! What the vain Adoration of a flattering World!—Delusive Pleasures,—fleeting Nothings, how unworthy are you of the Attention of a reasonable Being!—You know

the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will no doubt be surprized to find Expressions of this kind fall from my Pen ;—but my dear *Pemberton*, hitherto my Life has been a Dream ; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake :—My Sister's Fate has roused me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me see the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment.—Who can assure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is !—And if so, Oh ! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal !—In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years ; (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)—I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it.—When ever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage, I must one Day take into another World :—What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I proposed to stay a few Weeks or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation. Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of that endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of :—Well might the poor *Berinthia* feel all their Force ;—vain, gay, unthinking as my self, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those Ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. *Waller*, that,

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this alteration in me, but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that Divine Power, without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may feel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at last a reasonable Creature. I enclose you
the

the Letter she sent, to the end you may judge with what kind of Sentiments she left this World. — Heaven has I hope accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine, I am,

Dear Miss,

Your most afflicted humble Servant,

PEMBERTON.

LETTER III.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dear Sister,

BEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever. — None about me pretend to flatter me, with the Hopes of seeing another Morning. — Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation! — Yet I cannot leave the World, without admonishing, — without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour, you are sure not to escape, and know not how shortly may arrive: — We have had the same sort of Education, — have lived in the same manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces — Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of? To dress well has been our only Study — Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition, — Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God. — How often, alas! Have I profaned, in idle Chat, that sacred Name, by whose Merits alone I have Hopes to be forgiven? How often have I sat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without feeling the least Emotion at the Blasphemy! — Nay, how often have I myself, because I heard others do so, called in question that Futurity I now go to prove and am already convinced of! — One Moment, methinks I see the

blissful Seats of *Paradise* unveiled ;—I hear ten Thousand Myriads of Myriads of Celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praise, to the unutterable Name.—The next, a Scene all black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issues naught but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.—My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves me in a sad Uncertainty of my eternal Doom :—On one Hand beckoning Angels smile upon me, while on the other the Furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting Soul.—Methinks I dare not hope, nor will the Reverend Doctor G*** suffer me to despair ;—he comforts me with the Promises in Holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before ; but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conscience. — Dear, dear Sister, I must bid you eternally adieu, I have discharged my Duty in giving you this Warning, O ! may my Death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that Weight I wish and pray for : You are the last Object of my earthly Cares :—I have now done with all below,—shall retire into myself, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

Your sincere Friend,
And most affectionate and departing Sister,
BERINTHIA.

L E T T E R IV.

A Letter to Miss W——, advising her to take Care of her House, &c.

AS you are Tenant at Will in a very handsome genteel House, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest Manner, ruling it by the strictest Maxims of Economy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a few cursory Hints in an Affair of so much Importance.

Your Building is composed of some of the finest Materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any Flaw or Spot that may accidentally touch it.—'Tis erected of a proper Height, a just Size, rear'd on a regular Plan, and finished with the most accurate Proportion.

tion.—On the Top stands an eminent Turret, furnish'd with a Room of a globular Form, which I observe has two crystal Windows in the Front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive Prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the House. I advise you not to look thro' them at every Object that passes by; be sure to shut them soon at Night, and you may open them as early as you please in the Morning.—On each Side I discover a small Portal to receive Company; take Care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with Visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructive Parent, the advising Friend, or the supplicating Orphan.—I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barr'd close; be cautious what Visitors you let out publicly, lest any of ill Character be seen coming from it, you draw a Scandal upon your House; it will be necessary therefore to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters, who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet, just without the Ivory Pallisades.—I have seen some People paint the two Pannels, just below the Windows; but I would advise you to the Contrary, for your natural Colours far exceed all the Decorations of Art.—This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of *Corinthian* Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabaster Semi-Globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain of admirable Needle-Work.

Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite Workmanship; this, I suppose, is the Place of your secret Retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful intimate Friend.—I advise you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the best practical Authors, and visit it frequently, especially when you return home from Church, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-Table: Let the Outside of the Hall not appear like an Herse hung round with Escutcheons, nor like a Coach of State bedaub'd with Gilt and Colourings, but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the World that 'tis kept more for Use than Ornament.

You

You are sensible, Miss, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, tho' you have liv'd in it no longer, which are plain Intimations that the House will one Day fall.— You may soon be turn'd out—the Landlord may give you Warning, or may not—this is all uncertain—be ever ready to go when call'd upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice. — One Thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the House, no other Tenant will inhabit it, but 'twill lye waste and in Ruins; yet the Proprietor will some Time or other rebuild it for your Reception, in a more durable Manner, with the same Materials, but so refin'd and modify'd, that it will be liable to no Accident or Decays; and as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be new-rear'd in some other Place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well shelter'd from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Lease never expire.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT N.

LETTER V.

The following Letter, written by Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightning, is reckon'd a Master-Piece in epistolary descriptive Writing.

Stanton-Harcourt, August 9, 1718.

THE only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors, of high Towers levell'd by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escap'd: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that
the

the Contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undecay'd, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consum'd to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perish'd! But unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beech-Tree. *John Hewit* was a well set Man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age: They had pass'd thro' the various Labours of the Year together with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw-Hat; and the Poesy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirm'd that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtain'd the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightening and Thunder ensu'd, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley; *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having rak'd together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No Answer being return'd to those who called to our Lovers, they stepp'd to the Place where they lay; they perceiv'd the Barley all in a Smoke, and then 'spy'd this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the

Lightening,

Lightning. They were both struck in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eyebrow was sing'd, and there appear'd a black Spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were convey'd to the Town, and the next Day interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-Yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows:

*When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. *Pope* says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

The three following Letters were wrote by a young Lady of a good Family, and very genteely bred, (but afterwards reduc'd,) to a Gentleman going abroad, under whose Care and Protection she was desirous of retiring in the Capacity of a House-keeper, from the Frowns of the World.

S I R,

NO Circumstance is more shocking than that of being obliged to Strangers for Relief, and however conscious I may be of my own Innocence and Well-meaning, the Presumption of addressing a Gentleman in this Manner, may be a sufficient Reason to prevent my receiving such a Share of Credit, as were I known to you, I might with Justice pretend to. I have had the Misfortune to receive an Education greatly above the Rank that Heaven has

has allotted me, and I now too soon, at the Age of Eighteen, have struggled through more Difficulties than you would chuse to be acquainted with; and it would but ill become me, to shock the Man to whom I wish to be obliged. It is now some Time that I design'd to leave *England*, and withdraw myself from the Acquaintance of those that have known me in a higher State. I can be content in a decent Retirement, and shall endeavour to do my Duty in the Station I pretend to. Chance has directed me to you, and 'tis without a Blush (and surely no one should be ashamed of so innocent a Boldness) that I offer myself to attend you abroad in the Quality of a House-keeper; my Character and Story you shall be acquainted with, the first will be no Discredit to me, and the latter may perhaps raise a Compassion in you, that may be serviceable to me. If you approve my Design, or have any Curiosity to hear more, I would beg the Favour of you to advertise, that the Letter directed to *Tom's* was received, and I will then venture to trouble you again.

L E T T E R VII.

S I R,

I HAVE so few Obligations to the World, that I am at Times surprized at myself to find that the Idea of Gratitude should be known to me, and yet I feel a Thankfulness in me, for the Notice you have taken of my (perhaps indiscreet) Application. A Thousand distracting Thoughts have got the better of my Judgment; and tho' I know where you live, and am fully convinced that you would scorn to mean me an Injury, yet a certain Prejudice of Education forbids me to pursue what I design'd, and I shall now solicit nothing more from you than a Pardon for having raised your Expectation, and engaged your Curiosity to be acquainted with a Story, that a womanish Pride will perhaps for ever prevent being known. I flatter'd myself when I wrote before, that I had been Mistress of more Resolution, but my Fears startle me, and I am so convinced of the ill Method I have taken to be acquainted with you, (and your Knowledge of the World must necessarily encourage such Suspicions of me) that no Temptation
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can now be sufficient to make me discover myself. I am ashamed of what has happen'd, and feel a Resentment to myself, for having dar'd to alarm your good Nature with Fears, for an unfortunate young Woman. I will flatter myself you feel for me; and the Tendernefs and Humanity that I believe you Master of, shall at least be thus far satisfied, that I will hereafter, if Fortune has any Favours to bestow on me, give you the Satisfaction of knowing who I am, and by what Accident I thought of applying to you. Adieu! *Je me flatte que le bon Dieu aura piti de mon Innocence car je nai jamais beacoup fait de mal.*

L E T T E R VIII.

S I R,

WERE I in the least inclined to discover myself, so immediate an Answer to your Advertisement might with Justice be esteemed a Forwardness; but as my Resolution is fix'd, it will bear a better Interpretation, and ought to be look'd on as a decent Regard for the Person, that seems to bear a Share in my Misfortunes. You may with great Reason reproach me for having drawn you into so idle a Correspondence; and the Persuasion I have of your Goodness and Humanity, are to me strong Testimonials that your Inquiry is not the Effect of a giddy or ill-meaning Curiosity, but proceeds from true Principles of Virtue, and from a Design of giving me all the Assistance I can wish. I must own that Necessity first tempted me to apply, and tho' I am determin'd to stop short, and give a Check to my Ill-judged Scheme, yet I will for ever encourage myself in a Thankfulness to you, and compliment my own Judgment for having so easily discover'd the Perfections of so amiable a Character. My Pen seems pleas'd with the Office of writing to you, and I am now prepar'd to run greater Lengths than Patience might excuse. We are all fond of doing what is most pleasing to us, and it is a Flattering of my Vanity in the Supposition of my having engag'd your good Wishes. My Story is full of such a Variety of shocking Circumstances, and Distress added to a too sensible Feeling, has so furnish'd me with Expressions, that I should conceive a Hatred to myself, were I capable of

of a farther Attempt to make an Impression on you. Adieu! I shall for ever love and honour your generous Design, and will always have this Share of Merit with you, that no Necessity nor other unfortunate Circumstance shall again force me to give an Alarm to your Humanity, or expose me to myself for having dar'd to raise your Curiosity to the Knowledge of that, which Charity for every well-meaning Person commands me to conceal.

Vous allez vers la Reputation ver le Credit it moi J'en reviens.

LETTER IX.

The following most charming and affectionate Letter, universally admir'd, was written by Mr. Pope, to the Bishop of Rochester, about a Month before his Banishment.

ONCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last! The Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long Good Night. May you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes present a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Conversation. But upon the Whole, I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing else is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wise Man's Life but a Censure or Critic on the past? Those whose Date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: The Boy despises the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a

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Pueri-

Puerility ; and you will never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and of our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that Mist in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth hath long involved it : To shine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at such a Time, that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most ; in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death : But why do I talk of dazling or blazing ? it was then that they did Good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guiders to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds : But Revenge will never harbour there : Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality, where the Passions and Affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back ; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you : But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R X.

To Lady — from Mr. Pope, on witty and serious Letters.

Madam,

I AM not at all concern'd to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a Friend that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth makes a much less Present than he that gives you his Heart; and true Friends would rather see such Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World: They who can set a right Value upon any Thing, will prize one tender well-meant Word, above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much Pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any Thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want, at least in the Degree that I see others have it, who would at all Seasons alike, be entertaining; but I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myself, and of more Service to my Friends. I wou'd cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Disposition than to laugh only myself, and laugh at all my Neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of *Homer*. If it be tolerable, the World may thank you for it: For if I could have seen you every Day, and imagin'd my Company cou'd have every Day pleas'd you, I shou'd scarce have thought it worth my while to please the World. How many Verses cou'd I gladly have left unfinish'd, and turn'd into it, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of, than your Friendship; for that I hope will last all my Life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they shou'd both grow greater after my Death? Alas! they would both be of no Advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

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Now

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Now I talk of Fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out : But my Sentiments about it, you will see better by this Epigram.

*What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Woman only Reputation :
About them both why keep we such a Pother ?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.*

L E T T E R X I.

To the Hon. Mrs. H — from Mr. Pope.

Madam,

ALL the Pleasure or Use of familiar Letters, is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare ; at least 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despiser of what they call fine Letters. In this View, I promise you, it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters and to receive 'em from you ; because I unfeignedly have your Good at my Heart, and am that Thing, which many People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments upon, a Friend ; which is a Character that admits of little to be said, 'till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your Style : 'Tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it ; and if you writ as well as *Voiture*, I would not give a Farthing for such Letters, unless I were to sell 'em to be printed. Methinks I have lost Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talk'd like other People, (and sometimes better.) You must allow me to say, you have not said a sensible Thing in all your Letter, except where you speak of shewing Kindness and expecting it in Return : But the Addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the Style of Wit and Abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you wrote, in all your Letters you've never told me how you do. Indeed I see 'twas absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continu'd to take more Notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect ; that is to say, Kindness, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return ; and not Wit, which, if I want, I am not much concern'd, because

because Judgment is a better Thing; and if I had, I wou'd make Use of it, rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what Manner you may most agreeably write to me: Tell me you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a Loss about that Article. As I have open'd my Mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H——, who will see by it, what Manner of Letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his Servant, to put Turns upon you instead of good Wishes, so in Return I shou'd have nothing but honest plain how-d'ye's and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be shewn to any Body for Wit, may be a Proof we correspond only for ourselves, in meer Friendliness; as doth, God is my Witness,

Your very, &c.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. Pope, to Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dying young.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider myself in these different Views, and I hope have received some Advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

*The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.*

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scaffolding of the Body, may discover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickness is a Sort of early old Age: It teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a future better than a thousand Volumes of Philosophers and

Divines. It gives so warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we then think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little Dependence upon our Outworks. Youth at the very best is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smother Manner than Age: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasure. When a smart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest *Hibernian*, who being in Bed in the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head, made Answer, What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger. I fancy 'tis the best Time to die when one is in the best Humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every single Man is, with respect to the whole Creation, methinks 'tis a Shame to be concern'd at the Removal of such a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will rise as bright as ever, the Flowers smell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they us'd to do. The Memory of Man, (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but one Day. There are Reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the Prospect of Death. " For honourable Age is not that " which standeth in Length of Time, or is measur'd by " Number of Years. But Wisdom is the gray Hair to " Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age. He was taken " away

“ away speedily, lest Wickedness should alter his Under-
“ standing, or Deceit beguile his Soul, &c.”

I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

From her LOOKING-GLASS.

To the beautiful Angelica.

Madam,

I Have enjoyed the Honour of serving your *Ladyship* some Years, during which Time you have been pleased to favour me with evident Marks of your Esteem, and a *Familiarity* that none of your other *Utenfils* can boast of, tho' many of them my *Betters* by far; as therefore I have *shewn* you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my Fidelity approved of by your *Ladyship*, I hope you will pardon my *Boldness*, in taking this Method to discover to you some *Failings* in yourself, which my Surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, *Madam*, you consult me much *too often*; and I am confident, it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me. How many thousand Times must you be told, that you are *handsome*?——I assure you of it every Day, but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every *Hour*, nay, almost every *Moment*.——I cannot lie; your Person is exceeding amiable; but I must at the same Time inform your *Ladyship* with my usual *Sincerity*, that you would be infinitely more *agreeable*, if you did not think so. Consider, *Madam*, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand Times a Day, I cannot make you a Bit the *better*, or the *handsomer*: But shall certainly destroy one of the *finest Ornaments of Beauty*, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections. Whenever you stand before me, with all your *Charms* set forth to the best *Advantage*, I perceive you are apt to *view yourself* with too great *Pleasure*, and grow proud and conceited of your own *Beauty*; which, in Time, will make other People *despise* and *ridicule* you; and therefore, I honestly and ingenuously intreat you, to *avoid my Company*; for, *Madam*, I must
confess

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confess, that the worst Enemy the *Fair Ones* have, can't do them so much *Prejudice* as I their chief *Favourite*. It grieves me to the Heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their *Fondness of me*, when I so continually do them *Mischief*:—Whether it be, as a *witty Gentleman* once said of *me*, from my Talent of casting *Reflections*; ——— or whether it be from the large Quantity of *Quicksilver* which belongs to *me*, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the *Learned* observe, *Madam*, *Mercury* is highly prejudicial to *your Sex*, either when there is too much of it in the *Composition* of a *Fair Lady*, or when it is used externally as an *Help to Beauty*: As, in the *former Case*, it is generally the *Cause* of *excessive Levity*, so, in the *latter*, it is always observed to hurt the *Eyes*, and deface those *Charms* which it is designed to *assist and improve*: — Or whether my *gaily gilded Frame* is too apt to infect the Mind of the Beholder with *Vanity*: — Or, lastly, whether it be from the *Brittleness* of my other *Materials*, which, by a Kind of Sympathy, affects People who are too frequently conversant with *me*. — From whatever Cause it proceeds, a Lady who has a fine Face, might almost as well fall into the *Small-Pox*, as be too often in my *Company*. How many *charming Creatures* have I spoil'd, and made *Beauty* the greatest *Misfortune* that could befall them: — I can't think on't without Concern; — why am I fated to be thus *unlucky*, and injure those the most that love me best! Alas! Why was I made a *Looking-Glass*! — Was it my Desire to be cover'd with *Silver*, and inclosed in a Frame of *Gold*! — Did I aspire to be fixed in this *honourable Place*, and become a *Lady's Favourite*! — Oh! that I had been some meaner *Piece of Furniture*! less respected; and less mischievous! Keep off, dear *Madam*, I beseech you, from an unhappy *Thing*, which *Destiny* makes pernicious to the loveliest Creature under Heaven: Or I shall soon infect you with the worst *Disease* incident to *Beauty*; and that is, *Vanity*: — I am, 'tis true, a *useful Servant*, if employ'd only when I ought to be, which is *seldom*; but if a Lady grows so fond of *me*, that she runs to ask my *Opinion* of every *Look*; if she consults *me* forty Times for once that she goes to her *Prayer-Book* or *Bible*, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than *Age* or *Ugliness*. I beg, *Madam*, that you'll interpret what your *poor Servants* says, to proceed
wholly

wholly from Respect and Love for you:—The tender Regard I have for your *Ladyship*, together with some Symptoms I lately have discovered, make me *fearful* for you.—I dread the Apprehension of bringing *Contempt* on so good a *Mistress*, and would not for the World be the Occasion of your losing any one Grace of a *fine Woman*:—No! rather let me be broken into a thousand Pieces! I am not without Fear of giving *Offence* by the *Freedom* I have taken; but tho' you banish me your Presence, I cannot forbear speaking, in a Case where your *Ladyship's* Good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us both to part for ever: — *Better* for you to be without my Service, than suffer by it; and better for *me* to lose my *Lady*, and be thrown into a Corner, than remain where I am, and be accessary and instrumental in spoiling as much *Sweetness* and *Beauty* as ever *Looking-Glass* had the Happiness to shew. I am,

Madam, with the most dutiful Respect,

Your most faithful and devoted humble Servant,

PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

LETTER XIV.

From Hortensius to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement.

I Write this while *Cleora* is angling by my Side, under the Shade of a spreading Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious even than *Strada's*, is serenading us from a Hawthorn Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty; while

- - - - - Gentle Gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous Wings, dispense
Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils.

MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was once engaged, with more than ordinary Distate, and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean

mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "That he looked upon these to be "the happiest Men in the Nation, whose Fortune had "placed them in the Country above a High-Constable, "and below the Trouble of a Justice of Peace." It is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging in the Drudgery of Business, and with Desires much too humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambition. You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions: The Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon my Repose. I endeavour to practise the Maxim of a *French* Poet, by considering every Thing that is not within my Possession as not worth having: Is it not possible, *Palemon*, to reconcile you to these un aspiring Sentiments, and to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Happiness? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a Day or two from the *certamina divitiarum*, (as *Horace*, I think, calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead in the Country. If there is any Thing wanting to complete the Happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a Witness to it. Adieu.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X V.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

I Should never have believed, Madam, that one of your Letters could have afflicted me, how bad News soever it had brought me. The bare Sight of your Writing seemed to me a Remedy against every Evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you, it is with an extreme Grief that I have been informed of the Loss we have had. Our Friend was valuable in every Respect, she was beautiful, tender, and generous, witty, and of so just a Judgment, that she valued you above every Thing in the World.

She

She had over and above in Dying, the only good Quality which she wanted during her Life; that is, the bore with Resolution a Thing, the bare Name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this Greatness of Soul with so truly a Christian Piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with two selfish an Affection, to be sorrowful when she leaves us in order to be better, and when she goes to enjoy in the other World, a Repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make Advantage of the Exhortation you give me to follow so good an Example, and it will not be the first Time that you have made me a better Man. The Troubles I have hitherto had will not ill assist your Admonitions; for I think few Things contribute more to make us die without Reluctancy, than to have no Pleasure in Life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my Career too hastily, seeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the Advantage of seeing you again, and of protesting to you to what a Degree I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. George Farquhar, abroad in Holland, to his Friend in England.

Dear Sam,

Leyden, October 15.

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home, is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new: But this Kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will chuse to maintain; and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sickness, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprizes me with some agreeable Object or other; and, I find, very much to my

my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry, but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully with their wholesome Course of Diet; that the Standing Army maintained by the *Dutch* for their Security against a Foreign Force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our Civil Factions in *England*, for no other Use, but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Public, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the Thing be lawful? And upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determin'd. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that shou'd determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the People, who in regard of their Sufferings of this Kind should borrow an Appellation from Physick, and be called *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another Thing worth Consideration in respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assister blush; where the Eloquence of *S ——— re*, and the Impudence of *S ——— n*, are plausible Pretences for patronizing Injustice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant Thing to see *Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians* and *Greeks*, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priest-Craft to souer the Composition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastick Drums that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sect to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Profelytes to the Truth; nor strengthening of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and *Musi, Levite, Pope* and *Presbyter*, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Asperſion arises from some People's confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Mien and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as should I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a topping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and us'd in such Quantity by the meaner Sort only, who living continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chilness of their Habitations; for you must know that whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on dry Land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent Necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Country but one *Dutch Man* drunk; and altho'

his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in this Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the Number of sixty Persons, shewed the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *Englishmen* that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcass, his Countrymen wou'd have fous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity both as to Time and Charges secures them from Excess: And for their Gentry they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of publick Entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury, which sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want Leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; and that they are very careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain; but ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of the Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbouring *Netherlands*, have by Degrees infected the meaner Sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Ferocity of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the Highways and *Track-skouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation being so near Neighbours to this State, shou'd be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the usual Way with the first of those to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lye for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* Manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I wou'd willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skill'd, perhaps, in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman*, in

respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we should be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be link'd with private Friendships and Correspondence, as well as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to Matters of more weighty Consequence including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The second Sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculations are limited by a few Particulars; their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange: Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broadside, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we can expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Inter-course of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragement of Trade, so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who some Time ago lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by the preat Losses at Sea, was forced to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in Mind
of

of his Misfortunes, by a Favour he once conferr'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me that he had still a Glas of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I wou'd come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, a handsome House neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joyed the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt shou'd come by all this; in Answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffick with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by a sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the Reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity: And all this upon the current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent*.

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here Two Thousand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd Fifty *per Cent*. So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live in *Stagnu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distress'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republick, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent Manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he must

have some considerable Traffick with *this* Country ; there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greatest Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffick with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a Residence among them : And what Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest wearied with our own : The Gravity of my Style you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day that has kept me within ; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From a Gentleman to his Son just arrived from Paris ; against servile Complaisance and Talkativeness ; with some Directions for behaving politely in Company.

Dear Tom,

THERE is something in your Behaviour since your returning from *Paris* that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping Company with Coxcombs, or by mistaking Ceremony for Politeness, contracted a Habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling Manner, but of sacrificing every Thing to Compliment. Even your Sincerity is offered up to Ceremony ; and you think yourself obliged, in Point of good Manners, to agree, like *Polonius* in the Play, with every Thing that is said, whether right or wrong. You don't want Understanding, *Tom* ; nor are you without a good Share of Learning : And yet that eternal Simper, that Cringe and Obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your Acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your Behaviour, and speak of this behind your Back, though they have not

Friendship

Friendship enough to confess it to your Face. But your Father, who loves you sincerely, and who considers you as a Part of himself, can never see you do any Thing that may turn to your Disadvantage, without warning you of the Consequence; for that Father must have a very bad Heart, or a very bad Head indeed, who does not inform his Son of his Faults. Your's is not an Error of Disposition, but of Judgment, and therefore it may be easily rectified. You, I know, my dear *Jack*, intend it for Civility and Politeness; but you are mistaken. Forced and affected Compliments are the reverse. Politeness is ever attended with Ease and Freedom, and despises every Thing that is unnatural, Besides, this Cringing and Fawning render your Sincerity suspected. Those who make large Professions to every-body, are esteemed by no-body. It is all considered as Froth, and their Friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their Conversation. Cast off therefore, my dear *Tom*, this Sort of Behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and consistent with the Character of your Family, who were always esteemed for their Openness, Freedom, and Sincerity, which entitles a Man to more Respect, than all the fine Speeches and low Bows in the World. Not that I would have you entirely disregard what you brought from the Dancing-School: A proper Deportment is necessary, and even a little Ceremony may be consistent with Politeness and good Manners; 'tis the Excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr. *Montagu*, (for in this Case one Example is better than ten Precepts) he is esteemed an accomplished Gentleman, every one is pleased with his Behaviour, all are charmed with his Conversation; and the Means he pursued to attain this Art of pleasing universally, are these:

He takes Care to keep none but good Company, (for by his Company he is sensible that he shall be known and distinguished) among such his Ears are ever open to receive Instruction; for he considers, *that a silent young Man generally makes a wise old one*. He attends to every Body and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the Opinions of the whole Company, well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than by speaking on any Subject; and that by this Means, he not only fathoms the Capacities of the Company, but also gratifies,

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as it were, and obliges each Person, by giving him an Opportunity to talk, and especially when with proper Questions he introduces such Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of displaying his Talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal good Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself, as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who, having seen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand? What Mr. *Montagu* says is always to the Purpose, is properly addressed, and every Body hears him with Satisfaction; for tho' he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth, but always delivers his Sentiments in such a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company; and, when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, *Tom*, Excess of Ceremony will never gain a Man Friends, but impertinent Babbling will undoubtedly create him Enemies; for Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself? Besides, the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks has no Time to hear, and consequently can reap no Benefit from what is said in Company. Another Vice in Conversation (if I may be allowed that Expression) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely; which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools; since, as my Lord *Roscommon* justly observes,

*Immodest Words admit of no Defence,
For want of Decency is want of Sense.*

*I am, my dear Son,
Your truly affectionate Father.*

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LETTER XVIII.

From *** to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retirement.

Madam,

IT is certainly better for yourself, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some Rural Abode, than appear in the World; such Persons as you, are fatal to the public Tranquillity, and do Mischief without ever designing it: But I must own, when Belles and Beaux retires to Country Shades for the Sake of heavenly Contemplation, the World will be well reformed. A Hermit's Life might be tolerable, while the serious Hours are divided between *Hyde-Park* and the *Opera*; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by so early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantastick Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a thousand Convictions of the Vanity of their Pursuits, how few know the Emphasis of these few Lines:

*Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
Toss'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
And ask if Virtue has enlarg'd the Span:
If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
Trust future Ages, and contented die.* TICKEL.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness: Quietly to withdraw from the Crowd, and leave the Gay and ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose,

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as it were, and obliges each Person, by giving him an Opportunity to talk, and especially when with proper Questions he introduces such Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of displaying his Talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal good Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself, as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who, having seen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand? What Mr. *Montagu* says is always to the Purpose, is properly addressed, and every Body hears him with Satisfaction; for tho' he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth, but always delivers his Sentiments in such a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company; and, when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever so much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, *Tom*, Excess of Ceremony will never gain a Man Friends, but impertinent Babbling will undoubtedly create him Enemies; for Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself? Besides, the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks has no Time to hear, and consequently can reap no Benefit from what is said in Company. Another Vice in Conversation (if I may be allowed that Expression) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely; which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools; since, as *Lord Roscommon* justly observes,

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Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myself; and what follows, may be properly called a Digression.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of the Earth! Ye perishing Riches and fantastick Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss. No:—one Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think; and, indeed, I may resign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph, as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies, in a Dreams.

In the Height of this romantic Insult, I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

LETTER XIX.

In the Style of a Lady, by Mr. Pope.

PRAY what is your Opinion of *Fate*? for, I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination——No, I can't go so far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a Sort of Free-will; for we may be able to resist Inclination, but not Compulsion.

Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous Fashion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing the Petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Lutestring.

It is a little cool indeed for this Time of Year, but then, my Dear, you'll allow it has an extream clean pretty Look.

Ay, so has my Muslin Apron; but I would not chuse to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well

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Well now I'll swear Child, you have put me in Mind of a very pritty Dress; let me die if I don't think a Muslin Flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation Air*.

Well I swear it would be charming! and I shou'd like it of all Things — Do you think there are any such Things as *Spirits*.

Do you believe there is any such Place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the World to-morrow: But is one to meet there, with what one has lov'd most in this World?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't tell me all; you know I abominate Reserve.

LETTER XX.

To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all sublunary Enjoyments.

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employed in preparing for the King's Birth-Day, than for their own last; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in the Dancing-Room, than for a Seat in Paradise.

I was last Night with —; a Barge of Musick followed us; but in the Midst of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in Mind of Mortality: I had such a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Softness of the Musick, nor the Beauty of the Evening could give me any sincere Delight. — If Pleasure be the Lot of Man, it must be in something beyond the grave; for, on this Side, constant Experience tell us, all is Vanity.

But this Confession has hardly any Influence on human Conduct; for People in a high Rank must often act against their Reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable; and for Fear of being thought mad by the modish World, must act in a Manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to invogue with their polite Cotemporaries.

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I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being endowed with Reason, and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loss what to imagine we were; and had he no Informer, but were to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were Species who were insured always to live in the World we now inhabit; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least Expectation of a future Judgment, Punishment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for desiring me to write to you, if you knew how much Pleasure the Injunction gives to

Yours unalterably,

CLEORA.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. Locke, directed thus:

For Anthony Collins, Esq; to be delivered to him after my Decease.

Dear Sir,

BY my Will you will see that I had some Kindness for ***. And I knew no better Way to take Care of him, than to put him, and what I designed for him, into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, secures the Trust which, by your Permission, I have placed in you; and the peculiar Esteem and Love, I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you; so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one Thing, which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory *****.

May you live long and happy, in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings, which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory, now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it

it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid Satisfaction, but in the Conscience of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say, upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account. Adieu: I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

L E T T E R XXII.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville.

Harry,

YOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely; for, I perceive, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a *Gazette*: Now to me, who think the World as giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in 'em: For my own Part, I am not at all stung with my Lord *M* ———'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord *L* ———'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who, with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which solid Pigs would disdain, if they were not starving. These Reflexions, how idle soever they seem to the Busy, if taken into Consideration, would save you many a weary Step in the Day, and help *G* ———y to many an Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G* ———y would be rich; and, by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a singing Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very

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good

good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you please, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together, as may not be ashamed of passing by *Woodstock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *G——y*, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am sorry for the declining *D——s*, and would have you be generous to her at this Time: For that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XXIII.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville.

Dear Saville,

THIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But, hearing what Heirs and Successors were decreed me in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those Tidings prove untrue. My Passion for living is so increased, that I omit no Care of myself, which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be a very ill-natured Man, will not think it an easy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. *Saville*, afford me some News from your Land of the Living. And tho' I have little Curiosity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few Friends are so, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look so sincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profess myself

Your faithful, affectionate

Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

To CLEORA.

August 11, 1756.

TH O' it is but a few Hours since I parted from my *Cleora*, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to you: You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things to you, since I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Style, of my former Conversations: And I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested too with a Circumstance, so little consistent with my own Repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object, which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Nest, is still returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after some vain Efforts to fly off, settles again where all its Cares and all its Tendernefs are centered. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

To Colonel R***s, in Spain.

From his Lady in England.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more concern to me; the Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my Physicians, I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my
Spirits

Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflexion upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me Leave to say to you, O best of Men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment; to be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed; to administer Slumber to the Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. Farewel for ever.

LETTER XXVI.

LAURA to AURELIA.

COULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in *London*, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Confidant of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear, bewitching, busy World is doing, while I am idly sauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear *Aurelia*! How I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crouds and Noise, with all the polite Hurry of the *Beau monde*!

My Brother brought me hither to see a Country Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the *Mall*, or even in *Cheapside*, then here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre-Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I forbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land to the *Antipodes*; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from *London*, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills, and silent Vallies: The Satyrists may laugh, but to me

“ *Green Fields, and shady Groves, and crystal Springs,
And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things.*”

I had rather hear *London* Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than sit listening to the melancholy Murmur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Musick of the Woods; the Smell of Violets give me the Hystericks; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it; the

cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryads and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an aerial Lover with his shining Tresses and Rain-bow Wings.

The sober Twilight, which has employed so many soft Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax-Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his Meridian Splendor: Day-light makes me sick, it has something in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lassies to spin by, than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear *Aurelia*, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them: Not the flowery Field, nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthusiast; and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in silent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself a little at Ease in this Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Retirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple often calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me start at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better; and I wish, my dear *Aurelia*, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

From Polydore to Alonzo; giving an Account of his accidental meeting Aurelia, and of her Falshood to him, &c.

YOU have spent so many happy Hours at the Earl of —'s fine Seat in the Country, that 'tis unnecessary to describe those beautiful Scenes, with which you are so well acquainted: Here have I passed a great Part of the Summer Season, in a Manner suitable to my contemplative Humour, Having no Taste for Country Diversions, or any Kind of Rural Sports, my Pleasures were confined to the charming Shades in Gardens, with which the House is surrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmolested Tranquillity, 'till a Fit of Curiosity led me to make an Excursion into the wide Campaign, that opened before me from the Borders of the Park.

If I begin with the rosy Dawn, you will pardon my romantic Style, relating to the surprizing Adventure: But without telling a Lie, the Morning was yet dusky; the balmy Dew, and fragrant Gales, perfumed the Air with their untainted Sweets; while with Thoughts free as the airy Songsters that warble on the Branches, I wandered from rising Hills to winding Vales, through flow'ry Lawns to leafy Woods, 'till I found myself under the Shades of a venerable Row of Elms; which put me in Mind of Sir Roger de Coverley's Rookery; the aged Trees shot their Heads so high, that, to one who passed under them, the Crows and Rooks, which rested on their Tops, seemed to be cawing in another Region. I was delighted with the Noise, while, with the *Spectator*, I considered it is a Kind of natural Prayer to that Being, who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation; my Thoughts were inspired with a pleasing Gratitude to the beneficent Father of the Universe, 'till the Sequel of my Devotion was interrupted by the Sight of a beautiful Girl, about four or five Years old, sitting on the Grass, with a Basket of Flowers in her Lap, which she was sticking in the snowy Fleece of a little Lamb, that stood tamely by her.

I began

I began to hope it was one of the Fairy Race, or some pretty Phantom that haunted the Grove; for the adjacent House belonging to this reverend Avenue looked more like a Dormitory for the Dead, than an Habitation for the Living; every Thing about it appeared ruinous and desolate: I could neither hear the Voice, nor trace the Steps of mortal Man in this obsolete Solitude; nor had I any Hopes of knowing in what wild Region I was got, unless the pretty Figure sitting on the Grass could give me some Intelligence.

I made my Approaches very respectfully: But what was my Surprise, in drawing near, to find the Air, the Complexion, every Feature in Miniature, of the ungrateful *Aurelia*, on whom I once so passionately doated? A thousand tormenting Ideas rushed into my Mind at the Sight of this lovely Creature, who smiled on me with the most enchanting Innocence. Whilst I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, *Aurelia* herself entered the Walk, and confirmed the Suspicion, that this Child was a living Proof of her Infamy.

'Tis about six Years since she elop'd from the publick View, regardless of her own illustrious Family, or the Obligations she was under to the generous *Cleone*, who treated her with the utmost Confidence, and was the last that suspected her Husband's criminal Affair with her: — Be my own Wrongs forgot, and all the Contempt with which she treated whatever Proposals Honour, and disinterested Passion, could make.

I found her now an Object of Pity, rather than Resentment; the Dejection of her Mind was visible in her pale haggard Looks, and the wretched Negligence of her Habit. I could hardly persuade myself this was the celebrated Thing that once appeared in all publick Places with such a Parade of Equipage and Vanity.

She was in the utmost Confusion at this Interview, 'till excusing myself, I told her, this Intrusion was undesigned, and purely the Effect of Chance, as I was taking a Morning's Ramble from the Earl of —'s, where I had spent some Time; and that she might depend upon my Word, not to discover her Abode to any one in that Family.

By this Time she was a little compos'd, and invited me to rest myself after my Walk: I followed her into the House,

House, which looked more like the Mansions of Despair than a Retreat for a Lady of Pleasure; an awful Silence reigned in every Room, through which I made a Shift to find my Way by a dim Twilight that glimmered through some Windows of as antique a Figure as those of an old Abbey: The Furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from Times immemorable; it looks more like unwieldy Lumber, than any Thing designed for Use or Ornament: There was nothing of a modern Date but a Tea-Table, and that in ruinous Circumstances.

It was now about Ten o'Clock: *Aurelia* ordered Tea and Chocolate to be brought: All her Attendance was a fresh-coloured Country Lass, who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a Relation of *Aurelia's* Misfortunes, but durst not ask any Question, for Fear it would look like insulting her Distress; so only renewed my Excuses for interrupting her Privacy.

To which she replied, " That tho' I was the last Person
" in the World she should have chose to be a Witness of
" her Infamy, yet she thought herself happy in having an
" Opportunity to make some Apology for her Injustice to
" me, in refusing those Terms of Honour I once offered,
" and complying with such reproachful Conditions, as had
" made her the most miserable Creature on Earth.

" It was my criminal Inclination (continued she) for
" *Cassander*, that made me inflexible to your Entreaties,
" and my Father's Commands to marry you. But what-
" ever Wrong this was to your Merit; my Guilt, with
" Regard to the generous *Cleone*, is of a higher Nature:
" The Intrigue I had with her Husband was attended with
" Circumstances of the blackest Treachery: I had broke
" through the tenderest Engagements of Friendship, and
" granted all that my dissolute Lover could ask; when,
" finding myself with Child, to hide my Infamy, he
" brought me to this dismal Place, an old Mansion-House
" belonging to his Family, where I am cut off from human
" Society, except two or three stupid Peasants, his Ten-
" nants, who reside in some Part of this Gothick Structure.
" 'Tis now six Years since I have breathed and slept (for
" I cannot call it living) in this melancholy Confinement,
" without Hopes of a Release, being intirely dependent

" ON

“ on *Cassander's* Allowance and Caparice, who but too well
 “ knows his own Power and my Folly ; which makes him,
 “ instead of the humble Lover, act the imperious Tyrant :
 “ His Visits are seldom, his Stay short, and I am left
 “ whole Months to languish alone in a detested Solitude.

“ This Child, (*continued she, weeping, and taking the*
 “ *lovely Creature in her Arms*) this Child, which might
 “ have been my Joy, proves my greatest Affliction : Should
 “ I die, she is immediately abandoned to Hardship and
 “ Necessity ; should I live, it distracts me to think she
 “ may follow my scandalous Example. How can I give
 “ her Instructions, to avoid those Vices, which my Prac-
 “ tice approves ? or recommend that Virtue, whose sacred
 “ Rules I have so openly violated ? And still I love this
 “ worthless Man ; were I penitent, could I resolve on a
 “ Reformation, this Leisure and Retirement would be a
 “ Blessing, and Advantage to me ; but I am obstinate in
 “ Guilt, while I despair of Happiness in this World, or
 “ the next : 'Till I came hither, my Hours were spent in
 “ Frolick and Gaiety ; a constant Series of Diversions
 “ shortened the Days, and gave Wings to the jovial Hours,
 “ which now have leaden Feet, and, burdened with Grief,
 “ lag heavily along. No Sort of Reflexion gives me Joy ;
 “ whether I look backward or forward, all is Darkness
 “ and Confusion : I am no way qualified for Retirement :
 “ Books are my Aversion. Thinking is my Horror ; I am
 “ weary of living, and afraid to die.”

I heard this Account with a Heart full of Compassion,
 and said what I could to persuade her to break off this
 criminal Commerce with *Cassander*, and throw herself on
 the Care of Providence, and the Generosity of her Friends :
 But I had too much Value for my own Peace, and too
 great a Contempt for a Woman of *Aurelia's* Character, to
 make any particular Proposals for her Freedom ; and bid-
 ding her Adieu, hastened back to the Earl's, without saying
 one Word of my Adventure ; which I commit to your Se-
 crecy, and subscribe myself

Your most humble Servant,
 POLYDORE.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England ; giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death.

YOUR not hearing from me, my dear *Beville*, has given you too many dismal Apprehensions about the Manner of my Death ; and the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguished with the Breath of Life, oblige me to give this Satisfaction.

I made a longer Stay at *Constantinople* than I intended, and there it pleased Heaven that I should resign my Life, which for some Months gradually declined, but without any violent or painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehension that my Distemper was fatal : But my Days were numbered, and when the destined Hour drew near, after a sleepless Night, I rose with the Sun ; and as I had never been so ill as to confine myself, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the *Bosphorus*.

After a short Walk I found my Spirits sinking, and retiring to a Cypress Shade, I threw myself on a flowery Bank for some Refreshment : A gentle Slumber soon closed my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call ; the Voice perfectly resembled the charming *Almeria's*, whose Death, you know, was the Occasion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listening to hear the gentle Summons again ; but found I had neither Strenght to rise, nor Power to call Assistance : An icy Coldness stopped the Springs of Life, and after a little Struggle, my Spirits got unburthened of its Clay ; the Curtain fell, and the invisible World appeared. The first gentle Spirit that welcomed me to these new Regions, was the lovely *Almeria* ; but how dazzling ! how divinely fair ! Extasy was in her Eyes, and inexpressible Pleasure in every Smile ! Her Mien and Aspect more soft and propitious than ever was feigned by the Poets of their Goddess of Beauty and Love : What was airy Fiction *there*, was *here* all transporting Reality. With an inimitable Grace she received me into her ætherial Chariot, which was sparkling Saphire studded with Gold ; it rolled with a spontaneous Motion

Motion along the heavenly Plains, and stopped at the Morning Star, our destined Habitation. But how shall I describe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting Land of Love! the delectable Vales and flowery Lawns, the Myrtle Shades and rosy Bowers; the bright Cascades and Crystal Rivulets rolling over orient Pearls and Sands of Gold, which here spread their silent Waves into broad transparent Lakes smooth as the Face of Heaven, and there break with rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethyst: Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the sparkling Cliffs, and adorn the Prospect with unspeakable Variety.

Oh, my *Beville*! could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and soft Recesses, where Pleasure keeps its eternal Festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested Freedom! Whatever can raise Desire, whatever can give Delight, whatever can satisfy the Soul in all the boundless Capacities of Joy, is found here! every Wish is replenished with full Draughts of vital Pleasure, such as elevate angelick Minds, and gratify the noblest Faculties of immortal Spirits. Oh, *Beville*! my *Almeria* is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth.

ALTAMONT.

LETTER XXIX.

*From **** to his Sister; demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his sudden Death, since 'twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Bliss.*

MY dear Sister; I have often, since I left the World, had the Privilege to supply the Place of your guardian Angel: I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death; and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I can give you no Account, how my Soul was released. I fell asleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentlest Slumbers of Innocence and
Peace,

Peace, awaked in immortal Bliss (How common is sudden Death!) I found myself in a Moment got above the Stars, and outshining the Sun in its Meridian Splendor; Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallowed up in Life and Immortality: O Death! I cried in the Exaltation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Terror! where is thy boasted Victory? Where is thy Scepter and imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State and dreadful Attendants? Where are thy vast Dominions, the chearless and formless Darkeness, the Shade and the Emptiness, the Seats of Corruption and Decay? The Spell is broken! the Enchantment is dissolved! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the visionary Terrors fly! the celestial Morning dawns, and the charming Scenes arise: but, oh! how endless, how various, how transporting the Prospect!

Still lost in Joy and Wonder, Tell me, I said, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround me, what easy Passage has my Spirit found from its mortal Prison? What gentle Hand has unlocked my earthly Fetters, and brought me out of Darkeness and Confinement into immense Light and Liberty? Who was the kind Messenger that conveyed the welcome Invitation to my Ear? What melodious Voice called me away from yonder cold tempestuous Regions, to these soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found my Passage through the trackless Æther, and gained the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, a flattering Vision! Oh, no! 'tis all blissful and transporting Certainty! I see, I hear Things unutterable, such as never entered into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive.—Read and believe; believe and be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely Fate. Could I be happy too soon? I left the World, indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure: But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Virtue in a longer Trial; it was indulgent in Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me

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with

with the Rewards of Victory: 'Tis past the Toil, the Danger; and all to come is endless Peace and Triumph.

If you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it as you will certainly do on your Death Bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous: I only can *design* it beneficial, you may *make* it so.

L E T T E R X X X.

A Letter from Aristus, giving his Friend a Relation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing.

MY Fate will furnish you with a full Evidence of the Vanity of human Happiness: My last Letter was writ in the Height of Success, with the most arrogant Expectations and Boast of a lasting Felicity; now 'tis all changed, and the Shadows of Night come over me.

The lovely *Erminia*, whom I had so long pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my Wishes, the very Morning she gave me her Hand, before the sacred Ceremony was finished, was surprized with the fatal Message of Death; and carried in a Swoon from the Chapel to her Chamber, where she soon expired in her Mother's Arms. This Hour she appeared with all the Cost and Splendor of a youthful Bride; the next, she is pale and senseless, muffled in a ghastly Shroud: Those Charms, that in the Morning promised an eternal Bloom, before the Evening have dropped their smiling Pride; the sparkling Eyes are sunk in Darkness; the soft, the tuneful Voice, is for ever silent; while a livid Hue sits on the late rosy Lips.

*Thus airy Pleasure dances in our Eyes,
And spreads false Images in fair Disguise,
T' allure our Souls; till just within our Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost in Shades, and mingle with the Night.*

Oh Death! How cruel was thy Triumph! Youth and Beauty, Joy, and blooming Hope, lie here a Victim to thy

thy Rage: The darksome Prison of the Grave must now confine the gentle Captive; instead of the Pomp of a bridal Bed, the cold Earth must be her Lodging, Dust and Corruption her Covering.

You will now expect I should practice the Principles I have so often asserted, in exercising my boasted Reason and Moderation; or leave you to insult me, with the Arguments I lately produced, to allay your Grief, under the Pressure of an uncommon Misfortune: This Reproach would be but just at a Period, when Heaven has given me a full Evidence of the Truths I confessed, and set the Vanity of human Hopes in the clearest Demonstration before me. One would think I should now, if ever, find it easy to moralize on these Subjects, and act the Philosopher from mere Necessity, if not from Virtue.

Were the Case your's, or any Body's but my own, how many wise Things should I repeat! how fluently could I talk! so much more easy is it to dictate than to practise: And yet I am reasonable by Intervals; I am in more than Name, a Christian; in some bright Periods, I feel the Force of that Profession, and pay Homage to its sacred Rules: A heavenly Ray scatters my Grief, and cheers my Soul with divine Consolations: The gay and the gloomy Appearances of mortal Things vanish before the Gleams of celestial Light: Immortal Pleasures, with gentle Invitations, call me to the Skies, and all my Thoughts ascend.

But how short my Triumph! how easy the Transition from Reason to Madness! Of what surprizing Variety is a human Mind capable! Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell seem blended within; 'tis all Chaos, and wild Disorder: That Reason which one Moment relieves me, the next seems with a just Train of Ideas to torment me.

*See there, all pale and dead she lies;
For ever flow my streaming Eyes:
Fly Hymen, with extinguisht Fires
Fly nuptial Bliss, and chaste Desire:
Erminia's fled, the lovely'st Mind,
Faith, Sweetness, Wit, together join'd,
Dwelt Faith, and Wit, and Sweetness there?
Oh! view the Change, and drop a Tear.*

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

I Have been lying in Wait for my own Imagination, this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of this Sort ; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, tho' never so low and vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented : It would be diverting to me to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write its innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies, just as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a Letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more Unreservedness than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good Nature with the whole Range of my Follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me ; since one is an Act of Goodness and Benevolence ; the other a Kind of constrained Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every Hour of my Life my Mind is strangely divided ; this Minute perhaps I am above the Stars, with a thousand Systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole Comprehension in the boundless Space of Creation, in Dialogues with *Whiston* and the Astronomers ; the next Moment I am below all Trifles groveling with *T** in the very Center of Nonsense : Now I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. *Steele* in his liveliest and freest Humours darts about him ; and now levelling my Application to the insignificant Observations and Quirks of Grammar of *C** and *D**.

Good God ! what an incongruous Animal is Man ! how unsettled in his best Part, his Soul ; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body ? the Constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blast of Wind ! What is he altogether but
one

one mighty Inconsistency ? Sickness and Pain is the Lot of one half of him : Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other ! What a Bustle we make about passing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point ? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little Instant of our Life, which (as *Shakespeare* finely words it) is rounded with a Sleep ? Our whole Extent of Being is no more, in the Eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible Moment of Duration. Those Animals, whose Circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturalists tell us, are yet as long-liv'd and possess as wide a Scene of Action as Man, if we consider him with a View to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plots, what Atchivements a Mite may perform in his Kingdom of a Grain of Dust, within his Life of some Minutes ? and of how much less Consideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the Sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever.

Who that thinks in this Strain, but must see the World and its contemptible Grandeurs lessen before him at every Thought ? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a Poize of Inaction, void of all Desires, of all Designs, of all Friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very Condition of Being) to our narrow selves, and those Things that affect ourselves : Our Passions, our Interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere Mortals. For my Part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose Friendship is one of the best Comforts I have for the Insignificancy of myself.

I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R XXXII.

From Miss ——— to her Brother, to acquaint him with the Death of their Mother.

My dear Brother,

W H A T shall I tell you ? How will you be able to bear the fatal News of the Death of our much honour'd Mother, whose Loss is to me more bitter than Death, and will plunge you, I fear, into the deepest Sor-

row. But the other Night she called me to her Bedside, and taking me by the Hand, said, "My dear Child, I am just going to leave you; a few Hours will bear me to the World of Spirits. I willingly resign you, my dear Charge, and your Brothers, if they are yet alive, to the Care of a good God, who will always befriend the *Virtuous*. I rejoice you are of that Number: If you continue as you have sat out, you cannot fail of being happy. When you have an Opportunity to write to yours Brothers, or shall see them, tell them, I died with *them* on my Heart, left them a Mother's Blessing, and had no higher Wish on Earth than to hear they were wise and good. Alas, poor *Pamphilus*! would to God he were so: Were I sure of this, I should die perfectly easy. I hope *Ebulus* will return to you, and Heaven make you happy in each other. Farewel, my dearest Child! May Heaven preserve you wise and good; and when you drop a Tear to the Memory of a loving Mother, be excited thereby to imitate whatever you thought good in her. Oh! farewel," With these Words, the dear Woman resign'd her Soul into her Maker's Hands, and smil'd in the Agony of Death. Oh! my dear Brother, Grief overwhelms me; I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to see you, that will be my only Cordial, to alleviate the heavy Loss of your affectionate Sister,

ELIZA ROWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

The following Letter was written by a Gentlewoman to her Husband, who was condemned to suffer Death. The unfortunate Catastrophe happened at Exeter, in the Time of Oliver's Usurpation. A Gentleman, whose Name was Penraddock, to whom the Letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least Appearance of Justice. He asserted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceedings, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence; and the Night before his Death, his Lady writ to him this Letter which I so much admire, and is as follows:

Mrs.

Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband.

My dear Heart,

“MY sad Parting was so far from making me forget
 “you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but
 “wholly upon you. Those dear Embraces, which I yet
 “feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful Testimonies
 “of an indulgent Husband, have charm’d my Soul to such
 “a Reverence of your Remembrance, that were it possible,
 “I would, with my own Blood, cement your dead Limbs
 “to Life again; and (with Reverence) think it no Sin to
 “rob Heaven a little while longer of a Martyr. Oh, my
 “Dear! you must now pardon my Passion, this being my
 “last (oh fatal Word!) that ever you will receive from
 “me, and know, that until the last Minute that I can
 “imagine you shall live, I will sacrifice the Prayers of a
 “Christian, and the Groans of an afflicted Wife. And
 “when you are not, (which sure by Sympathy I shall
 “know) I shall wish my own Dissolution with you, that
 “so we may go Hand in Hand to Heaven. ’Tis too late
 “to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for
 “you, how turn’d out of Doors because I came to beg
 “Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood to their Charge.
 “I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not;
 “Passion begins to drown my Reason, and will rob me
 “of my *Devoire*, which is all I have left to serve you.
 “Adieu, therefore, ten thousand Times, my dearest Dear;
 “and since I must never see you more, take this Prayer:
 “May your Faith be so strengthened, that your Constancy
 “may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive
 “you; whither Grief and Love will, in a short Time (I
 “hope) translate,

My dear,

Your sad, but constant Wife,

Even to love your Ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

“May the 3d, 1665, 11 a Clock at Night. Your Chil-
 “dren beg your Blessing, and present their Duties to
 “you.”

I do

I do not know that I have ever read any Thing so affectionate as that Line, *Those dear Embraces which I yet feel!*

Mr. Penruddock's Answer has an equal Tenderness, which I shall recite also, that you may see whether the Man or the Woman expressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to imitate them in less Circumstances of Distress, for from all, no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady.

Dearest best of Creatures,

" I HAD taken Leave of the World when I received
 " yours : It did at once recal my Fondness for Life,
 " and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave
 " none behind me like you, which weakens my Resolution
 " to part from you ; so when I reflect I am going to a Place
 " where there are none but such as you, I recover my
 " Courage. But Fondness breaks in upon me ; and I
 " would not have my Tears flow To-morrow, when your
 " Husband, and the Father of our dear Babes, is a public
 " lick Spectacle : Do not think meanly of me, that I give
 " Way to Grief now in private, when I see my Sand run
 " so fast, and I within a few Hours am to leave you helpless,
 " and exposed to the Merciless and Insolent that have
 " wrongfully put me to a shameful Death, and will object
 " that Shame to my poor Children. I thank you for all
 " your Goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as
 " to do nothing unworthy that Virtue in which we have
 " mutually supported each other, and for which I desire
 " you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since
 " you ever preferred me to yourself in all other Things ;
 " afford me, with Chearfulness, the Precedence in this.

" I desire your Prayers in the Article of Death, for my
 " own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

L E T.

LETTER XXXV.

From a Person in Town to his Brother in the Country, describing a publick Execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE this Day been satisfying a Curiosity, I believe, natural to most People, by seeing an Execution at Tyburn: The Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person, at a Spectacle so awful and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same Species with the unhappy Sufferers.

That I might the better view the Prisoners, and escape the Pressure of the Mob, which is prodigious, nay, almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month; I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were five in Number. I was much disappointed at the Unconcern and Carelessness, that appeared in the Faces of three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other two were spread with that Horror and Despair, which is not to be wonder'd at in Men whose Period is so near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being hastened by their own voluntary Indiscretion and Misdeeds. The Exhortation spoken by the Bell-Man, from the Wall of St. Sepulchre's Church-Yard, is well intended; but the Noise of the Officers, and the Mob, was so great, and the silly Curiosity of People climbing into the Cart to take Leave of the Criminals, made such a confused Noise, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when spoken, though they are as follow:

" All good People pray heartily to God for these poor
" Sinners, who are now going to their Deaths, for whom
" this great Bell doth toll.

" You that are condemn'd to die, repent with lament-
" able Tears. Ask Mercy of the Lord for the Salvation
" of your own Souls, thro' the Merit, Death, and Passion
of

“ of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-Hand of God,
 “ to make Intercession for as many of you as penitently
 “ return unto him.

“ *Lord have Mercy upon you! Christ have Mercy upon
 “ you.*”

Which last Words the Bell Man repeats three Times.

All the Way up *Holbourn* the Crowd was so great, as, at every twenty or thirty Yards, to obstruct the Passage; and Wine, notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice, was brought the Malefactors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not suit well with their deplorable Circumstances: After this, the three thoughtless young Men, who at *first* seemed not enough concerned, grew most shamefully daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a Manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumstance whatever: They swore, laugh'd, and talk'd obscenely; and wish'd their wicked Companions good Luck, with as much Assurance as if their Employment had been the most lawful.

At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew still more shocking; and the Clergyman who attended was more the Subject of Ridicule, than their serious Attention. The Psalm was sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of hundreds of the most abandoned and profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (so stupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparation of the unhappy Wretches seems to serve only for the Subject of a barbarous Kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as soon as the poor Creatures were half-dead, I was much surpris'd, before such a Number of Peace-Officers, to see the Populace fall to pulling and hauling the Carcasses with so much Earnestness, as to occasion several warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. These, I was told, were the Friends of the Persons executed, or such as, for the Sake of Tumult, chose to appear so, and some Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Dissection. The Contests between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at: So that I made the best of my Way out of the Croud, and, with some Difficulty, rode back among a large Number of People, who had been upon the same Errand with myself. The Face of every one spoke a Kind of Mirth, as

if the Spectacle they had beheld, had afforded Pleasure instead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for.

In other Nations, common criminal Executions are said to be little attended by any beside the necessary Officers, and the mournful Friends; but here all was Hurry and Confusion, Racket and Noise, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and Singing of Psalms. I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own from the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures; to which Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, ascribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast; but in this, the Behaviour of my Countrymen is past my accounting for; every Street and Lane I passed through, bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Deaths of five Members of the Community.

One of their Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the Way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubb'd Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly cover'd with Earth.

This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to see. I am,

Dear Brother,

Yours affectionately.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

A familiar Letter to a noble Earl in London, to his Friend, a Clergyman, in the Country.

S I R, *Downing-Street, Westminster, Feb. 22.*

I AM afraid you don't receive the News-Papers in a regular Manner, occasioned by the bad Hours that we Londoners keep: I generally come home too late for the Evening Papers to go, till the Post following, and then if you have 'em not, it is my Porter's Fault, who, as he is a diligent Fellow in other Things, I hope is more especially so in this. Indeed the Curate of *Hornsey* tore one Evening Post,

Post, before I myself had read it, and instead of applying it to the proper Place and Use, very seriously eat the greatest Part of it, as he sat over the Fire, ruminating on his Sermon, or more likely thinking of the quondam Happiness he had enjoyed in your Parish. This Reverend Brother Curate of yours, has found out an excellent Method to indulge his Passions, and yet keep up to the Decency that is necessary to be observed by so great a Divine: He has invented a Parcel of half Words that supply the Place of Oaths: When a Layman would be thundering out eternal Curses on the Man that provokes him, the more gentle Curate expresses his Anger, by *au, au, au*, or else *dud, dud, dud*, which, his malicious Enemies say, sounds like *God*; as some wicked Wretches likewise affirm, that *Muns* (a Word he oftens uses) is *Z——ns*; and so of a great many others. He is a most incomparable Man; it is impossible to tell you half the Adventures he has met with lately, but one Day or other I hope you'll have 'em all from his own Mouth.

Nobby's Picture is drawn; with him in the same Piece is my favourite Dog *Hector*, and my Groom one *Thomas Francis*, of *Marston* Parish, Son to *Goody Francis*, of *Rodcraft*. The Picture is a very fine one, and indeed cost a great deal of Money; all the Figures are very like. It is design'd for *Marston-Hall*, over the Marble Table.

When I go to *Brittwell* to stay for a Fortnight, which I propose doing just before I go into *Somersetshire*, I must remind you of the Promise you made me to come and see me there: It will be the more convenient, as I shall go with you back again home; Perhaps I may prevail on the Curate of *Hornsey* to meet you there; though, I must tell you, he is a little jealous of you. He has heard me speak some Things to your Advantage, and suspects you have taken a little too deep Root in my Heart; and the Curate, like the *Turk*, can bear no Equal in his Throne.

We hope this will find Mrs. *Coker* in good Health. My little Family have been much out of Order, but are now quite recovered. I am going to fix them at *Brittwell*, till I return from my Voyage to *Ireland*, where, by great Faith, I hope to remove the mountainous Curate into the See of *Dublin*.

News here is as seldom to be heard, as fine Musick is with you. The whole World is in a State of Peace, except *Fig the Prize-Fighter*, and *Dr. Bentley the Critick*. But to shew you, what a dull Fellow I am, I was one of five and twenty Fools, who could not be convinc'd by seventy-four wise Men, that Patriotism, and the Good of one's Country, like Virtue, is an Error that no Body ought to persist in after they are at Years of Discretion. But I am likely to suffer for my Folly, for the next Red Ribbon that falls is to be given to Lord *W*——, of *B*——, for having told the whole House of Lords, that he would be glad of a Pension, or whatever the Court would give him, when and how they pleas'd.

I think the Time long till I come to my beloved Home, which is made more agreeable to me by your being there. But Fate, that never gives but by Halves, hurries me away almost as soon as I get there; yet, I hope, 'tis in order to make my living there hereafter more durable and fix'd.

I am, SIR,

Very truly your humble Servant,

O——.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mr. Stanly to his Friend Mr. Gauntlett, who had lent him a Volume of Lord Bacon's Works.

S I R,

January 16.

I MUST confess I have been a little disingenuous in keeping the noble Lord *Verulam* in so close and long a Restraint; but it was the Excellency of his Company that invited the Incivility which your Good-nature must pardon: Indeed the Court, or *St. James's*, would be a more suitable Air for so great a Personage, as appears by his Letters, which all along have the politick Address of a rising Courtier. His Speeches in Parliament shew him to be a good fast Subject to the Inclinations of his Prince; his Advice to the Earl of *Essex*, and the gallant Management of himself in all the Fortunes of that Nobleman, shew an honest and generous Friend above the little Arts

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of

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of Court Interest and Dissimulation. His Treatise of the Winds is a delicate Disquisition of Nature, and entitles him to an acute and clear Head; but the Account he gives of the Creed, and of the Controversies at that Time on Foot in the Church, and other Things of Religion, shew that he was not only a Statesman, a Courtier, a Philosopher, but an excellent Christian and Divine too. But to what Purpose do I repeat those Things which yourself can give a better Account of? only to intimate, that I do not borrow Books merely for the Use of my Shelves, and the Ornament of a little Room; and to satisfy you that I have read him, read him with Delight, and look on it to be a most ingenious Miscellany, and pleasant Entertainment for the spare Hours of a busy Courtier, such as yourself, dear Sir, to whom I wish his Fortunes without his Clouds; and with that Wish I put an End to the Impertinence of

Your very Friend and Servant,

JOSHUA STANLY.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes.

Bartlet-Grove, Sunday Evening.

I Am a thousand Years in writing to my dear Miss Vokes, but my extreme Inconsequence, and the little I can say worthy her Perusal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paultry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes Place of dear Variety. — Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to see half a dozen Cows loitering about a green Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Prospect, it is charming! Variety, Charlotte, is another Word for Happiness, even in such a low Species of it as this. I had not been here two Days before these mistaken good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do you think we come at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. Bartlett drove us five Pair of

of Stairs breathless, and out upon a scorching Balcony; and there we were to strain our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads, to see a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpse of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. *Bartlett* for ever *hauling* up one's Hand to be look'd through for the Advantage of the Perspective (he says).

So down we came again, wiser undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have seen *London* fine Town till their dizzy wise Heads have turn'd round upon the tip Top of the Monument. — If you'll believe me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am fatigued to Death, and worried to Distraction, with seeing nobody, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a human Creature to be seen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News, (and the No-Letters, I may say, from dear *Vokes*) and now and then a Man with a Cag of *Newcastle* Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. *Bartlett*, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will sit, and smile, and read you such a Lecture (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says, how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in short, such a *Canterbury* Tale of its Advantages, as if she really believ'd, that Towns, and Cities, and all populous Assemblies, were a Sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear, says I, Mrs. *Bartlett*, amuse yourself and welcome, with the pleasing Melancholy of the shady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Murmurs of the Crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness and the Garden Scene, from the rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light; but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellectuals! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myself Penetration enough to discover, why good Sense, and Parts, and Genius, and all human Accomplishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of publick Resort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, or a Warren.

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Dear *Charlotte*, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, restore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence, with

Your affectionate

SUKEY PAGET.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

London, Tuesday Night.

IT gives me Pain to inform my dear *Miss Paget*, that I have no Comfort for her Distresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, *Miss Moxon*, and I, and Lady *Susan Lawson*, and Mr. *Hartley*, and Mr. *Dwyer*, and *Miss Popple*, and Mrs. *Beddingfield*, made a Party to *Ranelagh*. The Weather was immensely hot and tiresome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roasted Chesnut. Mrs. *Dimsdale* and Mrs. *Bradbury* were under the same Operation of the Dog Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Rose, and the other the express Image of a Raisher of Bacon. *Miss Bennet* had apparelled her Nob in a frightful *Fanny Murray* Cap, and looked five and forty; the Girl's mistaken if she thinks she may take the same Liberty with her tapestry Set of Features, which the beautiful Dutchess of ——— may venture to imagine ornamental. ——— Mrs. *Adcock* was in a pale Blue and Silver Night-Gown; she was expected in Bombazeen ——— and it would have become her ——— The dear Col. *Lovelace* departed this transitory Life no longer ago then *Saturday* ——— There is no such Thing as Grief if Mrs. *Adcock* has a Smile at Hart ——— But I would not improve the Horrors of your Solitude with such a doleful Ditty of Reflexions as crowd themselves this Moment into my Imagination. ——— After we had sailed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Musick, Love, and Pleasure ——— away we transinografy'd ourselves to *Vauxhall*, and there, my Dear, you may tell Mrs. *Bartlett* we had the Felicity to see the Sun rise, red as Scarlet, and round as the Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear Mrs. *Bartlett*, that the paler

paler Blaze of Moon-Light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, *Sukey*, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers too. About Two o'Clock, Ma'am, the Crowd of Go-to-Beds had taken themselves away. Lady *V. Consonant* was in the next Box to us, and sung like a Nightingale; and Mr. *Beverly* played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature said he play'd delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute cou'd have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no doubt, have been in Raptures.—But the Atom is so satisfy'd with his own Applause, that he desires no Body's else.—So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt.—There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any Thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp Beau *Randal*, with two of his aukward Sisters, and Mrs. *Partingdon* with her Husband.—Do, dear Creature, continue to me, the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventures; for I read it with such a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss *Paget*, and remember

Your sincere and faithful

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XL.

Miss Paget to Miss Vokes.

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour, of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are scarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear *Charlotte*. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment.—'Tis all over now! and I think a Ball, when 'tis over, only serves to torment one—and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness—for what has been, you know, *Charlotte*, may be again.—So, *Vokes*, you must know, that

Mrs. *Islip's* Coach (but no Miss *Rumzey*, thank Heaven, in it) called upon Mrs. *Bartlett*, in order to go in Company to *Egerton-Green*. Mrs. *Bartlett* was dress'd in a white Lutestring Gown and Petticoat, and looked charmingly—and *Sukey Paget* had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at *Leicester-House*) and my Silver Tissue-Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth Night, and has never since offered to take them again, a dear Creature! But she hoped, she said, I would not be disobliged if she borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. *Asburnham* to despair, tho' she tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more. — Liberty, my dear *Vokes*, only think of that; for what is Liberty, you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of.

Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at *Egerton*; it was all another *Ranelagh*. The Bride was in a white Lutestring Sack, pink'd and full-trim'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Satten Shoes braided with Silver Cord; but she neither became the Dress, nor the Dress her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion; seeming (to use Mamma's Expression) to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit-Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. *Bargrove*, and opened the Ball with Lady *Susan Lawson*, who is actually a fine Woman, and if she had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. *Lawson* twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and, in Imitation of Lady *Susan*, calling no other Partner, Mr. *Lawson* singled out red *Lucy Benson*, with a dark Pair of new Eye-brows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second awkward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like a Water-wag-tail; I forget his Name, but it was somewhat like the *Sieur Hugglebatch*, or *Gubblebatch*, or some such uncouth harsh Business, as rough as a Nutmeg-grater. Mr. *Gubblebatch* shewed he had some Taste by taking

taking out Mrs. *Bartlett*. The dear Creature began once more to look like herself, danced so easy, so true to the Musick, so politely graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burst with laughing at her inimitable Contrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet *Nancy Bartlett* (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a fearful Figure, Mr. *Selkirk*, in *Saxon Blue*; the Man, *Charlotte*, was really tipsy, tho' indeed every Body said, he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature singled, who but *Jenny Rowland's* nipped short Waist like a Honey-pot, or half-penny Milk-maid. If the Gentleman had been really sober, he might have seen other Objects, without Spectacles, a little her Superiors. I can't but say, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. Who do you think the Object chose next to give her lilly Hand to? Mr. *Appleby*, of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop, to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched since Dancing was created: But Hob fitted me for my Contempt, by seizing upon me, of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was secretly not displeased at it——for I was sensible that I shou'd appear to no Disadvantage after his former Maux, and was under some very disagreeable Apprehensions, that Miss *Edly's* Tapestry Garment would have swept the Ground before me.——Indeed, *Charlotte*, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincibly proud *Ardelio*. Mr. *Bartlett* had determined not to dance a Minuet, and begged me not to think of him. Indeed, I shall, says I, Mr. *Bartlett*,——but Faith I never intended it; for I hate, of all Things, *Charlotte*, to dance with a married Man: Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wait on one to *Vaux Hall*, or *Ranelagh*, or so, but never chuse 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless 'tis of getting rid of him——*Sally Leeson* and Miss *Finch* eyed me most deliciously; for I love dearly to see Folks bursting with Envy.——They were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop.——But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, *Charlotte*, he knows it so perfectly well,—but how
can

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can any Body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves?——and yet I hate him too, irreconcilably, because he danced Country Dances with *Sally Leeson*. Her Charms tho' *Charlotte*, what Mortal could resist, elegantly attired as she was, in a large Pattern embroider'd Gown and Petticoat, the Emblem of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting.

But the Bell rings, dear *Charlotte*, and I must run down to Dinner.——You and I write like *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Miss Howe*, only not totally in the same Strain——but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspondence.

Sunday Evening.

Tho' it should tire my dear *Miss Vokes* (as I am but too conscious that it must) to read any farther Description of the merry Dancers *a-la-mode de Francoise*, yet cannot I for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Ma'am, I must acquaint you, that *Miss Finch*, because she could not have *Ardelio*, mortified herself so charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no small Pleasure to be sure. She all the while affecting not to look disappointed, sat smiling from Ear to Ear, with much the same Sensation at the Heart as Children have who are bid to refuse Sweetmeats out of good Manners.——Omit not, dear *Charlotte*, to be told, that *Mrs. Langford*, with her Colt's Tooth at threescore, puddled herself into a Minuet, and squirmed round and round the Room like *Madam Catharina*: I thought her Clock-Work never would have stood still; but it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with *Sally Leeson*, the principal Original of a Group in *Taste a-la-mode*, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedizened out with such a Rainbow of Ribband, that she absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed

handed about the Room, by Way of Contrast, the squeezey Mrs. *Ellen Risborough*, contracting her Minuteness to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. *Bartlett's Nancy*, a Child of five Years old, pinching her like a Pair of Nut-crackers. The Lady's well-chosen Sweetening of a Partner was *Ned Saunderson's* Uncle, with a little tiny short Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy as a *Stilton* Cheese.—Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of *Sukey Beverley*, determin'd to shew the good Company, that tho' she was not altogether so sharp, she was as strait as an Arrow; for which Reason she fancied herself under a necessity of looking all the while she danced, like a Walking Stick:— Her Powder Monkey was *Dick Commings*, ogling, and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would insinuate a Belief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Namesake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he succeeded better in a second, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. *Patrick's* humoured Family—Hopes of *Ilchester*, whose real Name is Affectation. I thought if her sidling, and swaddling, and foolish unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country-Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with blessed Impatience for such a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how tiresome Minutes are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in 'em.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene so minutely as the former. 'Tis difficult, *Charlotte*, to paint a Variety of Figures in a Groupe, and avoid Confusion, tho' one may venture with some Prospect of Success upon now and then a single Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know, when the Features are pretty coarse, and indelicate, as one may say.—In short, Child, you have already seen the grand Figures in the Shew, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Essential to the Considerable and the Magnifique in such Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend.—My Punch (to use a puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and

and indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea : Lifeless tho', *Charlotte*, and over-punctual, sprawling confusedly about at right Hand and left, and so afraid he should be out at the Beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to ; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dress'd, and Gentleman-like ; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear *Charlotte*,—*Sally Leeson* had got away my *Ardelio*, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper with every Body, but really no Body more than Miss *Finch* and Miss *Rowland* ; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honour of their Hand at right Hand and left, for fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually, that *Jenny* thinks, because her Sister married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Distinction herself ; but, thank my Stars, I stood two Couple above her, and I am determin'd to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill bred as Mrs. *Hartfeld*, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn-Keeper's Wife ; with her, first come, first serve : I detest such Vulgernesses. Miss *Leeson* too was not over and above guilty of Politeness : What, because she has an agreeable Partner, is she to give herself an Air when she has bounced down twenty Couple to leave the rest of the Company 'till another Dance is called ? That she did, *Vokes*, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or six at once ; she that makes such an over-parading Rout about Behaviour : But such Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright Ill-Manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. O ! now I think of that, *Charlotte*, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. *Compton* danced with the Rev. Mr. *Audley* in a Perriwig as big as Judge *Burnet's* ; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day at *Paget-Bury*, that she was amazed that Parsons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen ; so 'tis to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies. Lady *Susan Lawson* and Mrs. *Bartlett* were incomparably the greatest Beauties there ; and Mrs. *Lawson*

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son (who did not dance, for fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profusion, *Charlotte*; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady *Louisa's* Jewels, (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fashioned Breast-Plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable, as Powder from gray Hairs, or Mrs. *Pembroke's* French Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, *Charlotte*, (for I think I have pretty well satisfied you) the Ball continued its Briskness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like *Jenny Wideman's*ol, that every Body says grows shorter and shorter) and departed this transitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

*So Charlotte, have I seen (excuse
The Pertness of a Female Muse)
A Birth-Night stately Dame array'd
In aukward Gold, and proud Brocade:
Whilst near her plac'd an humbler Fair,
Of easier, less affected Air,
Could with superior Lustre shine
In simple Lutestring, or Tobine.*

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of writing) from

Dear Miss Vokes,

Your truly affectionate and sincere

S. PAGET.

LET-

L E T T E R X L I .

From Miss Vokes to Miss Paget, not quite in the usual Strain.

Hampstead, Thursday ———

IT is an Age since I heard from dear Miss Paget, and the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Assistance of a present Friend, and the Correspondence of an absent one. My poor dear Aunt *Wallingford* hastens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which she has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremities refuse Consolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleasure. We all read to her by Turns, and say Prayers constantly twice every Day.—I hope, dear *Sukey*, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greatest of Blessings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like *Tunbridge-Wells* this Season? But your Party is so perfectly agreeable, that it is impossible not to like the Place for the Sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. *Morton* finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Absence from *Evelyn-Hall*, (Miss *Anderson* told Mrs. *Coldham*) is so much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miss *Evelyn's* Praises, at the long Room where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. *Coldham* and Miss *Peters* are for ever telling me of her Accomplishment, and wish that *Tunbridge-Wells* may be as agreeable to her, as the Place, whilst she continues there, must be to every Body else.

I beg, dear *Sukey*, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me, with all Sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate, humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE VOKES.

L E T T.

L E T T E R XLII.

*Miss Evelyn to Lady Evelyn.
Of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur.*

Tunbridge-Wells, August 8.

EN V Y, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Censure and Compassion. Mrs. *Macnamara* is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. *Sunday*, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, return'd to the Wells.—*Monday* Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. *Macnamara*, in all the Innocence of a white-and-silver full-trimm'd French Sack, her Hair so dressed and powdered with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when *Sussey Paget* took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe even her Mother could not have known her.—*Tuesday* Mrs. *Macnamara* was at the Concert, full of Rapture (tho' formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Musick, that she sat beating Time with her Fan, like *Handel* at an Oratorio.—*Wednesday*, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. *Macnamara*, and the Company treated (O magnifique et galant!) with Morning Salvagers of Champagne—at Night a Ball was opened by Mrs. *Macnamara*, in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy—and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. *Macnamara* gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mamma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Volume to describe minutely their extraordinary Consequence and Figure—The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisitely carved and gilt Chariot of Papier mâché, lined with a pale blue Satin, blue and silver Lace. Attendants in *Saxon* blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white like Sir *Joseph Wenman's*, with the Addition only of silver Shoulder Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. *Macnamara's* Person, entirely à la Pompadour, from the Crown of her Head, to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Taste, Conversation, and

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Deport.

Deportment, elaborately finished after the same fashionable Model—Nothing in her whole Behaviour Mamma, of a perfectly *English* Complexion, but—a Forgetfulness of her Friends—and of herself. To me indeed she does vouchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutchess or Lady *Mary*, but dear Mrs. *Morton* cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Consideration whatsoever. *Sukey* was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her most intimate Acquaintance. But a Mrs. *Morton* ought always to be known. — One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to *Sukey*. Mrs. *Finch* the Millener waited on her with a fine *French* Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But *Sukey* not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. *Finch* directed the Band box to Mrs. *Macnamara*. Mrs. *Macnamara* ordered her Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that sent it, for that there was some body else of a Mrs. *Macnamara* at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to her. So Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the *honourable* Mrs. *Macnamara*. — Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of pursuing poor *Sukey* with such unkind Remarks in publick Scenes of Conversation, even tho' I do extend Resentment so far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. *Morton* tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for she is very sure Mrs. *Macnamara* will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, she says, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be born, than the Slight and Ingratitude of a Friend. My Cousin *Morton's* Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, *en passant*, is in one's own Eye an easily pardonable Fault; but elaborate Detraction (I am afraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Mamma, as I have no Design (after *Sukey's* Death) of making my Letters publick, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer

sincerer Friend to her Memory, than * one of her Superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Papa and Sisters,

Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Morton salutes you.

* Dr. Swift.

LETTER XLIII.

The celebrated Mrs. Rowe to the Countess of Hertford.

Madam,

WHEN I begin a Friendship 'tis for Immortality. This Confession, I own, is enough to put you in some Terror that you are never like to drop my Conversation in this World, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the Realms of Light, and get a new Set of Thoughts to entertain you with at your Arrival there, which for the publick Interest I wish may be long after I'm sleeping in the Dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful Spirit that will welcome you to the immaterial Coasts, and entertain you with one of the softest Songs of *Paradise* at your Arrival ——— Mr. *Rollie* would think this all gay Chimeras and fairy Visions, but how much more so are all the charming Scenes on Earth?

*As the fantastick Images of Night,
Before the opening Morning take their Flight;
So vanish all the Hopes of Men; their Pride,
And vain Designs the laughing Skies deride.*

You'll think, Madam, I'm resolv'd you shall remember your latter End, whoever forgets it. I suppose you'll expect the next Picture I send you will be Time with a Scythe and an Hour-Glass; but really these Mementos of Mortality are necessary to People like you in the Height of Greatness, and the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty.—If

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I go on you'll think me in the Height of the Vapours and the Perfection of the Spleen, but in all the Variety of my Temper,

*I am your Ladyship's
Most humble Servant,*

ELIZ. ROWE.

I admire the Verses you inclosed, and am surprized at the Author.

L E T T E R XLIV.

*To Mrs. —, on Riches, from Mr. Hanway's Journal of
eight Days Journey,*

Madam,

AS I was rambling in the Fields, before the Family was stirring, I met a *Farmer*, who mistaking me for *Mr. Hoare*, saluted me with the Appellation of *good Sir!* This is a common Phrase, but the Halt he made, and the Air with which he uttered these Words, gave me great Pleasure; I thought it was a Proof of the *Sincerity* of his Heart, and of the *high Sentiments* he entertained of his *Landlord*.

Whilst I was ruminating on this Subject, I could not help enquiring of my own Heart, why Men even of Understanding, so seldom find Reasons to make themselves happy with small Fortunes as well as with large ones? Nothing is more indubitable than this :

- “ Reasons whole Pleasure, all the Joys of Sense,*
- “ Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, and Competence ;*
- “ And Health consists with Temperance alone,*
- “ And Peace ! O Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.”*

But here the Poet does not tell us what *Competence* is, about which Mankind are so much divided, concluding that as *Peace* is the Reward of *Virtue*, Contentment must go along with it : And he that is contented has a Competence, or something *better* than a Competence; for many have this in the common Sense of the Word, and yet are not contented.

I always

I always understood that a *common Soldier* of a sober Character might live upon *Sixpence a Day*, and feel no Pain of *Body* or *Mind* arising from his having no more; and therefore that *Sixpence a Day* is *his Competence*. To me, a clean Room, clean Cloaths, plain Food, Independence, with the Command of myself, of walking in the open Fields, in fine Weather, is Competence. If to these *Health* is added, with some Opportunities of doing good to my Neighbour, it is more than Competence; it is *virtuous Indulgence*. And as the Kindness of Providence is shewn in the wonderful Effects of *Custom* and *Habit*, the *Deprivation* even of some of these, without deviating into a *stoical Indifference*, might not deprive me of the *Means* of Happiness.

Equipage, Table, and Dress, are Things for the Sake of which Men often commit very foul Actions. I am sometimes at the Expence of Horses to draw my Chariot, and there are certain Occasions when I am glad to have a *Vehicle* attend me; but I enjoy most *Health*, most *Spirits*, most *Freedom* and Ease, most *Independence* of the *Caprice* of Servants, when I *walk*. Besides the *Distress* of being tossed from one Side to another, and the Disorders I always feel from being shaken on a bad Pavement, together with the Rumbling of Wheels, I gratify my *Pride* also; for when I see my *Lord Duke* lolling with a swelled Paunch, or unhappy in his gouty Legs, incapable of walking, I consider myself as his Superior, in one of the most essential Articles of a happy Life, and perhaps *his Grace* thinks so too. For the same Reason when I see a young Woman of a pleasing Form, with more than a plebeian Air, *walking* in the Streets, I consider her as superior to most *fine Ladies*, in this Respect, that put her *into* a Coach and she can ride, but take the fine Lady *out* of it, and she *cannot walk*. The *first* may accommodate herself to a small Expence; the *last* may tempt her Husband to sacrifice his Honour, to gratify her Vanity. This is not always the Case; but false Notions concerning the Advantages of Riches, and *mistaken* Opinions with regard to *Superiority*, lead Millions astray from their Duty to God, themselves, and their Neighbour.

When I see a Suitor at a great Man's Levee with Shoes which denote his having no Equipage, I am apt to think he will not be so easily induced to prostitute his Conscience *in Office*, or *out* of it, as he who is used to be drawn by six

Horses, and fondly imagines that Happiness consists in an expensive Parade. He who wants but *little* can never be much disappointed.

Occasionally I dine at a City Feast, or a courtly splendid Table; but I find no *Repast* equal to that of a Dish or two, with the unreserved Discourse of those I love, without being tied to my Chair for a longer Time than I choose. The Pleasures of *Temperance* in eating and drinking are so *incomparable* beyond that of *Excess*, he who does not know this ought to be sent to *School*, to learn the *first* Principles of human Knowledge.—Well then, without amusing *myself* with any *fond* Conceits, do you not think, that I, who am not *rich*, have, notwithstanding great Reason to be *satisfied*?

Dress is another Article which renders Riches the Object of many a *Woman's*, and many a *Man's* Attention. It is apt to make *little* Hearts flutter in a Presumption that they derive a Distinction from it, which renders them *respectable*, or *lovely*, or *venerable*. As Mankind are taken so much with *Appearances*, there is *good Policy* sometimes in a *handsome* or *genteel* Dress; and yet if sensible Persons examine what passes in their own Minds, with regard to the Dress of others, and the little Consideration it is of, they would check their *Solicitude* on Account of it. As Things are constituted, splendid Entertainments and rich Cloathing, for Persons of Distinction, and upon certain Occasions, are become in some Degree necessary, tho' the one is apt to embitter Life with Diseases, and shorten the true Period of it; whilst the other, when carried to any great Height, is but a *gay Incumbrance* fit only to be carried abroad in a Coach for other People to gape upon.

I call no Man *happy*, who courts another's Favour, with a View to a *pecuniary* Emolument which he can do without; and I think every Man is *poor*, who cannot *live*, in a Manner supportable to himself, without such a Dependence. Yet if we take Mankind as they are, and are moderate in our Expectations, there is as great Pleasure in *asking* of those we love and honor, as in not *fearing* those we neither love nor honor. Next to this, is *asking* with that Sort of Indifference which constitutes a determined Resolution, not to *sacrifice* a *certain* Pleasure, which is in our own *Power*, to an *uncertain* Pleasure, dependent on the *Power* and *Inclination*

nation of another Man. We are still apt to go in Search of *something*, uncertain what the Event will be, if we acquire it; and after all the Bustle which Mankind made to grasp at Riches, as it is pretended, *only* to acquire a *Competence*, such Competence can be estimated only by the Moderation of our Desires, and not by the *Largeness* of our Fortunes.

Men differ in their Notions of Things as their Fortunes, their Understandings, or their Experience differ; but still the Love of *Ease* is as natural to the *Mind*, as *Sleep* is to the *Body*; and whether in Riches or in Poverty, both must be exercised, and this cannot always be done the more agreeably for a Man's being rich. And can a wise Man *desire* to be rich? Great Riches unavoidably create numerous Connexions and Dependencies; and like incessant Motion, disturbs the Harmony of the Animal Economy, and throws us into Fevers. Great Minds never covet Riches, and if they are possessed by *little Minds*, they create Cares and Inquietudes. Of those who desire Money, to gratify their Avarice, or their Pride, it may be truly said, that "Wealth is a stumbling Block to them that *sacrifice* unto " it, and every *Fool* shall be taken therewith."

The Compass of Mens Wishes, as founded in *Reason* and *Nature*, is very narrow; but the Experience of every Hour convinces us, that *Fancy* and *Opinion* have no Bounds, and are ever leading us into *Fool's* Paradise: They deceive us to the very End of Life: Under their Influence we never discover the *Means* of Happiness, much less the *End*. Well regulated Passions, and the Joys of Religion, are Things to which large Possessions seldom contribute. Virtue is confessedly our supreme Felicity: And that *Condition* of Life which Experience proves to be most *assistent* to Virtue, ought therefore to be most *coveted*. The Reason why it is not so more generally, is plain: Too much Attention to the *Means* of obtaining worldly Goods; or too great *Confidence* and *Complacency* in the Possession of them, give the Mind a wrong Bias. Hence it arises, that many rich Men are vicious, who probably might have been virtuous in an humble Fortune. And to this Cause we may impute that solemn Declaration in the hyperbolical Strain of the Eastern Languages, that "Sooner shall a Cable pass thro' the Eye " of a Needle, than a rich Man enter into the Kingdom of " Heaven.

"Heaven." Heaven forbid it should be literally true! Large Possessions are sometimes the secret Springs of most diffusive Virtues, which might not otherwise have appeared. Lord *Bacon* observes in *Behalf* of Riches, "Whilst Philosophers are disputing whether all Things should be referred to *Virtue* or to *Pleasure*, let us be collecting the Instruments of them both." And we may add in Words of greater Authority than his, "Blessed is the Rich who is found without *Blemish*, and hath not gone after Gold." But it is, I believe, not *less* true, that "He that maketh Haste to be *rich* shall not be innocent." I have known many Instances of Men devoted to Gain, some *expensive* in their Way of living, some *avariciously* inclined, but both Causes operating in the same Manner.

True Greatness of Mind consists in *Mediocrity* of Enjoyment, and is not dependent either on *Riches* or *Poverty*. Indeed, as I have just observed, Mens Minds differ much in this Respect. Contentment is the grand Criterion. As the Physician who prescribes without seeing his Patient, may be more easily mistaken than he who watches the Symptoms of the Disease; so the Philosopher, or Divine, ought to consider what Kinds or Quantities of their Medicines ought to be applied in particular Cases. It is more easy to tell Men that they must *subdue* their Passions, than *how* to do it. And supposing a general Disposition to Virtue equal, yet from a greater Liberality of Soul, and a Desire to serve Mankind, *one* should entertain some Anxiety for Riches; whilst *another*, who neither loves nor hates any Man, supports a stoical Indifference. But this is very obvious, that nothing can render us *superior* to Temptation, or keep Temptation further from us, than this Petition, "Remove far from me *Vanity* and *Lies*; give me neither *Poverty* or *Riches*; feed me with Food *convenient* for me." Is not this full of Wisdom and Piety? does it not teach Men of easy Circumstances, who find themselves *virtuously* disposed, to think themselves more happy than if they were *rich*? and if they are *not virtuously* inclined, they must needs be *less miserable* than if the *Means* of sinful Gratifications were put into their Hands; since, for the very Reason that they find themselves inclined to *Evil*, they must conclude, that the Object which they desire, in the fond Hope that it will render them more *happy*, must, from the Nature

ture of Things, render them less *virtuous*, and consequently prove their *Bane*. If we still carry in View the great *Point*, that Virtue is our supreme Felicity, *Riches* will not dazzle us, nor *Poverty* dismay.

I think, Madam, Mr. *Hoare* is an Instance of great Mediocrity with a large Fortune, and what the Advantages of Riches are when well employed; for his Temperance and Moderation constitute a considerable Part of his Character, and render him as amiable as his other good Qualities.

You see my Attention to the Concerns of the *moral World* leads me to contemplate the Beauty of Characters, rather than the *Delights* of Houses and Gardens.——*Houses* and *Gardens* will moulder into Ruin, but the *Man* will stand when the *World* shall be no more! *Farewel*.

I am yours, &c.

POETICAL



POETICAL EPISTLES.

To Mr. —, on the Duty of employing One's Self.



EW People know it, yet, dear Sir, 'tis true,
Men should have somewhat ever more to do.
Hard Labour's tedious, every one must own;
But surely better such by far, than none.
The perfect Drone, the quite Impertinent,
Whose Life at nothing aims, but—to be spent;
Such Heaven visits for some mighty Ill:
'Tis sure the hardest Labour, to sit still.
Hence that unhappy Tribe who nought pursue;
Who sin, for want of something else to do.

Sir *John* is blest with Riches, Honour, Love;
And to be blest'd indeed, needs only move.
For want of this, with Pain he lives away,
A Lump of hardly-animated Clay:
Dull 'till his double Bottle does him Right,
He's easy, just at Twelve o'Clock at Night.
Thus for one sparkling Hour alone he's blest;
Whilst Spleen and Head-ach seize on all the rest.

What Numbers, Sloth, with gloomy Humours fills!
Racking their Brains with visionary Ills.
Hence what loud Outcries, and well-meaning Rage,
What endless Quarrels at the present Age!
How many blame! how often may we hear,
"Such Vice!—well sure, the last Day must be near."
T' avoid such wild, imaginary Pain,
The sad Creation of distemper'd Brain,
Dispatch, dear Friend! move, labour, sweat, run, fly!
Do aught—but think the Day of Judgment nigh.

There are, who've lost all Relish for Delight;
With them no earthly Thing is ever right—

T' expect

T' expect to alter to their Taste, were vain;
 For who can mend so fast, as they complain?
 Whate'er you do, shall be a Crime with such;
 One while you've lost your Tongue, then talk too much:
 Thus shall you meet their waspish Censure still;
 As Hedge-Hogs prick you, go which Side you will.
 Oh! pity these whene'er you see them swell!
 Folks call 'em crows—poor Men! they are not well.
 How many such, in Indolence grown old,
 With Vigour ne'er do any Thing, but scold?
 Who Spirits only from Ill-humour get;
 Like Wines that die, unless upon the Fret.

Weary'd of flouncing to himself alone,
Acerbus keeps a Man to fret upon.
 The Fellow's nothing on the Earth to do,
 But to sit quiet and be scolded to.
 Pishes and Oaths whene'er the Master's four'd,
 All largely on the Scape-Goat Slave are pour'd.
 This drains his Rage; and tho' *John* so rough,
 Abroad you'd think him complaisant enough.

As for myself, whom Poverty prevents
 From being angry at so great Expence;
 Who, should I ever be inclin'd to Rage,
 For want of Slaves, War with myself must wage;
 Must rail, and hear; chastising be chastis'd;
 Be both the Tyrant, and the Tyranniz'd;
 I chuse to labour, rather than to fret:
 What's Rage in some, in me goes off in Sweat.
 If Times are ill, and Things seem never worse;
 Men, Manners to reclaim,—I take my Horse.
 One Mile reforms 'em; or if ought remain
 Unpurg'd—'tis but to ride as far again.
 Thus on myself in Toils I spend my Rage:
 I pay the Fine; and that absolves the Age.

Sometimes, still more to interrupt my Ease,
 I take my Pen, and write—such Things as these:
 Which tho' all other Merit be deny'd,
 Shew my Devotion still to be employ'd.
 Add too, tho' Writing be itself a Curse,
 Yet some Distempers are a Cure for worse:
 And since 'midst Indolence, Spleen will prevail,
 Since who do nothing else, are sure to rail;

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Man should be suffer'd thus to play the Fool,
To keep from Hurt, as Children go to School.

You shou'd not rhyme in Spite of Nature?—true;
Yet sure 'tis greater Trouble, if you do;
And if 'tis lab'ring only, Men profess,
Who writes the hardest, writes with most Success.

Thus for myself, and Friends, I do my Part,
Promoting doubly the pains-taking Art:
First to myself, 'tis Labour to compose;
To read such Lines, is Drudgery to those.

*To a Lady, in Answer to a Letter wrote in a very fine
Hand.*

WHILST well-wrote Lines our wond'ring Eyes
command,

The beauteous Works of *Chloe's* artful Hand,
Throughout the finish'd Piece we see display'd
Th' exactest Image of the lovely Maid;
Such is her Wit, and such her Form divine,
This pure, as flows the Style thro' ev'ry Line,
That, like each Letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what Art the sable Currents stain
In wand'ring Mazes all the milk-white Plain!
Thus o'er the Meadows wrap'd in silver Snow
Unfrozen Brooks in dark Meanders flow;
Thus jetty Curls in shining Ringlets deck
The Ivory Plain of lovely *Chloe's* Neck:
See, like some Virgin, whose unmeaning Charms
Receive new Lustre from a Lover's Arms,
The yielding Paper's pure, but vacant Breast
By her fair Hand and flowing Pen impress'd,
At ev'ry Touch more animated grows,
And with new Life and new Ideas glows;
Fresh Beauties from the kind Defiler gains,
And shines each Moment brighter from its Stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his Darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal Hearts;
Chloe, your Quill can equal Wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a Distance too:

Arm'd

Arm'd with your feather'd Weapons in your Hands,
 From Pole to Pole you send your great Commands,
 To distant Climes in vain the Lover flies,
 Your Pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your Eyes ;
 So those, who from the Sword in Battle run,
 But perish Victims to the distant Gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd Blaze, a fading Flow'r,
 But these are Charms no Ages can devour ;
 These, far superior to the brightest Face,
 Triumph alike o'er Time, as well as Space.
 When that fair Form, which Thousands now adore,
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
 These lovely Lines shall future Ages view,
 And Eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft I do admire with fond Delight
 The curious Piece, and wish like you to write.
 Alas, vain Hope ! that might as well aspire
 To copy *Paulo's* Stroke or *Titian's* Fire :
 Ev'n now your splendid Lines before me lie,
 And I in vain to imitate them try ;
 Believe me, Fair, I'm practising this Art,
 To steal your Hand, in Hopes to steal your Heart.

To a L A D Y.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
 The Councils of a faithful Friend ;
 Who with the warmest Wishes fraught,
 Feels all, at least, that Friendship ought !
 But since by ruling Heaven's Design,
 Another's Fate shall influence thine ;
 O ! may these Lines for him prepare
 A Bliss which I wou'd die to share !

Man may for Wealth or Glory roam,
 But Woman must be blest at Home ;
 To this shou'd all her Studies tend,
 This her great Object and her End.
 Distaste unmingled Pleasures bring,
 And Use can blunt Affliction's Sting ;
 Hence perfect Bliss no Mortals know,
 And few are plung'd in utter Woe ;

While Nature arm'd against Despair,
 Gives Pow'r to mend, or Strength to bear;
 And half the Thought Content may gain,
 Which Spleen employs to purchase Pain.

Trace not the fair domestick Plan,
 From what you wou'd, but what you can;
 Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty Store,
 Because you think you merit more!
 Bliss ever differs in Degree,
 Thy Share alone is meant for thee;
 And thou shoud'st think, however small,
 That Share enough, for 'tis thy All:
 Vain Scorn will aggravate Distress,
 And only make that little less.

Admit whatever Trifles come,
 Units compose the largest Sum:
 O! tell them o'er, and say, how vain
 Are those which form Ambition's Train;
 Which swell the Monarch's gorgeous State,
 And bribe to Ill the guilty Great!
 But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
 Shalt build up Happiness on Ease.

Hail, sweet Content! where Joy serene
 Gilds the mild Soul's unruffled Scene;
 And with blithe Fancy's Pencil wrought,
 Spread the white Web of flowing Thought;
 Shines lovely in the chearful Face,
 And cloaths each Charm with native Grace;
 Effusion pure of Bliss sincere,
 A Vestment for a God to wear.

Far other Ornaments compose
 The Garb that shrouds dissembled Woes,
 Piec'd out with motley Dies and Spots,
 Freaks, Whimsies, Festivals, and Sports,
 The troubled Mind's fantastick Dress,
 Which Madness titles Happiness.
 While the gay Wretch to Revels bears
 The pale Remains of Sighs and Tears;
 And seeks in Crowds, like her undone,
 What only can be found in one.

But, chief my gentle Friend! remove
 Far from thy Couch seducing Love!

O! shun the false Magician's Art,
 Nor trust thy yet unguarded Heart!
 Charm'd by his Spells fair Honour flies,
 And thousand treach'rous Phantoms rise;
 Where Guilt in Beauty's Ray beguiles,
 And Ruin lurks in Friendship's Smiles.
 Lo! where th' enchanted Captive dreams,
 Of warbling Groves, and purling Streams,
 Of painted Meads, of Flow'rs that shed
 Their Odours round her fragrant Bed.
 Quick shifts the Scene, the Charm is lost,
 She wakes upon a desert Coast;
 No friendly Hand to lend its Aid,
 No guardian Bow'r to spread its Shade;
 Expos'd to ev'ry chilling Blast,
 She treads th' inhospitable Waste;
 And down the drear Decline of Life,
 Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd Wife.

Neglect not thou the Voice of Fame,
 But clear from Crime, be free from Blame!
 Tho' all were Innocence within,
 'Tis Guilt to wear the Garb of Sin,
 Virtue rejects the foul Disguise:
 None merit Praise who Praise despise.

Slight not the supercilious Strain
 Long practis'd Modes, as low or vain!
 The World will vindicate their Cause,
 And claim blind Faith in Custom's Laws.
 Safer with Multitudes to stray,
 Than tread along a fairer Way;
 To mingle with the erring Throng,
 Than boldly speak ten Millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless Train
 Who Forms adorn, who Forms maintain!
 Lest Prudes demure, or Coxcomb's loud,
 Accuse thee to the partial Croud;
 Foes, who the Laws of Honour slight,
 A Judge who measures Guilt by Spite.

Behold the sage *Aurelia* stand,
 Disgrace and Fame at her Command!
 As if Heav'n's Delegate design'd,
 Sole Arbiter of all her Kind.

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Whether she try some favour'd Piece,
By Rules devis'd in antient *Greece*;
Or whether modern in her Flight,
She tells what *Paris* thinks polite.
For much her Talents to advance,
She study'd *Greece*, and travel'd *France*.
There learn'd the happy Art to please,
With all the Charms of labour'd Ease;
Thro' Looks and Nods with Meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.

By her each latent Spring is seen,
The Workings foul of secret Spleen;
The Guilt that sculks in fair Pretence,
Or Folly veil'd in specious Sense.
And much her righteous Spirit grieves,
When Worthlessness the World deceives;
Whether the erring Crowd commends
Some Patriot sway'd by private Ends;
Or Husband trust a faithless Wife
Secure in Ignorance from Strife.
Averse she brings their Deeds to View,
But Justice claims the rig'rous Due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible Excuse.
O ne'er may Virtue's dire Disgrace,
Prepare a Triumph for the Base!

Wiser Forms the Fool implicit sway,
Which Witlings with Contempt survey.
Blind Folly no Defect can see,
Half Wisdom views but one Degree;
The Wise remoter Uses reach,
Which Judgment and Experience teach.

Whoever wou'd be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with Ease.
Great Precept undefin'd by Rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's School;
To no peculiar Form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human Kind;
Beauty and Wit and Worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the Good and Wise.
Rich with the Gift and none beside,
In Fashion's Stream how many glide?

Secure from ev'ry mental Woe ;
 From treach'rous Friend or open Foe ;
 From social Sympathy that shares
 The public Loss or private Cares ;
 Wether the barb'rous Foe invade,
 Or Merit pine in Fortune's Shade.
 Hence gentle *Anna* ever gay,
 The same To-morrow as To-day.
 Save where perchance when others weep,
 Her Cheeks the decent Sorrow keep.
 Save when perhaps a melting Tale,
 O'er ev'ry tender Breast prevail.
 The Good, the Bad, the Great, the Small,
 She likes, she loves, she honours all.
 And yet if stand'rous Malice blame,
 Patient she yields a Sister's Fame.
 Alike if Satyr or if Praise,
 She says whate'er the Circle says ;
 Implicit does whate'er we do,
 Without one Point or Wish in View,
 Sure Test of others, faithful Glass
 Thro' which the various Phantoms pass.
 Wide Blank, unfeeling when alone,
 No Care, no Joy, no Thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless Dame,
 Wholooks, and talks, and acts for Fame ;
 Intent, so wide her Cares extend,
 To make the Universe her Friend.
 Now with the Gay in Frolicks shines,
 Now reasons deep with deep Divines.
 With Courtiers now extols the Great,
 With Patriots sighs o'er Britain's Fate.
 Now breathes, with Zealots holy Fires,
 Now melts in less refin'd Desires.
 Doom'd to exceed in each Degree,
 Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free.
 Too various for one single Word,
 The high Sublime of deep Absurd.
 While ev'ry Talent Nature grants,
 Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine,
 The Virtues of our Sex and thine :

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Her Hand restrains the Widows Tears,
Her Sense informs, and sooths and cheers ;
Yet like an Angel in Disguise,
She shines but to some favour'd Eyes :
Nor is the distant Herd allow'd
To view the Radiance thro' the Cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning Art,
Thine is the friendly honest Heart ;
And shou'd the gen'rous Spirit flow,
Beyond where Prudence fears to go ;
Such Sallies are of nobler Kind
Than Virtues of a narrow Mind.

*Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, to the Object of his
Desires, after his Condemnation for attempting a Rape.*

READ, lovely Nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread :
I ask not Life, for Life to me were vain,
And Death a Refuge from severer Pain.
My only Hope, in these last Lines, I try ;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as sordid as my Fate,
Nor curs'd the Destiny that made me wait
A servile Slave : content with homely Food
The gross Instinct of Appetite pursu'd :
Youth gave me Sleep at Night, and Warmth of Blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my Breast ;
My lordly Master knew no sounder Rest ;
With Labour healthy, in Obedience blest.
But when I saw—O ! had I never seen
That wounding Softness, that engaging Mien !
The Mist of wretched Education flies,
Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair and Love arise,
The new Creation of those beauteous Eyes.
But yet that Love pursued no guilty Aim,
Deep in my Heart I hid the secret Flame.
I never hop'd my fond Desire to tell,
And all my Wishes were to serve you well.
Heav'ns ! how I flew, when wing'd by your Command,
And kiss'd the Letters giv'n me by your Hand.

How

How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling Wine, or change the Plate !
 How when you sung, my Soul devour'd the Sound,
 And every Sense was in the Rapture drown'd !
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move ;
 —You knew not that Stupidity was Love !
 But oh ! the Torment not to be express'd,
 The Grief, the Rage, the Hell that fir'd this Breast,
 When my great Rivals, in Embroi'dry gay,
 Sate by your Side, or led you from the Play.
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The Flambeau trembling in my shaking Hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw, those Fingers press'd,
 For thus their Passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous Fury all my Soul possess'd.
 Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
 And Madness would have thrown me at your Feet.

Turn, lovely Nymph, (for so I would have said)
 Turn from these Triflers whomake Love a Trade ;
 This is true Passion in my Eyes you see ;
 They cannot, no — they cannot love like me.
 Frequent Debauch has pall'd their sickly Taste,
 Faint their Desire, and in a Moment past :
 They sigh not from the Heart, but from the Brain ;
 Vapours of Vanity, and strong Champagne.
 Too dull to feel what Forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted Fire,
 To some lewd Brothel they at Night retire ;
 There pleas'd with fancy'd Quality and Charms,
 Enjoy your Beauties in a Strumpet's Arms.
 Such are the Joys those Toasters have in View,
 And such the Wit and Pleasure they pursue :
 —And is this Love that ought to merit you ?
 Each Opera-Night a new Address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh — but all my Sighs are vain —
 Die wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy Pain :
 'Tis Impudence to wish, and Madness to complain.

Fix'd on this View, my only Hope and Ease,
 I waited not the Aid of slow Disease :
 The keenest Instruments of Death I sought,
 And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought.

This

246 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

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Her Sense informs, and sooths and cheers ;
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 The keenest Instruments of Death I sought,
 And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought.

This

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This all the Night—when I remember well,
 The charming Tinkle of your Morning Bell !
 Fir'd by the Sound, I hasten'd with your Tea,
 With one last Look to smooth the darksome Way.—
 But, oh! how dear that fatal Look has cost !
 In that fond Moment my Resolves were lost.
 Hence all my Guilt, and all your Sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid Softness of your Eyes ;
 I saw the dear Disorder of your Bed,
 Your Cheek all glowing with a tempting Red ;
 Your Night-Cloaths tumbled with resistless Grace ;
 Your flowing Hair play'd careless round your Face ;
 Your Night-Gown fasten'd with a single Pin ;
 —Fancy improv'd the wond'rous Charms within !
 I fix'd my Eyes upon that heaving Breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest ;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with Sight,
 My Head grew giddy with the dear Delight !
 —Too well you know the fatal following Night !
 Th' extreme'st Proof of my Desire I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous Doom,
 Careless and fearless of the Woes to come.
 But when you see me waver in the Wind,
 My guilty Flame extinct, my Soul resign'd,
 Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
 The cruel Consequence of furious Love.
 Think the bold Wretch that could so greatly dare,
 Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere :
 Think when I held the Pistol to your Breast,
 Had I been of the World's large Rule possess'd,
 That World had then been yours, and I been blest !
 Think that my Life was quite below my Care,
 Nor fear'd I any Hell beyond Despair——

If these Reflections, tho' they seize you late,
 Give some Compassion for your *Arthur's* Fate :
 Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;
 You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.



A few short and intelligible FORMS of MESSAGES for CARDS or BILLETS, which may be varied at Pleasure, so as to serve all Occasions.

MESSAGE I.

MR. and Mrs. CECIL's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD, and desire the Favour of their Company *Wednesday* next, to drink Tea, and spend the Evening.
Monday Morn.

MESSAGE II.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD return their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. CECIL, and will certainly do themselves the Pleasure to wait on them.
Monday Noon.

MESSAGE III.

Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD return their Compliments, and are sorry it happens that a Pre-engagement will not permit them the Pleasure of waiting on Mr. and Mrs. CECIL, which they would otherwise have readily done.
Monday Noon.

MESSAGE IV.

Mr. and Mrs. COMPTON's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY; and if they are disengaged this Afternoon will take the Pleasure of waiting on them.
Tuesday Morn.

MESSAGE V.

Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY are perfectly disengag'd, beg their Compliments, and will be extremely glad of Mr. and Mrs. COMPTON's agreeable Company.
Tuesday Noon.

MES-

M E S S A G E VI.

Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY are very sorry it so happens that they are engaged this Afternoon and Evening, but beg their Compliments, and any other Time, that shall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. COMPTON, will be proud of the Pleasure of their Company.

Tuesday Noon.

M E S S A G E VII.

Miss WILLIS sends her Compliments to Miss BYRON, and desires to know how she does ; and if well enough to see Company, and it be agreeable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea.

Wednesday Morn.

M E S S A G E VIII.

Miss BYRON, without a Compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss WILLIS, whom she will be extremely glad to see, and accept of her kind salutary Offer, of an Airing in her Coach, at the Time proposed.

Wednesday Morn.

M E S S A G E IX.

Miss BYRON, instead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miss WILLIS her best Thanks, for her very obliging Card, and is extremely sorry she is not well enough to have the Pleasure of her Company; which however she hopes very soon for a full Enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wednesday Noon, and not up.

M E S S A G E X.

Mrs. WYNDHAM presents her Compliments to Mrs. PEMBERTON, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Whist.

Thursday Afternoon.

M E S S A G E XI.

Miss PEMBERTON is not so well as she could wish to be, but much at Mrs. WYNDHAM's Service, and will endeavour to wait on her.

Thursday Even.

M E S S A G E XII.

Mr. LAMBERT's Compliments wait on Miss NORRIS, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Assembly.

Friday Morn.

M E S S A G E XIII.

Miss NORRIS's Compliments, and she is engag'd.

Friday.

M E S S A G E XIV.

Miss NORRIS's Compliments; she is not certain of being at the Assembly, and undetermin'd about Dancing; so Mr. LAMBERT must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

M E S S A G E XV.

Miss WANSEY is sorry to trouble Miss COOPER on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt WATERLAND, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by the Bearer.

Saturday Evening.

M E S S A G E XVI.

Mrs. CHEDWORTH's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss CHARLTON, and if not engag'd, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is greatly desired this Evening at a Party of Whist, about four Tables in the Whole.

Monday Morning.

M E S S A G E XVII.

Miss CHARLTON's best Services; she has the Pleasure of Miss CHEDWORTH's respectful Message, and 'tis much
against

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against her Inclination, that she is obliged to say she can't possibly wait on her, having this Evening an Engagement that can't be dispens'd with.

Tuesday Morn.

M E S S A G E XVIII.

If Miss ROMNEY be well enough, Lady BATHURST's Compliments, and She proposes a Visit this Afternoon to Miss ARRAN, and will be very glad of her Company; the Coach is ordered exactly at Four, and an Airing will not be amiss.

Wednesday, Eleven o'Clock.

M E S S A G E XIX.

Miss ROMNEY has the Honour of Lady BATHURST's Card; she begs Leave to return her Compliments, and is very much at her Ladyship's Service, and will certainly wait on her.

Wednesday.

M E S S A G E XX.

Mrs. LEGG has a Party at Cards next *Wednesday* Se'n-night of eight Tables; she presents her Compliments to Mr. STRONG, and desires the Favour of his Company.

Thursday, December 5.

M E S S A G E XXI.

Mr. STRONG has the Honour of Mrs. LEGG's Card, thinks himself extremely obliged in the Remembrance, and will certainly do himself the Pleasure of waiting on her.

Thursday, December 5.

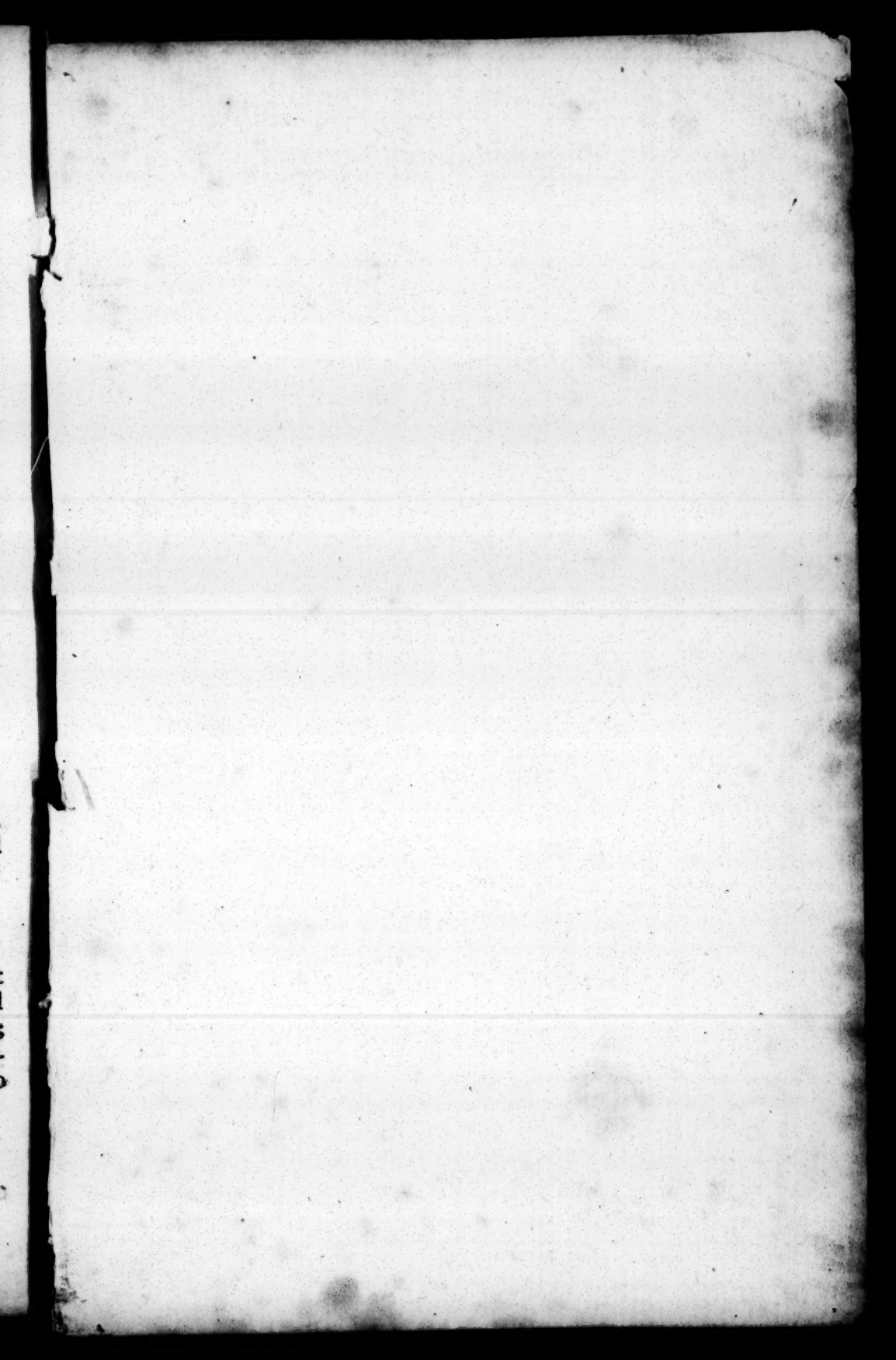
M E S S A G E XXII.

Mr. BEDFORD, after the Honour of dancing last Night with Miss HAMMOND, is concern'd that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a sudden Call to Town; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Message will find her in perfect Health, and that she took no Cold.

Friday Morn. Eight o'Clock.



F I N I S.



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